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THE

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THE attention of our readers has already been called to a subject, to which, the more it is considered the more importance must be attached—we mean that of children's books, which, no less in quality than in quantity, constitute one of the most peculiar literary features of the present day. The first obvious rule in writing for the amusement or instruction of childhood, is to bear in mind that it is not the extremes either of genius or dullness which we are to address—that it is of no use writing up to some minds or down to others—that we have only to do with that large class of average ability, to be found in children of healthy mental and physical formation, among whom in after life the distinction consists not so much in a difference of gifts as in the mode in which they have been led to use them. In a recent article our remarks were chiefly confined to a set of books in which not only this but every other sense and humanity of juvenile writing had been so utterly defied, that the only consolation for all the misery they had inflicted, consisted in the reflection that—however silly the infatuation which had given them vogue here—they were not of English origin. We now propose casting a sort of survey over that legion for which we are more responsible—taking first into consideration the general characteristics of those which we believe to be mistaken both as

to means and end—from which many who are concerned in the education of children are vainly expecting good results, and to which many who know nothing about the matter are falsely attributing them.

In this department the present times profess to have done more than any other; and it has become a habit, more perhaps of conventional phraseology than of actual conviction, to congratulate the rising generation on the devotion of so many writers to their service. Nevertheless there are some circumstances contingently connected with this very service, which may warrant us in expressing doubts as to the unqualified philanthropy of those who enter it. Considering the sure sale which modern habits of universal education provide for children's books—the immense outfit required by schools and masters, and the incalculable number annually purchased as presents, it would be, upon the whole, matter of far more legitimate surprise if either the supplies were less abundant, or the suppliers, some of them, more conscientious. Ever since the days of Goldsmith the writing and editing of children's works has been a source of ready emolument—in no class of literature does the risk bear so small a proportion to the reward,—and consequently in no class has the system of *mere manufacture* been carried to such an extent.

After the bewilderment of ideas has somewhat subsided which inevitably attends the first entrance into a department of reading so overstocked and where the minds of the writers are so differently actuated, and those of the readers so variously estimated, the one broad and general impression left with us is that of the excessive ardour for *teaching* which prevails throughout. No matter how these authors may differ as to the mode, they all agree as to the necessity of presenting knowledge to the mind under what they conceive to be the most intelligible form, and in getting down as much as can be swallowed. With due judgment and moderation, this, generally speaking, is the course which all instructors would pursue; nevertheless it is to the extreme to which it has been carried that parents and teachers have to attribute the stunted mental state of their little scholars, who either have been plied with a greater quantity of nourishment than the mind had strength or time to digest, or under the interdict laid on the imagination, in this mania for explanation, have been compelled to drag up the hill of knowledge with a wrong set of muscles. Doubtless the storing up of knowledge at an age when the powers of acquisition are most ductile and most tenacious, is of the utmost moment; but a child's head is a measure, holding only a given quantity at a time, and, if overfilled, liable not to be carried steadily. Also, it is
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one thing to stock the mind like a dead thing, and another to make it forage for itself; and of incalculably more value is one voluntary act of acquirement, combination, or conclusion, than hundreds of passively accepted facts. Not that the faculties can be said to lie inactive beneath this system of teaching—on the contrary, the mere mental mechanism is frequently exerted to the utmost; but the case is much the same as in the present modern school of music, where, while the instrument itself is made to do wonders, the real sense of harmony is sacrificed. For it is a fact confirmed both by reason and experience, and one which can alone account for the great deficiency of spontaneous and native power—that which comes under the denomination of genius—in the schools, English and foreign, where these modes of instruction are pursued—that the very art with which children are taught exactly stifles that which no art can teach.

As regards also the excessive clearness of explanation, insisted upon now-a-days as the only road to sureness of apprehension, it is unquestionably necessary that a child should, in common parlance, understand what it acquires. But this again must be taken with limitation; for Nature, not fond apparently of committing too much power into a teacher's hand, has decreed that unless a child be permitted to acquire beyond what it positively understands, its intellectual progress shall be slow, if any. As Sir Walter Scott says, in his beautiful preface to the *Tales of a Grandfather*, 'There is no harm, but, on the contrary, there is benefit in presenting a child with ideas beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity and encourage exertion.' We are so constituted that even at the maturest state of our minds—when length of experience has rendered the feeling of disappointment one almost unjustifiable in our own eyes—we find the sense of interest for a given object, and feeling of its beauty to precede far more than to follow the sense of comprehension—or, it were better said, the belief of fully comprehending;—but with children, who only live in anticipation, this is more conspicuously the case; in point of fact they delight most in what they do *not* comprehend. Those therefore who insist on keeping the sense of enjoyment rigidly back, till that of comprehension has been forcibly urged forward—who stipulate that the one shall not be indulged till the other be appeased—are in reality but retarding what they most affect to promote: only inducing a prostration, and not a development of the mental powers. In short, a child thus circumstanced is submitting his understanding and not exerting it—a very deplorable exchange.

'The law of Nature,' in Coleridge's words, 'has irrevocably

decreed that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself.' Thus, to a vulgar apprehension, a child's mind will be apparently sailing away from its object, when in truth it is only following the devious current which securely leads to it. Of all the errors in education that of overmuch dependence upon teaching is most to be dreaded, because least to be rectified. On this account it is, that, even under the most judicious direction, regular series of lessons never do so much good as when a gap is left here and there for the mind's own operations. There is a self-development in what is involuntarily preferred and unconsciously chosen, which the regular habits of mechanical acquirement are indispensable to promote, but insufficient to attain; there is a wisdom gained to the mind in being left to know both what it can do for itself and what it needs from others, which a continuous form of instruction may assist but can never impart; and those parents or teachers can know but little of the real nature of education, or of the being they have to educate, who hesitate to confess that, after all they may have taught him, the nicest art consists in knowing where to leave him to teach himself.

Such views are far too humiliating to find favour in times when a presumptuous faith is placed alike in the means and ends of mere lifeless acquisition; when the value of knowledge is vulgarly computed only by the numbers of things known and not by their influence on the spirit, and when a melancholy disregard is shown for those higher departments of moral training, the necessity for which increases with the increase of attainment. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the province of external control should be, by many Mentors, directly reversed in application—enforced where least beneficial, and suspended where most needful. If, accordingly, we have, on the one hand, a set of books, whose greatest art consists in reducing all the healthy portions of the mind to a mere receptive machine, and furnishing every kind of splint and bandage for such distorted limbs as perfect liberty can alone restore—we find, on the other, an equally voluminous class whose highest aim is to encourage voluntary development where voluntary improvement is least to be expected, and to emancipate those departments of the will and the reason for which we know 'service alone is perfect freedom.' Nevertheless there will be times when this cross-purposed emancipation presses somewhat heavily on those who have granted it; there must be seasons when it is good for these little independents to be amenable to some authority—and it is rather amusing to trace what provision has been made for such excessive emergencies. It stands to reason that such enlightened theorists would
never

never dream of the old-fashioned slavery of implicit obedience, nor the old-fashioned tyranny of absolute authority; instead therefore of the former a host of arguments are resorted to in order to break to the infantine mind, in the most delicate manner possible, the expedience of some kind of submission—voluntary of course—while, instead of the latter, a host of apologies are put into the mouths of parents for the excessive liberty of requiring their children to do—how can we express what is so derogatory to their dignity?—to do as they are bid! The consequences of these measures may be easily foreseen; the mind to which we apply such means of conviction has unquestionably the right of remaining unconvinced; and children must be duller than we should wish them to be, who cannot discover that, however admirable the argument, they are still at perfect liberty to dissent.

But to return to that idolatry of teaching which we have designated as the broadest mark of the present juvenile school—we cannot proceed without slightly adverting to those books of compound instruction and amusement in which these tendencies are most carried out, and of the multifarious nature of which something was said on a former occasion. For though a further examination of the subject has the more acquainted us with the excessive ingenuity displayed in this amphibious race, it has also the more convinced us that the ingenuity is utterly wasted;—that by a large class of grown-up readers, the works in question are upheld for those very qualities of amusement and interest in which they are most deficient. We admit that it is difficult for a matured mind, in all cases, to form a precise estimate of what is interesting to a child—that it is necessary to recover somewhat of their brightness of vision and keenness of appetite, before we can detect, like them, the schoolmaster beneath every modern variety of sheep's clothing, or feel, like them, what a complete kill*joy he must be to their tastes. But in some instances surely there can be no mistake: in these can any one turn three pages without comprehending how odious it must be to a child to have his head, on all occasions, thrust before his heart—to feel that, whatever path of enjoyment he may enter, an ambuscade of knowledge is lurking ready to rush down upon him and intercept it? What grown up lady, for example, while engrossed in a beautiful poem, could bear to stop and be informed whether the verse were in iambics, or trochaics, dactyls, or anapæstics, with a long dissertation upon the distinctions between the same? Who, while devouring an interesting tale, could tolerate, at the most stirring part, to be called off for a lesson upon the different terms of rhetoric—to be taught that the urgent supplications for mercy, or disjointed ejaculations of despair

despair of the dying hero or desperate heroine, were precise specimens of *ecphonesis* or *aposiopesis*, or any other tremendously learned word, to be picked up, as we did these, from a *child's catechism*?* The authors of such works are loud in assurances of their adaptation to the minds and tastes of childhood, and profuse in examples of their beneficial influence; but how truly could their little readers retort with the fable of the 'Lion and the Man!' They are delighted, it is true, with the romantic story of 'Peter the Wild Boy,' but they have not the slightest curiosity to know the natural history, or Linnean nomenclature, of the pig-nuts he ate.

There is, however, even in these days a section of works, the guiding principle of which is not so much what they shall put into the mind as what they shall keep out, and where the anxiety to exclude all that may be pernicious has also sacrificed all that is nourishing. There are some writers by whom their young readers are treated rather as languid, listless invalids, than as healthy, hungry boys and girls—who know no medium between ardent spirits and barley-water—and, for fear of repletion or intoxication, put their readers on a diet on which they may exist, but can never thrive. Nothing truly has surprised us more, in our tour through little libraries, than to see the wishy-washy materials of which not a few are composed—the scanty allowance of ideas with which a narrative is held together, and the mere *prate* with which the intervals are filled up. There are some children doubtless who relish this barren fare, as there are plenty of older ones who devour the most rapid novels; and both cases are alike pitiable. We have known a boy of fifteen whose energies were so sapped as not to be at the trouble of finishing *King Lear*, and a girl of about the same age whose tastes were so rarefied that she stuck fast in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Mere children especially may be brought so low as not to take interest in what most amuses others; nay, instances are not failing of unfortunate beings whose capacities, both for work and play, had been so desperately mismanaged that they had as little energy left for the one as for the other.

Of course the quality of such works varies somewhat with the writer, though the principle of neutrality remains the same; and sometimes a little frothy loveliness of dialogue is exhibited, which might perhaps amuse an older generation, but is very much thrown away upon children. At best, their notions of smartness and repartee are very limited. They like the jingle of words which compose a pun, but the point is utterly lost upon them. Nor can it be otherwise, since all wit and irony ne-

* Pinnock's 'Catechism of Rhetoric' f

cessarily derive their weapons from an acquaintance with the world; and therefore cannot exist in children, or is sure to disgust when it does. A practical joke is therefore the only species which they thoroughly understand, and always like; but, in an abstract way, the fable-book is their only Joe Miller, and that as much from the marvellousness as the humour of its contents. They can see some fun in the connexion of human speech and ideas with the nose of the fox or the bill of the raven, while the far-fetched wit of a fellow-child will strike them as great nonsense. Children are sharp casuists as to what is put into a child's mouth. They detect intuitively what is absurd, or what is unnatural; and could we see into their hearts we should find a secret contempt for, or grudge against, the little pedantic spokesman whose perorations form the greater part of such volumes. Under the best of circumstances, we doubt whether children, who are beyond mere babyhood, enjoy the histories and pictures of their own 'life and times' as much as their elders suppose. For us these scenes of childhood, described as some of our modern writers can describe—for us these scenes have an ineffable charm; but we must remember that we stand in direct contrary position to their ostensible readers. We look fondly back to childhood—they, ardently forward to maturity; we magnify the happiness that is past—they, that alone which is to come. For them, men and women are gods and goddesses; and no description of the Paradise they now occupy interests them half as much as a peep into that Olympus which they hope one day to climb.

But to return to this very circumspect generation of little books. Connected with them may be mentioned a kindred class of mediocrity which, if they do not absolutely tie the mind to their apron-strings, are always reminding it of the length of its tether. The obvious intention of these writers is to do good, but the very officiousness of their services renders them unpalatable. The truth is, there is no getting rid of them. From the moment you open the book the moral treads so close upon your heels as to be absolutely in the way. Children have no sooner begun to enjoy, than they are called upon to reflect; they have no sooner begun to forget that there exists in the world such a little being as themselves, than they are pulled back to remember not only what they are, but what they will one day infallibly become. In short, the young idea is not left to shoot one moment in peace, but is twitted and snubbed the whole way through with a pertinacity of admonition, injunction, and advice, which, from its studious incorporation with the tale itself, is more than usually difficult to elude. In this respect the old school was far more considerate. You were allowed to have the story part all to yourself, while the
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good advice and personalities were carefully summed up in three awfully dry lines at the conclusion, labelled, for fear of mistake, 'MORAL,' which you treated at will, and either swallowed whole or skipped altogether. The consequence, it is true, of this plan was, that children became accustomed to look on tale and moral as two utterly distinct concerns, in no way connected except by conventional proximity; and the little girl of ten years old, who had just been devouring a story where this usual appendage was failing, on being questioned as to the moral, earnestly denied the fact of there being any at all, and brought up her book to prove it! Certain it is that if the moral does not find its way to the heart through the narrative itself, it will scarcely reach it in a subsequent set form; yet the present plan of general distribution is by far the worst of the two, inasmuch as, by the perpetual interruption to the sympathies, you lessen the effect of the tale, and with it the chance of edification. We should always bear in mind that the instruction, whether moral or intellectual, arising from works avowedly of amusement, can be only incidental. It is of no use endeavouring to teach in hours which children consider exempt from learning: they like neither lessons nor lectures in their wrong places, or they cease to be children if they do.

We pass on to another description of juvenile works, which, considering all the parade of protection implied in those we have quitted, have rather puzzled us. It would seem that parents who would on no account permit their children to wander among the absurd extravagances of fictitious life, will not hesitate to introduce them to the pitiful meannesses of real life—would far rather they should dwell on the vulgarities of mere fashion—the nonsenses of mere convention, or the behind-the-scenes of what is most contemptible in the world that is about them—than on the high-flown exaggerations and impossible atrocities of a world with which they have nothing to do. With a certain class of writers facts are truth, and fable falsehood—no matter what either may be in themselves. Children are welcome therefore to know all about the petty hopes and contrivances of a modern dasher—the vanities and flirtations of a modern coquette; but Heaven forbid their being tempted to imitate the cabals of the grand vizier, or the loves and intrigues of Shelsemnihar and the Prince of Persia. Accordingly we have the mean calculations of mushroom manufacturers, the dirty tricks of low lawyers, the personal animosities and emulations of their wives and families, and the eventual smash of all parties, with other scenes of domestic and professional degradation, put into a familiarity of form which is ten times more disgusting as reminding us for whose eyes it is especially intended. God knows, parents need be in no hurry to give

give their children this kind of information—the world will help them to it soon enough; and who likes it when he has got it? There is no degree of ignorance so unbecoming to a child as the least premature knowledge. At best, an acquaintance with the melancholy truths of this world is only a defensive weapon: why, then, seek to put it into the hands of those who are, or ought to be, under the protection of others? And it were well if such writers stopped here; but in their fear lest the omission of any of the wickednesses, as well as the weaknesses, of mankind should be laid to their charge, or in the anxiety to supply constant novelties for dainty palates, they lay open a side of human life which it might be thought the particular privilege and purpose of parental protection to conceal. For can anybody suppose that it is necessary to acquaint children with those scenes of violence between man and wife which generally terminate in one of the parties being bound over to keep the peace? Does anybody imagine it can be edifying for a child to know that there exists in this world so vile a creature as the grown man son who can lift up his hand against a mother? Children do not require to be shocked into the avoidance of crimes like these; if they are not shocked at such representations, the idea of affecting them in any other way is hopeless; and yet these, and similar occurrences, are by no means uncommon in a set of books which have been admitted into families in lieu of the much vilified fairy tale.

And now that we are on the subject of tale-writing, we must allude to a department of juvenile literature to which it has been much applied—a department so extensive in a numerical amount as to forbid all close analysis, though, from its uniformity of character, it may well permit of a few general remarks. We mean the juvenile religious reading of the day, which, under one shape or another, frequently engrosses the larger share of a child's book-case. We trust there is no danger of our being misunderstood. The high religious tone which pervades some of the best of the modern children's books, we regard as the greatest boon which these times of nominal improvement have bestowed on them: we might almost add the only one—just as the mere deistical morality which pervaded so many beautifully-written books of the last generation might be said to be their only deficiency. The works to which we point are that herd of second and third rate publications which, having religion ostensibly as their theme, are indiscriminately put into the hands of childhood, but which, in point of fact, supply motives as little calculated for the regulation of the heart as the unchristianized elegance of those just mentioned. The usual form is that of a tale: but this seems in general to be adopted not as conveying in itself an illustration
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of the writer's doctrines, but merely as providing the necessary foundation work, mechanically speaking, to which they may be affixed—a kind of scaffolding by which the expounder holds on—and intended, like any other temporary support or connexion, to be cut away and cast aside as soon as the purpose has been effected. No scruple, therefore, seems to exist as to the clumsiness or flimsiness of materials which are not wanted for any use or beauty of their own, and which, moreover, no usefulness nor beauty could save from neglect. For the pious reader is evidently expected to be far too impatient to get to the religious parts, to care to look close into a story which only serves to hold them together. Renouncing, therefore, equally from expedience and principle, all the pomps of composition, and vanities of invention, nothing, artistically speaking, can be more contemptible than the construction of such tales; which are generally as grossly unnatural as may be consistent with the strictest common-place. Such indeed, in some, is the boldness of non-connexion between plot and *dénouement*, such the utter unconcern with which an individual is made one character in description and another in action, that were it not for the constant interference of Scripture, no deficiency in one source of amusement would be felt.

So much for the secular part of this little tribe—as for their religious side, were we not convinced that children, who are children indeed, will never have the patience of perusal requisite to be much influenced by them, we should stigmatise in no lenient terms that style of writing where they are represented as lipping over all that is most solemn in Revelation with a flippancy that can only lessen their respect for it, and confessing the wickedness of the human heart, upon the most trivial occasions, with an off-hand frequency that can only dull their sense of it:—where children preach to their elders and betters, without the slightest regard for their being such, and end by keeping an open death-bed for the edification and applause of a crowd of strangers. In the words of one of their own writers, 'it is so horrid to make religion a matter of *show-off*, which I really think these stories could teach children to be guilty of.*' And here again much of this evil may be attributed to the dismissal of the imagination as a means of assistance. Everything now-a-days is to be brought home to a child's mind: his eyes are to be opened at any cost, regardless of the film which has been designedly cast over them. Instead, therefore, of taking advantage of that sphere of fictitious or allegorical life, in which his ardent feelings may expatiate freely without risk of wrong personal application, he is intruded

* Children's Friend for 1841.

into a field of reality where no other result can possibly ensue. On this account we hail with the more satisfaction a rising class of religious books where the fancifulness of the story or the remoteness of the times does away with that so-called truth for which a child's mind is not ripe. Personalities are never more dangerous than when pressed into the service of religion; and who can question that it is infinitely safer for a child to read of the conversion of a pagan king or queen than of that of his father, mother, or next-door neighbour?

Another very reprehensible feature in these books is the little tenderness for the sensitive feelings of childhood, evinced in their choice of illustration. In order to impress them with the vices and miseries attendant on an ignorance or disregard of the lessons of Christianity, all the worst abominations of idolatry and tortures of slavery are brought into requisition. Wretched Hindoo mothers in whom the voice of nature is perverted, and execrable slave-drivers to whom the dictates of mercy are unknown, are their favourite topics; and the tender minds and ready imaginations of childhood are harrowed with descriptions which we have known to haunt their hours of sleepless darkness quite as effectually as any of the old apparitions and hobgoblins.

While deprecating those works where the legitimate use of an extraneous interest has been denied, or one of a pernicious kind adopted, we are so far from proscribing subjects of a religious nature from the hours of juvenile relaxation, that there are none we should more strenuously encourage. Of all the subjects which fascinate a child, none can compete with those in which religion is the mainspring—the narratives of persecution and conversion, with all their high-souled faith, strong endurance, or deep contrition, have a charm, for the key to which we must look to a higher feeling than imagination. What book is more popular with children than the *Pilgrim's Progress*? What child will not hang over the tales of the Covenanters in *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*,—or, to take a soberer example, what young heart has not been impressed with the cheerful piety that animates the *Vicar of Wakefield*? How salutary are such representations, compared with those where religion is professed without reverence, and self-condemnation without humility; or where children are made to see sacrifices for which there are no motives, and sufferings under which there is no consolation, and which at this tender age can only harden or wither the heart!

We may here say a few words upon a set of books which, professing to facilitate and promote the reading of the Scriptures, in reality sometimes exclude them. Endless, now-a-days, are the assistances for the understanding of that which we can neither add

to not take from without danger, and which, as far as concerns young and old, is in itself adapted to every capacity. Innumerable are the 'Guides to Scripture' and 'Helps to the Bible'—the 'Bible Lessons' and 'Scripture Stories'—which, though they may faithfully give the spirit of Holy Writ, materially interfere with the letter. Two or three of these are very beautiful, and several more of them, we acknowledge, in some way edifying; but this is not a walk for ordinary writers—and even as to many cleverly executed works of the class it may be justly questioned whether, in the ardour of exemplification, the clearness of the example has not been obscured, and in the exuberance of commentary, the simplicity of the text forgotten. Some are plain enough, but then what can be plainer than Scripture? Too many, however, seek to give a meretricious interest, the taste for which it is of all things most dangerous to encourage. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the Bible gains anything by a superficial garnish of sentimentality, or a margin of matter-of-fact elucidation—that the pathos of Ruth's devotion is enhanced by any suppositious romance on which the text is silent, or the miracle of Peter's Deliverance by a mechanical description of the lock which burst open. Some commentary is necessary, and that best determined by those most conversant with the individual mind; but nothing, under any pretext, ought to be allowed to interfere with the knowledge of the Scriptures, word for word, as they are. There is enough in them that children can understand, and what they cannot in no way suffers by being acquired young.

We turn to a class of books in which, the aim being more positive and the form more prescribed, less scope is given to the vagaries of modern ingenuity—though at the same time, from the certainty of demand, this line has afforded the utmost scope to the mere book-maker. We mean the genuine school-book, in which whatever is most worth having in modern improvement is to be found. Parents and teachers are generally compelled, sooner or later, to acknowledge that, in matters of acquirement intended for wear and tear throughout life, all attempt at ornament is superfluous, if not cumbersome—and the whole fill-page family of the Peter Parleys, with their skin-deep gloss of colloquial familiarity—their 'well's,' and 'you know's,' and 'what do you think's,' are, we have reason to believe, waning in estimation. The chief objection, therefore, to the more solid school-books of the day is confined to their needless superfluity of number. And this affects the older rather than the younger generation. Every master of any repute now speculates in his Histories and Geographies—his Keys and his Catechisms—and the pockets of parents are severely taxed in purchasing new school-books

school-books which differ from the old ones merely in a transposition of words. As regards the department of History, we have at this moment fifteen juvenile Histories of England before us (and these not all), of different degrees of merit—some of them so dry that the pupil has all the task of Hume and Smollett without the honour and glory; while as regards Geography, such are the ramifications into 'Civil Geography,' 'Historical Geography,' 'Political Geography,' 'Physical Geography,' 'Natural Geography,' 'Grammar of Geography,' &c., that among them all the good old '*common* Geography' seems to have but a slender chance. Less harm, however, has been done than might have been supposed. Mere transposers have not the time to alter much more than the name, nor the ability to go far wrong; while, on the other hand, several first-rate writers have employed both, to the great advantage of elementary instruction. Nevertheless, we are inclined to consider that the chief improvement in this department is chiefly attributable to the judicious retaining and remodelling of old works; for much as Goldsmith may require rectification, and Mangnall continuation, no modern work has excelled either. In passing, we must regret that much knowledge that is useful and interesting should be conveyed in the form of conversations. *Vivâ voce*, this is a mode of instruction which stands unrivalled; but in the transition to print, it seldom fails to acquire a pedantry and mannerism, which, ever since the days of 'Tutor, George and Harry,' have been very obnoxious to children. If the subject discussed be merely hard information, these flowery links in no way assist to beguile it—if it be one of amusement and interest, it does not require them. In either case it conveys the idea of filling a book for filling's sake. In private and maternal tuition these roadside endearments are best supplied inpromptu, and in school they are somewhat out of place. Mrs. Markham's History of England is one among the few exceptions, but this lady's Conversations have so little *talk* in them as hardly to come under that denomination. Altogether it is to be feared that in the multiplication of works of instruction now supplied, much time is engaged that might be more profitably spent. Much, it is true, is taught that is worth *knowing*, but little attention paid to what is worth *reading*. Young people are directed to authors who will be forgotten in a twelvemonth, to the exclusion of those who have stood for a century; and girls especially leave school with no knowledge of those standard English works which ought to be put into them next to their Bible.

Recent times have produced many works in which vast exertion has been made to bring down the difficulties of *science* to the comprehension of childhood; but without depreciating the intention,

intention, we are inclined to regard the pains expended as, in great measure, labour lost. Any one concerned in the education of children must soon become aware that all matters of science, however familiarly put, must depend mainly on the explanation of the teacher. There is no reason, therefore, why the best books should not be used at once; and this, in point of fact, is most generally done by those who teach such things with any success.

We must, we suppose, include under the category of school-books—at least we know not where else to place them—those ‘much-ado-about-nothing’ systems—those ingenious teachers who ‘climb o’er the house to unlock the little gate,’ who care not how vague an idea their pupils may possess of the multiplication-table, or of the number of the commandments, but sternly insist on their accuracy of distinction between a horse and a cow,* and on their clearness of apprehension of the ‘kingdom of a needle,’ and ‘the parts and properties of a halfpenny!’ By which we beg to observe no allusion is intended to the conventional province of the one, or the fugitive disposition of the other—no assistance tendered as to the use of the needle, or the disposal of the halfpenny, but, on the contrary, the attention is solely concentrated on certain minutiae, which the negligence of all former ages had unaccountably left children to find out for themselves. Indeed it is sad to think how many a needle has been plied in mere vulgar mechanical industry, without one thought of its being ‘mineral, artificial, metallic, opaque, bright, cold, taper, pointed, slender, useful, fusible, grey or steel-colour, hard, brittle, solid, steel.’ It is painful to reflect how many a halfpenny has been pocketed, and, what is worse, spent too, without the slightest attention to its ‘surfaces, edges, mulling, impression, image, superscription, reverse, date,’ &c.† What has the world been about?

Another feature of this novel system is a species of exercise which, we understand, in those particular schools where they teach long words and little matters, is called ‘*Elliptical Questions*,’ but in a printed form assumes the name of ‘*Rational Readings*.’ The recipe consists in leaving blank spaces in the narrative, whether verse, or prose, for the child’s imagination to fill up—a plan which combines the twofold advantage of requiring no thought to do, and conferring no instruction when done. For instance—

‘A London merchant had _____, James and Richard. James, from a boy accustomed _____ to every indulgence in his power, and when he was _____ up, was quite a fine _____. He dressed expen-

* See Aids to Development.

† Dr. Mayo’s Lessons on Objects.

sively—frequented public —kept his hunter at a livery
 and was a of several convivial . At home it was
 almost a footman's sole to on him. He would na
 thought it greatly him to buckle his shoes, and if he
 anything at the other of the room, he would ring a , and
 bring a servant up two rather than rise from his and
 fetch it,' &c.

Or this—

' Around the fire one winter night,
 The farmer's rosy children ,
 The fagot lent blazing light,
 And jokes round and careless chat ;
 When, hark ! a gentle they hear,
 Low tapping at the bolted ,
 And thus to gain their willing ,
 A feeble voice was heard to implore '

Now what can possibly be gained by such exercises as these ?
 A clever child might possibly conceive that the blanks in the
 prose piece were typical of certain lapses in James's life ; but the
 gaps in Miss Aikin would decidedly be too much for him. If
 puzzling the brain in search of a word be a necessary portion of
 education, a few charades from old pocket-books will answer the
 purpose much better. There is no child but who would look
 upon this kind of exercise as mere play, and get sick of it on that
 very account. And yet, reader, these are *Rational Readings* ! and
 are mixed up *pari passu* with lessons on astronomy and hydraul-
 ics, &c., requiring a mind of about thrice the age.*

Equally absurd in principle, but older we believe in practice,
 are those specimens of false spelling, the rectification of which is
 supposed to be instrumental in promoting a correct idea of such
 matters ; but which, in reality, much more generally succeed in
 leaving impressions of the wrong way than of the right. This
 would hardly be worth mentioning here had we not observed a
 recent advertisement announcing the pains which have been taken
 to supply the present rising generation with ' quotations from the
best poets, and the choicest sentences from our *great writers*,' all
spelt wrong ! † So that it may be reasonably expected that for
 the sake of a *t* too little or an *e* too much, the best ideas of writing
 will henceforward be inseparably connected in their minds with
 the worst of spelling. It is like cutting a Sir Joshua to shreds
 to show them the texture of the canvas.

Having thus expressed our opinion of the majority of modern
 juvenile books, it may be urged upon us, that, with few excep-

* A Series of Lessons in Prose and Verse, by J. M'Culloch, D.D.

† Pinnock's Exercises in False Spelling.

tions, the minds of children are far more healthily exercised and generally cultivated than in a former generation. But, while gladly admitting this to be the fact, we are inclined to attribute it far more to the liberty now allowed them in promiscuous reading than to any efforts which have been made of late in their own department—far more to the power of ranging free over field and pasture than to all the little racks of ready-cut hay that have been so officiously supplied them. Children seem to possess an inherent conviction that when the hole is big enough for the cat, no smaller one at the side is needed for the kitten. They don't really care for 'Glimpses' of this, or 'Gleanings' of that, or 'Footsteps' to the other—but would rather stretch and pull, and get on tiptoe to reach the sweeter fruit above them, than confine themselves to the crabs which grow to their level. The truth is, though seldom apprehended by juvenile book-writers, that children are distinguished from ourselves less by an *inferiority* than by a *difference* in capacity—that the barriers between manhood and childhood are marked less by the progress of every power than by the exchange of many. A mere weaker decoction of the same ideas and subjects that suit us will be very unsuitable to them. A genuine child's book is as little like a book for grown people cut down, as the child himself is like a little old man. The beauty and popularity of Lamb's 'Shakspeare's Tales' are attributable to the joint excellences of both author and transposer, but this is a rare exception:—generally speaking, the way in which Froissart is cut into spoon-meat, and Josephus put into swaddling-clothes, has only degraded these authors from their old positions, without in any way benefiting the rising generation by their new. The real secret of a child's book consists not merely in its being less dry and less difficult, but more rich in interest—more true to nature—more exquisite in art—more abundant in every quality that replies to childhood's keener and fresher perceptions. Such being the case, the best of juvenile reading will be found in libraries belonging to their elders, while the best of juvenile writing will not fail to delight those who are no longer children. 'Robinson Crusoe,' the standing favourite of above a century, was not originally written for children; and Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' addressed solely to them, are the pleasure and profit of every age, from childhood upwards. Our little friends tear Pope's 'Odyssey' from mamma's hands, while she takes up their 'Agathos' with an admiration which no child's can exceed. Upon the whole the idea of a book being too *old* for a child is one which rests upon very false foundations. If we do not mistake his department of enjoyment, we can hardly overrate his powers of it. With
most

most children the taste for Robinson Crusoe will be carried out into Columbus's discoveries, Anson's voyages, and Belzoni's travels; the relish for scenes of home-life into Evelyn's Diary, Cowper's Letters, or Bracebridge Hall. With very many the easy neatness or pompous sounds of verse, from John Gilpin, or Gay's Fables, to Alexander's Feast, or Paradise Lost, have an ineffable charm. Some of no uncommon capacity are known to be smitten with the mysterious pathos of Young's Night Thoughts. But yesterday we saw one little miss sucking her thumb over Thalaba.

But to return to the present liberty of indiscriminate reading: we doubt in most cases if it be owing to any conviction of its real superiority, or whether, in the great increase of publications, and the prevailing fashion of throwing open libraries and scattering books through every room of a house, it has not rather been suffered from an impossibility of prevention. We fear, in short, that parents are far more inclined to look on this as a necessary evil than as an incidental good, and are by no means satisfied in their consciences as to the time spent in useless reading, or the risk incurred by pernicious. But may not these misgivings, like many another concerning the education of children, be traced to our giving ourselves too much credit for judgment, and them too little for discernment? As regards useless reading, so long as it does not interfere with habits of application, and powers of attention, we are but poor judges of its real amount. Children have an instinct of food which more cultivated palates lose; and many is the scrap they will pick from hedge and common which to us seem barren. Nor may the question of pernicious reading be left to its usual acceptance, more especially as what is so called deserves the epithet, not so much on account of any absolutely false principle as from a tendency to inflame the passions or shock the taste, and therefore falls innocuous on a mind where the passions are silent and the taste unformed. With the immense choice of irreprehensible works before us, no one would deliberately put those into a child's hands where much that is beautiful is mixed up with much that is offensive; but, should they fall in their way, we firmly believe no risk to exist—if they will read them at one time or another, the earlier perhaps the better. Such works are like the viper—they have a wholesome flesh as well as a poisonous sting; and children are perhaps the only class of readers which can partake of one without suffering from the other.

We are aware that a small party exists who not only deny the utility of the modern juvenile school, but go so far as to question the utility and policy of children's books altogether. Tieck, a true genius as well as a most learned man, is said never to have allowed one to enter his house. Such a mode of prevention, however, is worse

than the evil itself. Juvenile books are as necessary to children as juvenile companionship, though nothing can be worse for them than to be restricted exclusively to either. Doubtless the imaginary exemption from the rules and ceremonials of general literature, which little books as well as little folks enjoy, has, as we have seen, fostered a host of works from the simply unprofitable to the directly pernicious, which would otherwise not have seen the light. But neither this nor any other consideration should forbid the cultivation of a branch of literature which, properly understood, gives exercise to the highest powers both of head and heart, or make us ungrateful to those writers by whom great powers have been so devoted. For children are not their only debtors—nor is the delight with which we take up one of the companions of our childhood entirely attributable to associations of days gone by—nor the assiduity with which we devour a new comer solely ascribable to parental watchfulness—but it is with these as with some game which we join at first merely to try whether we can play as we once did, or with the view of keeping our little play-mates out of mischief, but which we end by liking for its own sake—though we do not always say so.

In truth it is good for both that the young and the old should frequently exchange libraries. We give them a world of new ideas, but they do more, for they purify and freshen our old ones. There is nothing like the voice of one of these little Mentors to brush up our better part. There is no reading from which we rise more softened in heart, more strengthened in resolution, nay, not infrequently, more enriched in information. And this brings us to a more grateful portion of our task, and one in which that general tone we were bound to observe in our deprecatory remarks may be exchanged for a more particular kind—for, considering the numbers of little volumes that have passed through our hands with a view to preparing this article, it may perhaps not seem presumptuous in us to specify modern works both of amusement and instruction which have struck us as, on the whole, most worthy of the attention of parents and teachers. At the same time the following list has been the incidental more than the intentional result of our search, and therefore professes no systematic completeness, or categorical accuracy: moreover, we doubt not that by many a reader our selection has been already anticipated. As regards also the old children's books, the much-read and roughly-treated friends of a whole little generation, whose crazy backs and soft cottony leaves have stood a greater wear and tear than any of their sprucer successors could survive—which tell not only of the times when they were devoured, but of the very places—which recall the lofty bough whence the feet hung dangling at a height which now does not take them off the

the ground, or the pleasant nook where the little reader sat huddled up in a position which it would now be extremely inconvenient to assume—which speak of days when, engrossed in their pages, all sorrow was forgotten, and when there were no real sorrows to forget, and when even solitary confinement was borne without a murmur, if one of them could be kidnapped to share it—as regards these dearly-loved books, which tell all this and much more, our impartiality of judgment might be well suspected had we not lived to see their charm extend to the hearts of the present generation as well as linger round those of the past. In our enumeration, therefore, of such works as we would most willingly see in the hands of children, we must be allowed to name many of the old school which have been superseded in circulation by works bearing no comparison with them in value, and which, though never to be forgotten by some readers, are, we have reason to know, totally unknown to others. We commence, then, with the books of direct amusement, attempting no further classification than such as the age of the child suggests.

The House Treasury, by Felix Summerly, including

The Traditional Nursery Songs of England,

Beauty and the Beast,

Jack and the Beanstalk, and other old friends, all charmingly done and beautifully illustrated, which may be left to the discretion of parents. These are a grateful relief after the spiritless flippancies—the Prince of Wales's Alphabet, for instance, and other such trash of the day—while the involuntary pleasure they afford to grown up minds will go far to convince us what the delights of children really are.

Puss in Boots, with the designs of Otto Specker. We consider this as the *beau-ideal* of a nursery-book; yet it will afford much entertainment to older readers, and please all admirers of art. The engravings in the English book are even better than those in the German original.

Nursery Rhymes,

Original Poems, by the Misses Taylor, of Ongar. Admirable little books. It was justly said of them by a contemporary Review, 'the writers of these rhymes have far better claims to the title of poet, than many who arrogate to themselves that high appellation.' Nevertheless they are too generally superseded by a tribe of very contemptible juvenile versifiers.

Aesop's Fables. There are several versions in English of this book—which furnishes more amusement to the child and wisdom to the man than almost any other we could mention. Good fables cannot be too much recommended. While other books are labouring at a fact they are teaching a principle, and that the more securely from the child's complete unconsciousness of the process.

Persian Fables, by Rev. H. G. Keene. A very wise and attractive little volume.

Gay's Fables—it is enough to name: the first we believe in date, and inferior surely to none in merit, of all the classics of the nursery.

Prince Leboo. We would wish this beautiful character to live in the hearts of all children.

German Popular Tales, translated from Grimm. An exquisite book for children, and one far surpassing in every way the many recently published German collections, for which it has mainly supplied the materials. Care should be taken to procure the original edition of 1823, illustrated by George Cruikshank—a baser edition being in circulation.

Evenings at Home, by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aikin; but Mrs. Barbauld deserves the greater share of credit, as the scientific dialogues will scarce find a voluntary reader. There is a classic beauty and simple gravity in this lady's writing, which, knowing how great a favourite she is with all children permitted to possess her, shows how unnecessary as well as ungraceful is that flippant clap-trap manner now so much in vogue. We have been surprised to find the little request at juvenile libraries for this work.

Parent's Assistant, by Miss Edgeworth. Popular as Miss Edgeworth's writings were in the last generation, they deserve to be still more so now, when the beauties of her writing are more than ever wanted, and their few deficiencies, if we may say so of one to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude, less likely to take effect. Therefore it is with the greatest pleasure that we have observed the preference evinced for her books by children who are plentifully supplied with the more showy works of her successors—all, it is needless to say, greatly her inferiors in mind and skill.

Popular Tales, by Miss Edgeworth.

Garry Owen, by the same, is a charming little piece, perhaps not so universally known.

The Child's Own Book. One of the best modern versions of old materials, and far superior to one entitled '*The Child's Fairy Library*.'

Leila on the Island,

Leila in England,

Mary and Florence, by Miss Anne Fraser Tytler. These are excellent—especially the *Leilas*. Miss Tytler's writings are especially valuable for their religious spirit. She has taken a just position between the rationalism of the last generation and the puritanism of the present, while the perfect nature and true art with which she sketches from juvenile life, show powers which might be more ambitiously displayed, but cannot be better bestowed.

Mrs.

Mrs. Trimmer's Robins,

Adventures of a Donkey. These two books have saved numerous nests from plunder, and warded off many a blow from a 'despised race.' They give, it is true, no precise ideas of the anatomical formation of the animals described, but they invest both the robin and the donkey with a sentiment of kindness and humanity in the breast of a child which we are inclined to think of far more value.

Son of a Genius, by Mrs. Hoffland. A very beautiful tale, and the best of this lady's numerous little books, which are mostly too much of the *novellette* style to recommend.

Hope on, Hope ever,

Strive and Thrive. Both excellent—by Mary Howitt,—whose children's books are numerous, but very unequal in merit, and some of them, we regret to say, highly objectionable.

Holiday House, by Miss Catherine Sinclair; a book full of mirth for children; the work of a genuinely kind, and very clever spirit.

Lamb's Shakespeare's Tales. This is a juvenile gift of the highest value. He indeed understood Shakespeare and children too.

Lamb's Ulysses. Also a beautiful specimen of art in itself.

Robinson Crusoe. No wonder that Burckhardt found the surest plan for captivating a group of wild Arabs—the children of the desert—was to translate for them a chapter of Defoe's masterpiece.

Settlers at Home,

Feats on the Fiord,

The Crofton Boys, by Miss Martineau. These volumes of 'The Playtellow,' especially the first and third, will be read with delight through every generation in a house. We purposely omit the remaining volume, 'The Peasant and the Prince,' which has a reprehensible purpose and tendency.

Masterman Ready, by Captain Marryat. The best of Robinson Crusoe's numerous descendants, and one of the most captivating of modern children's books. The only danger is lest parents should dispute with their children the possession of it.

May You Like It. A pathetic and fascinating volume.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. We have already said a word or two on this delightful volume—the work of one of the highest and most amiable of contemporary minds—a genius which shines with equal felicity in the tender and the humorous vein. It is fast becoming a child's book.

Croker's Fairy Legends. A book quite after a child's own heart—full of dancing fun and grotesque imagery.

Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.

The Fool of Quality—a well done abridgment—in our early day highly relished by young people.

Undine,

Undine, translated from the German of La Motte Fouqué—a romance for all ages.

Vicar of Wakefield,

Phantasmion, by Mrs. Henry Coleridge; a tale of fairyland, full of captivity for man, woman, and child.

Arabian Nights. We forbear to intrude our prejudice in favour of the old edition over Lane's more correct version; because we are convinced that whichever children have the pleasure of reading first will be the lasting favourite.

As regards those works which convey more direct information without any expense of interest, we may mention,

Contributions of Q. Q., by Miss Jane Taylor; a work which cannot be too highly praised; religious precepts, moral lessons, and interesting information, all given in a sound and beautiful form. Another instance of the popularity of *good writing*—this book being in high favour with children. In its present form this work is perhaps not generally known, as it was published in detached portions in the 'Youth's Magazine,' and the parts have only lately been collected. But many a reader is acquainted with 'The Discontented Pendulum,' 'How it Strikes a Stranger,' &c., which appeared in separate pieces, and will be found in various selections of prose reading.

Willy's Holidays, by Mrs. Marcet.

The Boy and the Birds, by Miss Emily Taylor; a delightful little volume.

Bingley's Stories of Dogs,

————— *Horses*,

————— *Travellers*,

————— *Shipwrecks*. A set of works which, professing only to amuse, instruct and edify in no common degree.

Uncle Philip's Whale Fishery, of which the same may be said.

Stanley's Birds. This is by the present Bishop of Norwich—it well deserves its great popularity.

Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Land and Water. This is so far superior to the usual class of modern books, in which it is thought necessary to give instruction a garnish of amusement, that, though drawn up in that garrulous form we so much condemn, we cannot omit to recommend it here.

Harry and Lucy, by Miss Edgeworth. It matters not how learned Miss Edgeworth may make her Harrys and Lucys, we defy her to make them dull.

White's History of Selborne, for young people. The omissions are judicious.

Peter Parley's Tales of Animals. A collection of interesting anecdotes, and very attractive to children, but the only work by the
real

real Simon Pure we should care to see in their hands. Nor have we been more satisfied with the other writers under the same mask, which in most cases seems to have been assumed only to carry down a shallowness and flippancy of style which otherwise would not have been tolerated.

Goldsmith's Animated Nature.

Selections from the Spectator, Guardian, and Tatler, by Mrs. Barbauld. To the credit of children, this is one of their greatest delights.

Howitt's Country Boy's Book. A capital work, and we are inclined to think his best in any line.

Stories for Children from the History of England, by Mr. Croker. This skilful performance suggested the plan of Sir W. Scott's

Tales of a Grandfather.

Southey's Life of Nelson.

Mutiny of the Bounty.

Lives of the Admirals.

The (abridged) Life of Columbus, by Washington Irving.

Hone's Every-Day Book. Excessively interesting to children from the earliest ages.

Sketch Book,

Bracebridge Hall.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, by Captain Basil Hall.

The Waverley Novels.

We should think a selection of these, with some of the prints representing realities from the Abbotsford edition, would be the most popular child's book in the world; and the drawing-room set would last a good while longer.

Works of a more directly religious cast:—

Watts's Hymns,

Hymns for Infant Minds, by the Misses Taylor of Ongar,

Mrs. Hemans's Hymns for Childhood. These are all that can be required for the exercise of early piety, and three more beautiful little works cannot be desired.

Child's Christian Year.

Tracts and Tales, and

Sacred Dramas, and other writings, by Mrs. Hannah More
Agathos, and other tales, by Archdeacon Wilberforce. These are indeed the works of a master. Their success can surprise no one.

The Distant Hills,

Shadow of the Cross. Two beautiful little allegorical works, of which a child can make no false application. The explanatory dialogues at the close of each will be found of the utmost utility.

Gospel Stories, by Mrs. Barrow. This is not to be confounded
with

with the mob of little books bearing similar titles: it is a very remarkable specimen of skill, and treats some of the most difficult passages in Gospel History with a clearness that may guide and keep many an experienced parent in the instruction of her children.

Ivo and Verena. A most impressive little volume.

Loss of the 'Kent' East Indiaman. A lesson to young and old.

Burder's Oriental Customs.

Translations from Fénelon.

Keble's Christian Year.

Pilgrim's Progress. The sooner read the better.

As regards the regular school-book, we pretend to no systematic catalogue; for, great as are their number, their purpose is much defeated by the modes of verbal instruction now current in schools, in which each instructor proceeds upon notes and abridgments of his own, the results of general and extensive knowledge, and not to be furnished by any one book or set of books. It is, therefore, only in private and maternal tuition that the following short list can give assistance, and that also dependent on the mode of application and the auxiliary instruction with which they are accompanied.

Mary's Grammar, by Mrs. Marcet. A sound and simple little work for the earliest ages.

Lindley Murray for all others.

Mrs. Markham's History of England.

History of France.

School History of England. The best of the numerous class, especially written for instruction.

Elements of Geography, by Mr. Croker. The best of elementary books on the subject.

Stewart's Geography. More simple, more correct, and better arranged than any other we have seen.

Arrowsmith's Geography.

Mangnall's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. The most comprehensive book of instruction existing, and to be preferred to all the others to which it has served as model.

Hort's Pantheon. Superior to all other juvenile mythologies in form and tendency, and decidedly in the pleasure it gives a child.

Flowers of History, ancient and modern. We fear this work is now forgotten; but we must say we think we learned more from it than from any one of its class that we ever read. The author was a Mr. Adams, a clergyman, schoolmaster at Putney.

Goldsmith's History of Rome—

Greco. Goldsmith's picturesque writing will always make him preferred by children, while the love of history, which

which his works induce, is a far greater benefit to them than the more correct facts they may imbibe from later writers, who have little other merit than that of rectifying his inaccuracies.

Keightley's History of Rome—

Greece. For a more advanced age.

Rollin's Ancient History.

Mavor's Classical English Poetry.

*Selections from Wordsworth—*a small volume.

Readings in English Prose from Lord Bacon downwards.

Dr. Arnott's Physics. This answers the purpose of juvenile instruction far more than all the juvenile works of science.

Dick's Christian Philosopher. A work of a very delightful tendency, and eminently qualified to assist the teacher.

In the list thus offered, it would be absurd to imagine that all have been mentioned that are worthy of attention. As we said before, we offer what has indirectly presented itself to us, more than what we have directly sought for. The aim, also, has been more to contract than to expand—to the exclusion of many works highly respectable in ability, but too similar and numerous to be distinguished. Being also convinced by experience, that it is the out of school reading which equally leaves the deepest impression on the child, and gives the greatest licence to the writer, it is this branch of juvenile books to which our chief attention has been devoted. As to the works of an older kind fitted for children's reading, we need hardly remind those concerned in their welfare, that Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Addison, are enjoyable and appreciable from a very early age, and that the child's store of such reading is one of the richest legacies the adult can inherit. And in an age when, by a strange perversity of reasoning, a two-fold injury, both in what is required and what is withheld, is inflicted upon children, it behoves us the more to supply them with those authors who, like old plate, though their pattern may go out of fashion for a season, yet always retain the same intrinsic value.

Upon the whole, we should be happy if, by calling attention to the real excellence and beauty of a genuine child's book, we could assist in raising the standard of the *art* itself—the only effectual way, it seems to us, of checking the torrent of dressed-up trumpery which is now poured upon the public. For on taking a retrospective view of the juvenile libraries of the day, it is very obvious that there are a set of individuals who have taken to writing children's books, solely because they found themselves incapable of any other, and who have had no scruple in coming forward in a line of literature which, to their view, presupposed the lowest estimate of their own abilities. Nor has the result undeceived them—on the contrary, they write simple little books which any little simpleton

ton can understand, and in the facility of the task become more and more convinced of its utter insignificance. The whole mistake hinges upon the slight but important distinction between *childish* books and *children's* books. The first are very easy—the second as much the reverse—the first require no mind at all—the second mind of no common class. What indeed can be a closer test of natural ability and acquired skill than that species of composition which, above all others, demands clearness of head and soundness of heart, the closest study of nature, and the most complete command over your materials? A child's book especially requires that which every possessor of talent knows to be its most difficult and most necessary adjunct, viz. the judgment evinced in the selection of your ideas—the discretion exercised in the control of your powers. In short, the *beau-ideal* of this class of composition lies in the union of the highest art with the simplest form; and if it be absurd to expect the realisation of this more frequently in children's books than in any other, it is quite as absurd to attempt to write them without keeping it in any way in view.

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- ART. II.—1. *The First Phonic Reading Book*. Under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education. Published, by authority, by John W. Parker, West Strand, London. 1843.
 2. *The Second Phonic Reading Book*. Under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education. Published, by authority, by John W. Parker, West Strand, London. 1843.
 3. *The Constructive Method of Teaching, an extempore Lecture delivered at Exeter Hall, 19th April, 1842, by J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Esq.*

IT may, at first sight, seem that the consideration of these *Phonic reading books* might have been properly included in the preceding article, but there is something so very peculiar in their composition, and so remarkable in their publication *by authority of the Privy Council*, that we think them entitled to a distinct notice. It is, we believe, the first time that the Privy Council has made itself directly responsible for a spelling-book. Blackstone certainly does not enumerate amongst its attributes any such duties; and we look, therefore, with some curiosity to the cause and consequences of so novel an experiment.

Our readers will recollect that amidst the 'heavy blows and great discouragements' with which it was the pride of the Melbourne administration to visit the Church of England, one of the last and boldest was an attempt to place national education on a footing and under an influence of which the real and ultimate effect must have been to *atheise* public instruction, by prohibiting all

all forms of devotional exercise or religious teaching in any school receiving public aid. This proposition was recommended on that extreme principle of impartiality which is equally indulgent to truth and error, and recognises no greater claim to public countenance and support in the Established Church than in any dissenting sect, however inconsiderable in weight or numbers; and the immediate object was to gratify some of the more spiteful Dissenting supporters of the ministry (almost the only supporters they had) by insulting the Established Religion by a parliamentary inuendo that it was unfit to be publicly taught—and by endeavouring to degrade the Established Clergy from one of their most ancient, most honourable, and most valued privileges, the superintendence of the education of the people.

But this scheme received little support from some of the more numerous and respectable bodies of Dissenters, many of whom openly made common cause with the Church; and even in a House of Commons chosen under the auspices of the Melbourne ministry, it received much less countenance than its proposers had hoped for. The ministerial resolutions were carried in that House on the 20th of June, 1839, by a majority of only *five* (280 to 275), which dwindled on the 24th to a majority of *two*; while in the House of Lords adverse resolutions, proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, were passed by a majority of *one hundred and eleven* (229 to 118). The ministry were now in a dilemma: they must either abandon the main object of their measure, or deprive the country of their own ministerial services, and the Dissenting body of their ministerial patronage. This latter alternative was not to be thought of; and accordingly they submitted their Education scheme to a kind of compromise, by which they obtained, on the one hand, that great national benefit, their own continuance in office for another year, and only conceded that the funds voted for national education should be administered by a committee of the Privy Council, under the regulation which had previously existed—that is, with authority to extend public aid *even* to schools in connexion with the Established Church. It was, we think, judicious in the Conservative leaders to accede to the ministerial proposition of creating in the Privy Council a 'Committee for Education.' The subject had become so large and so important as to require responsible superintendence. There has long been in France a minister of public instruction, charged with duties which, in our special circumstances, we think cannot be so satisfactorily executed as by the Lord President and a committee of the Privy Council; and so far good may have resulted from a mischievous design.

But the good is not quite unmixed; for although the Whig scheme for stifling religious instruction has thus, in a great measure,

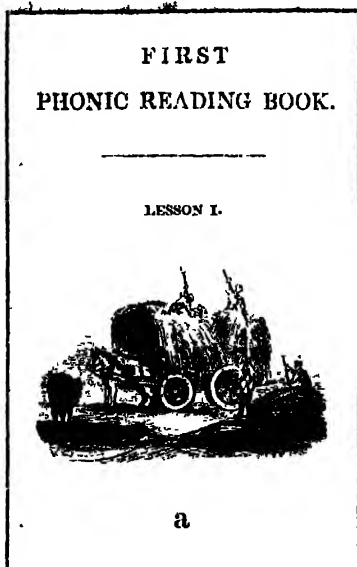
measure, failed—at least for the present—we find that it is likely to be successful, to a very surprising degree, in stifling *secular* instruction—an object which, if originally intended, was at least never avowed. The advocates of Church principles, indeed, have always said that any measure that should discourage religious education would be likewise found to impede secular education; but we were not quite prepared to see this so early and so strikingly exemplified as it is in the works named at the head of this article, and which, though their title-pages modestly conceal the author's name, we find, from the explanatory *Lecture*, to be the productions of Dr. Kay Shuttleworth, the gentleman originally selected, under the name and title of James Phillips Kay, M.D., as Secretary of the intended Committee of Council for the exclusion of the Church Catechism, but who—that project being, as we have seen, defeated—has, it appears, dedicated his attention to the other and esoteric branch of the subject—the overthrow of the ordinary and antiquated forms of secular education; and in this at least, so far as his influence may extend, he promises to be so successful that, on full consideration of his books, we are satisfied that no child, who shall be treated exclusively after Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's method, and limited to *his* reading lessons, will ever be able to read at all. We find in the 'Lecture' mention made of 'model schools' and 'mechanical boxes,' by which the Phonic method is to be taught. We know not what such adventitious helps may do; all we can say is, that we have no idea that anything can be learned from the '*Phonic Reading Books*' now presented to us.

It has hitherto been the practice of all people to make use of the easiest and simplest modes of teaching children to read, and the book out of which we ourselves learned to read some half century ago was, in that dark age, recommended to popularity by the distinctive title of '*Reading Made Easy*.' *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Dr. Kay Shuttleworth seems to act on the principle that nothing can be valuable that is easily acquired, and will, perhaps, accept as a compliment our testimony that his books are fully entitled to be called '*Reading Made Difficult*.' His method of education seems indeed to be an extension of the homœopathic system—that is, the obscurity and confusion which naturally cloud the first operations of the infant mind, are in his method met by additional confusion and obscurity in the lesson to which it is subjected.

The first of the many surprising features of this new method of teaching to read, is that it abolishes the alphabet—literally *abolishes the alphabet*—as being, no doubt, a clumsy and obsolete piece of mechanism, as ill-suited to new-light education as Cadmus's other plan of sowing dragon's teeth would be to recruiting
a modern

a modern army. This seems so wonderful, that our readers will be glad to see the evidence with their own eyes, and we therefore lay before them *fac-similes* of the two very first pages of this new code of national instruction, reduced, however, from their 12mo. size to the following:—

(1)



(2)



These pages, simple as they seem, would afford a volume of commentary. We shall only touch on a few principal points.

The first complaint we have to make is that there is no introduction—no prefatory explanation of the *modus operandi*—that neither child nor teacher has any guide or direction to the use or meaning of the figures and letters thus nakedly and *ex abrupto* presented to them; and the reader who from the mere inspection of these pages can discover in what the '*phonic method*' consists is much more sagacious than we profess to be. At first sight, indeed, the book looks like a child's common picture alphabet, with the first page accidentally torn out: but then we are startled with the title PHONIC, which is meant to express that this new method of teaching proceeds by *sounds*, in contradistinction to and in supersession of *figures*—and yet the first thing we find is—a *figure*! This seems rather inconsistent in principle; though, in practice, no doubt, the *figure* is meant to suggest a *sound*, but so, we submit, do the ordinary letters A, B, C—which are, after all, only figures suggesting sounds.

But

But we pass that incongruity, and advance to a more puzzling question—what sound does Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's figure mean to suggest? We beg our readers to cast their eye back to it, and they will agree with us that with the help of the supplemental figure *Q* no doubt can exist that the sound to be suggested is the *first and ordinary* sound of the letter *Q* as used in *cart*, or *waggon*, or *man*—all prominent features in the picture—or the time may be *harvest*, and the *waggon* perhaps may be loaded with *barley*, and then the desired sound will be given four or five times over. But, alas, no! nothing like this is intended. We learn, *aliunde* and long after, that the figure represents a *hay-field*; and the sound *HAY* as connected with the *form Q* is the 'first phonic lesson' which, under the sanction of the Privy Council, Dr. Kay Shuttleworth would inculcate on the youth of England.

The Parisian pronunciation of French is admitted to be the most correct, and so, we suppose, must be a Londoner's pronunciation of English; and it is certain that a great number—perhaps the majority—of the inhabitants of this capital pronounce the letter *Q*, *hay*; but then, on the other hand, it is equally notorious that the same persons generally pronounce *hay*, the produce of a meadow, 'ay. So that Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's 'first phonic' lesson is a little deficient in not explaining whether it means to teach a child to say 'the letter *hay*,'—or—'the 'osses 'ave 'ad their 'ay.' We have said that the Doctor has given no prefatory directions which might clear up this difficulty, and we travelled through the whole lesson book without knowing what to make of this phonic figure, but at last we found that—true to his *preposterous* system of turning everything inside out, and upside down, and setting the cart before the horse—Dr. Kay Shuttleworth had placed his *preface* at the *end* of his book, and there at the 101st page we find the following explanation of the enigmatical page we have been examining:—

'Under the phonic method, the sound of each letter is taught by means of an object, or the picture of an object in which that sound occurs. In giving the first lesson, the teacher places upon the reading frame a picture of a hayfield, with labourers employed in making hay. After talking with the children on the subject of the picture until he has excited their interest and attention, he causes them to sound in unison the word *Hay*, taking care that the full aspiration be given to the *H*. He then tells them that there are two sounds in this little word, both of which he wishes to hear distinctly given. After a few trials the children will learn to separate these sounds, and will be able to give the first sound, or mere hard breathing, or the second sound (which is the long sound of *a*) as required.'

This explanation shows that the Doctor would certainly not call

call dried grass, 'ay, but, on the contrary, would carefully sound the aspirate H; but it is not so clear that he would not say 'the letter *hay*;' but however that may be, it must be confessed that the choice of so ambiguous an example so tardily and imperfectly explained was exceedingly unlucky—a stumble at the threshold being of peculiarly bad omen; and this is the more to be regretted, because the Doctor might have favoured us, instead of a *hay-field*, with his own *portrait*, and his own patronymic of KAY would have answered all the purposes of HAY without any of the ambiguity.

But after all, this tardy explanation reveals a blunder as fatal to his phonic *system* as either of those vulgar cockneyisms would have been; for it turns out that the *first* sound actually taught is *not* that which the Doctor means to teach—the sound of *h*—but the sound represented by the figure 'H;' and, strange to say, that figure 'H,' representing the *first* sound which the phonic tyro is to learn, is not to be found anywhere in either of the phonic reading books,—being, as we before said, abolished in common with the rest of the alphabet; and so anxious is Dr. Kay Shuttleworth to eradicate all trace of the old alphabetical abuse, that he nowhere admits capital letters to any share in his pronouncing lessons, nor does he betray to indiscreet childhood the important secret that there exist such forms as B D C, &c., nor, of course, that B and b, C and c, D and d, and so on,—have any connexion or similarity of sound; so that after the pupil had laboured through 260 pages of little a's, and e's, and o's, he would be incapable of reading even the title of the 'FIRST PHONIC READING BOOK,'—which is thus printed in capital letters, of which the 'lessons' afford no example.

But we have not yet done with this wonderful explanation. The Doctor produces the word *hay* as an example of the long sound of *h*. It is no such thing; it is the addition of the 'y' that in such cases gives this particular tone to *h*; if the Doctor was to write his own name *Ka*, it would have a less seemly sound than the addition of the 'y' bestows on it; and it is therefore clear that the first lesson is again essentially wrong in point of fact, for it gives, according to his own explanation, the sound not of *a*, but of *ay*, and that sound might have been equally expressed by *e*, *æ*, *ei*, *eh*, *ey*, all of which are occasionally sounded like *ay*.

But on what principle does the Doctor assume that the *first* sound of the letter *h* should be either 'hay,' or 'ay?' All the world—from Cadmus inclusive down to Doctor Kay Shuttleworth exclusive—have given the *first*, and in all languages but English the only, place to the short sound of *a*, as in 'alphabet,' 'England,' 'France,' 'Germany,' 'Holland,' 'America,' and so on; but the Doctor's rooted antipathy to the alphabet makes him

him wish to abolish everything that would restore it to anything like its precedence in the spelling books: but even in English, the Doctor's primary sound of *ā* is, in fact, a very secondary one. We find, in the ordinary dictionaries, that of about 2500 words commencing with *A*, not a dozen have the sound 'ay.' And even as to the middle of words, we take the two first paragraphs of the Doctor's own explanatory notes, and we find that the letter *ā* occurs 36 times—28 times with the short sound, only 4 with the long, and 4 times mute. Our readers will have observed from the way in which we print this paragraph, how predominant, in the ordinary course of our language, is the short sound of *ā*. On what pretence, then, does Dr. Kay Shuttleworth give to a comparatively rare and accidental anomaly the *first* place in the phonic principles of the language? He cannot shelter himself under the example of former writers, because he rejects precedent, and professes to found a new and more rational system,—by that he must abide.

Now let us turn back to the second page. There again we find that a figure is to convey a sound, which sound the Doctor typifies as

ā.

Thus a child, who has yet learned only *one sound of one letter*, is supposed to be acquainted with the order and value of the *Arabic numerals*, and to be able to comprehend—what we confess we cannot—how there can be an *ā*, before there has been an *ā*.

But what is this sound *ā*? When we thought, as we did till we had arrived at the end of the book, that the first figure represented the sound of *ā* in *cart*, we—seeing what we took for an old gateway—thought that it was meant to give the sound of *ā* in *gate*; but when we found that *ā* meant *hay*, we were driven from that opinion, and concluded that this cut was to represent *ā* in *arch*. But we were again mistaken. We learn from the Appendix that

ā

means *ā* as in *bar*—the distinguishing feature of that cut being, we are told, a *bar*. So that again we have to wonder at a *phonic* system taught by *figures*, and those figures suggesting sounds the very reverse of those which the author appears to have intended.

Then we find *ā*, and *ā*, and *ē*, and *ē*, and *ē*, all as absurdly exemplified, or rather enigmatized; and not only is the child—one, observe, who as yet has learned but two or three letters—supposed to be familiar with these Arabic numerals, but he is to understand the algebraic sign of equality: in the fifth lesson; p. 13, he is to discover that

u = oo

u = oo

means that 'u is equivalent to oo;' and next page that

'erê = ârê'

To ~~us~~ these hieroglyphics are only ridiculous, but to many a village schoolmistress and even schoolmaster, and to every poor infant, they would indeed be Algebra.

The Doctor's plan of putting last what ought to have been first, has thus led us into details before we arrive at his principles, but we will now exhibit the Doctor's postliminious explanation of the system on which he has proceeded.

'In reading, we use, not the names of the letters, but the sounds of which the letters are the signs.'—p. 97.

If Doctor Kay Shuttleworth had not announced this as a kind of discovery, and advanced it as the axiomatic foundation of his whole system, we should certainly not have been aware of its importance, and should hardly have thought it necessary to guard the rising generation against expanding a short word—*wool* for example—into such a formidable polysyllable as '*doubleudoubleuel*,' or of disfiguring the name of their great benefactor Dr. Shuttleworth into *Esaitchuteteledoubleuarteaitch*, under which he might be mistaken for one of the Ojibbeways. The mischief of such a mode of utterance would certainly be very great; but the danger of its becoming popular seems rather too remote to have required the intervention of the Privy Council to prohibit it. The Doctor proceeds:—

'The Phonic method is founded on this [the foregoing] fact, and is so called because it teaches the true sound of each letter *as it is brought into notice*.'—*Ib.*

Phonic, as an adjective, is not to be found in the dictionary, but for new things new names—and we do not quarrel with the word as expressing something of, or belonging to, 'vocal sound,' but inasmuch as we believe that reading and speaking have been in all ages and nations carried on by vocal sounds, we should have been rather at a loss to know why Dr. Kay Shuttleworth calls his method *phonic*, in contradistinction to all others. It seems, however, that this is only another form of the leading principle of getting rid of the alphabet—of teaching the sounds, not the names, of letters—and *that*, not in any regular order—which would be returning to the alphabet—but just as they happen '*to be brought into notice*;' that is to say, there is to be a different phonic alphabet (we cannot help using the obnoxious word) for every different book; and some professors of the art prefer, we are told, to give children 'their very first lessons in words some-

what distinguished as to style,' such as, we presume, Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, &c. Is not this something worse than '*Reading made Difficult*'?

But after all we respectfully submit to Dr. Kay Shuttleworth that he has not explained how we or even he can altogether do without an alphabet. He supposes and states, that children are to be taught '*the sounds represented by certain letters*;' but how can that be done without assigning to each letter an individual name by which the child may recognise it, as representing such or such a sound? The Doctor in his own first lesson leads a child to connect the form *a* with the sound *hay*—that form, therefore, must have a name. It need not indeed be called *hay*—that is the *sound*—and the *name* may as well be *Ex* or *Zed*; and as the whole system seems really meant to be the inverse or converse of whatever is in common use, we venture to hope that a third '*Phonic Reading Book*' may conclude with an alphabet, and that *Zed* will be the name of the first vowel. All that we contend for is that the letters must have a name and order; but as it would be, we admit, as unreasonable to ask Doctor Kay Shuttleworth to call his form an *alphabet*, as to expect Lord John Russell to call Tavistock a *nomination borough*, we suggest that the new phonic arrangement of the letters may be called the *Zyrvout*, which will be just as euphonous, as convenient, and as rational as any other portion that we have seen of the '*Phonic method*.'

The Doctor proceeds to other details.

'Under the Phonic method consonants are arranged into three classes.'—p. 97.

This is an additional example of the Doctor's inverted method of doing everything. His lessons profess to commence, as we have seen, with the *vowel* sounds, and so, of course, his explanatory notes begin with the *consonants*, and concerning the consonants he has made some notable discoveries.

'Consonants requiring a somewhat lengthened tone of voice in their utterance, and which are, therefore, called *tone sounds*. They are represented by *m, n, l, y, w, r*.'—*Ib.*

Here we see the Doctor is forced, in spite of his teeth, to make use of the old alphabetical names, but he still sticks to disorder as far as possible, and puts *l* after *n*—and *y* and *w* before *r*: and these, it seems, are called *tone* letters—called by whom and for what purpose?—for there is not an allusion to *tone* letters in either of the books.

'Consonants known by a hissing sound which necessarily accompanies their pronunciation. These are represented by *h, f, v, s, z, sh, th*, and are classed as *hissing sounds*.'—*Ib.*

Hissing

'*Hissing sounds*!' *hope* and *heal*—*fair* and *free*—*vail* and *vow* all, it seems, begin, in the Phonic system, with a '*hissing sound*;' and, *absit omen*, the '*clarum et venerabile nomen*' of *Shuttleworth* itself ends with a *hiss*.

'*Consonants* in which the sound is suddenly produced, and may be said to *burst* from the lips. These are called the *bursting sounds*, and are represented by *p, b, t, d, k, g*.'—p. 97.

'*Bursting sounds*!'—*Kay*, it seems, begins with a bursting sound, as *Shuttleworth* ends with a hissing one. The Doctor is at least impartial in stamping his own names with these strange epithets: but, for our parts, we think that the old distinctions of *labial*, *dental*, or *guttural*, just as elegant, and rather more accurate, than *toning*, *hissing*, or *bursting*. And then he returns to, a re-assertion of the great *Shuttleworth* discovery.

'It is evident that the *sounds* of all these consonants are different from the *names* of the letters.'—*Ib.*

Prodigious!

He then proceeds to develop the *vowel* sounds with equal skill and discrimination, but at so much length that we prefer exhibiting this part of the subject by the assistance of a philosopher of the seventeenth century, who—anticipating posterity in this as in many other matters—has left us the following admirable lesson in *phonic* elocution, written after the ancient style in the form of a dialogue—we mean *M. Poquelin*, to whom we think it would have been more candid in Dr. *Shuttleworth* to have confessed how much he is indebted for the first principles of his system. We must apologise for a very inadequate translation of this excellent writer.

'*Professor*.—To follow out your wishes, and to treat this subject [orthography] philosophically, we must begin, in the order of things, by an exact acquaintance with the nature of letters and of the various modes in which they are pronounced. And therefore I must inform you that letters are divided into *vowels*, so called *vowels* because they express sounds (*voix*), and into *consonants*, so called consonants because they become *sonant* by being connected with vowels. There are six vowels or voices—A, E, I, O, U.

Pupil.—All that I understand.

Professor.—The sound A is formed by opening the mouth wide—A.'

It must be recollected that the professor is dealing with the *French* alphabet, but our readers will see that the *principle* is the same.

'*Pupil*.—A—yes—A.

Professor.—The sound E is formed by bringing the under-jaw rather near to the upper one—A—E.

Pupil.—A, E—A, E. Just so.

'*Professor*.—The sound I is made by bringing the jaws a little closer, and drawing back the two corners of the mouth towards the ears.

Pupil.—A, E, I, I, I.—Admirable.

Professor.—The sound O is produced by re-opening the jaws, and contracting the mouth into a circle by separating the centre of the lips and contracting their corners.—O.

Pupil.—Very true—A, E, I, O—O—very true.

Professor.—You will observe that in fact the form of the mouth takes very nearly the shape of the letter O.

Pupil.—Exactly—O—I had never thought of that.

Professor.—U is formed by advancing the lips nearly in the same form as for the O, but more obtruded—U.

Pupil.—Very true—U, U.

Professor.—To-morrow we shall proceed with the other letters—the consonants.

Pupil.—Will this be equally curious?

Professor.—Certainly—the letter D, for instance, is made by placing the top of the tongue against the inside of the upper teeth, and then forcing [*bursting*] it forward—DEE.

Pupil.—DEE—DEE.—Wonderful! wonderful!—*Œuvres de Poquelin*, v. 625.

There is a good deal more in the original, but what we have quoted is enough to show that the Phonic system was well understood in the time of Louis XIV., when M. Poquelin flourished, and that—allowance being made for the difference of the languages—Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's Phonic lessons are in principle the same that we might imagine to be written by M. Poquelin's *Professor* of orthography. Some of our readers perhaps may not be aware that M. *Poquelin* is more generally known by the name of *Molière*, and that the treatise which we have quoted, and which bears such a close resemblance to Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's Phonic exercises, is commonly called '*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.'

But our readers will naturally ask, what peculiar advantage does the proposer of this system anticipate from his labours? Have we any measure of the success which Doctor Kay Shuttleworth and the Privy Council expect to attend this system? Fortunately the Doctor does afford us such a measure. We find that when the pupil shall have worked through the 96 pages of which the first book consists, he is expected to be able to read this sentence—

'we halved the cake'—p. 96.

The second book is much more copious, consisting of 164 pages; and at its conclusion we find that a diligent pupil is expected to be able to read

'the noise abated'—vol. ii. p. 164.

It is a singular circumstance, considering how this whole affair was originally got up and handled—the violence of the contest—as
to

to the division of the public grant, and the quiet that was produced by *dividing* the grant between the Church and the Dissenting societies—that the last ‘phonic reading lesson’ of the first volume should be

‘*We halved the cake;*’


and that the concluding lesson of the second volume should present

‘*The noise abated!*’

But when we thus find that the power of reading these two short sentences is the most that Dr. Kay Shuttleworth himself expects from his books, and when we see how little the pupil will have advanced between the end of the first volume and that of the second, we cannot but feel some doubt of the policy of making them the foundation of a general system of national education.

But besides all these, and an hundred other absurdities of detail, there are two radical, and, we think, insurmountable, difficulties in the system itself; one of which Dr. Kay Shuttleworth perceives and persuades himself that he can overcome, but of the other he seems to have no suspicion. The first is, that though the phonic system may be, for aught we know, applicable to Italian, German, Spanish, or other languages where the letters have in all cases uniform sounds, it does not at all suit the English, where the same letter has sounds not only various but arbitrary. This difficulty the Doctor thinks he gets over by borrowing, he says from Walker, the system of notation by numerals, as *â—â—â*, &c. When Dr. Kay Shuttleworth attributes the invention of this system of notation to Walker, we must presume that he has verified the fact from some earlier production of Walker's than we have seen; we had always believed that the invention had been Dr. Kenrick's, and that its first general application was in Sheridan's ‘Pronouncing Dictionary.’ But be this as it may, such a system of notation, however useful for a *Pronouncing Dictionary*, is totally valueless in teaching to read—unless, indeed, all the books in the language were to be printed with these numerated vowels: if *gâte* and *cârt* were to be so printed in all ordinary books, there would be some use in teaching a child the vocal value of *â* and *â*; but what advantage towards learning to read can possibly be derived from puzzling him with these hieroglyphics, when he finds *cart* and *gate* invariably printed without any such distinction? What guide has he against mispronouncing them, *cârt* and *gâte*? And we should like to see the phonic theory which should explain why the *o* in ‘*come*,’ and ‘*comb*,’ and ‘*cork*,’—and the *ea* in ‘*death*’ and ‘*speak*,’—and the *ough* in ‘*plough*’ and ‘*rough*,’ and ‘*dough*,’ and ‘*through*,’ should not be pronounced alike.

The

The other defect in the Doctor's system, and which he does not appear to have so much as thought of, is, that he confounds *spelling* and *pronouncing* with *reading*. He forgets that *reading* is habitually with most men, and necessarily with many, altogether independent of *phonics*: the eye *reads* and not the tongue. The mode in which the printed word '*hand*,' for instance, creates an idea in the mind, has no connexion whatsoever with the sound which, through a different organ, excites the same idea. The combination of letters which forms the word '*hand*' goes to the mind just as the image  would do; and we have seen children's books constructed altogether on this image principle, in which a page of figures, which have no possible connexion with *phonics*, is as easily read as a page of letters. Again, the Deaf and Dumb can read without any help from phonics; and we have known persons who could read French without knowing a sound of the language. When Doctor Kay Shuttleworth professes to teach a child to read by a phonic method, he forgets that a child cannot learn to read till after he has learned to speak; but that having learned, under the earlier influences of nature and the nursery, to articulate, he is then taught to spell the words so articulated, and finally learns that the combination of letters '*hand*' represents the sound to which his little tongue was already formed; and all the phonic mummeries of â, à, á—ê, é, ë—of '*hissing sounds*,' and '*bursting sounds*,' could have no more effect in teaching him to read, than in teaching him to walk. In fine, we have only to repeat what we said at the outset—that with no other guide but Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's '*Phonic Lessons*,' we are perfectly satisfied that no child could ever learn to read at all.

Some of our readers may think we have thrown away too much time and space on what we cannot dignify by any more respectful title than a gross *humbug*; but humbug as it is, it seems to be sanctioned by the Committee of Council; and we conceive it to be a grave public duty to expose this extravagant Tomfoolery, and to awaken the attention of the present Committee of Council to the kind of risks which their predecessors have bequeathed to them. We have heard that personally Dr. Kay Shuttleworth is a respectable and well-meaning gentleman, sincerely anxious for the progress of education, but he evidently labours under some kind of anti-alphabetical monomania that renders him peculiarly unfit for advancing the art of Reading—a disability considerably aggravated by what seems to us an indisputable fact that—whatever may be his other talents and accomplishments—he has, unluckily, not happened to discover what the word *reading* really means.

ART. III.—*Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other Parts of the Pennine Chain; with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By James D. Forbes, F.R.S., &c. 1 vol. imperial 8vo.; with Plates, and Map. Edinburgh, 1843.

THE object of Professor Forbes, in this elaborate and beautifully-illustrated work, is to give a detailed account of the great glacier districts of the Pennine Alps, from the western slopes of Mont Blanc on the one hand, to the eastern sides of Monte Rosa on the other, including the giant peak of the Mitterhorn, and innumerable other intermediate regions. His excursions had in view principally the accurate observance of glaciers, and the careful study of whatever might tend to the establishment of the true theory of these great natural phenomena; but the volume is as far as possible from being a frigid specimen of scientific writing. On the contrary its peculiar merit consists in the combination of minute and ever watchful attention to the details of technical observation and experiment, with an expansive and indeed poetical perception and expression of those most wonderful aspects of nature by which the Alpine traveller is surrounded.

Switzerland is without doubt the most finely-featured and strikingly diversified country in the world for the admirer of natural scenery. We do not believe that even the loftier heights of the Himalaya or the Andes afford effects more magnificent, if indeed they equal the grandeur of the great central groups of Europe. The latter, if less vast, are for that very reason more varied; and the traveller thus never feels the tedium of monotony which is doubtless produced by a long continuance of the same kind of grandeur, however superlative.

‘Add to this,’ says Professor Forbes, ‘that the actual height of the zone of perpetual snow is as great as that of any mountains in the world, with one or two exceptions; for the highest land on the surface of the globe is near the equator, where the corresponding high temperature raises the limit at which perpetual snow commences to nearly the extreme height of European mountains. The eye, which must always have some actual or conventional standard of reference, if it cannot judge by the level of the sea, takes the level of the plain as a starting-point; or, if there be no plain, the level of perpetual snow is a natural index of elevation, which, connected as it is with height, solitude, and vastness, impresses the mind with the highest sense of grandeur in natural scenery. It has often been observed that Chimborazo is less elevated above the table-land from which it rises than Mont Blanc is above the valley of Chamouni; and taking the level of perpetual snow in the Alps at 8500 feet, Mont Blanc is snow-clad throughout its higher 7000 feet. Now, a peak in the Himalaya range, in order to show as much,

much, would need to rise to above 22,000 feet—a height which few of them exceed.’—p. 12.

It is these and other notices of a corresponding kind which, pervading the present work, bestow upon it a substantiality so seldom found in our ordinary Journals and ‘*Tours de force*,’ so many of which illustrate rather activity of body than accuracy of mind. We may add that, in addition to Mr. Forbes’s natural and acquired qualifications for the fulfilment of his task, his opportunities have been ample. He had the advantage, he informs us, of receiving his first impressions of Switzerland in early youth; and these he has carefully refreshed and strengthened by successive visits to almost every district of the Alps between Provence and Austria. He has crossed the principal chain twenty-seven times, generally on foot, by twenty-three different passes, and has intersected the lateral ranges in various directions. His accomplishments as a natural philosopher are widely known. Had he been an angler and an entomologist, the circle of his capacities would have been complete.

That portion of the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy called the Pennine chain is strongly characterised by the great number and large extent of its glaciers. From the increasing coldness of the atmosphere as we ascend, the upper portions of all extremely lofty mountains must be covered with snow. ‘Whilst the plains are covered with the verdure of summer, eternal winter reigns upon the summits; and thus the stupendous ranges of the Himalaya or the Andes present, in one condensed picture, all the climates of the earth, from the tropics to the poles.’* A snow-covered mountain, however, is not itself, neither does it necessarily produce, a glacier; and why these icy ranges are found in certain countries and not in others, of which the natural climate and prevailing attributes seem quite the same, is a point which we shall not attempt to solve; but let Professor Forbes now inform us of what is meant by a glacier, in the ordinary acception of the term:—

‘The common form of a glacier is a river of ice filling a valley, and pouring down its mass into other valleys yet lower. It is not a frozen

* Mr. Moore sings of Eastern Alps,—

‘Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And, whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at their feet.’

There is, however, no *sleet* upon the extremest heights of any Alpine mountains, where the snow, from never-absent frost, falls dry and powdery. There is a great difference between perpetual snow and perpetual congelation. The latter condition is inconsistent with sleet, which results from a reduction of temperature; but it would be scarcely fair to expect always both rhyme and reason.

ocean, but a frozen torrent. Its origin or fountain is in the ramifications of the higher valleys and gorges which descend amongst the mountains perpetually snow-clad; but what gives to a glacier its most peculiar and characteristic feature is, that it does not belong exclusively or necessarily to the snowy regions already mentioned. The snow disappears from its surface in summer as regularly as from that of the rocks which sustain its mass. It is the prolongation or outlet of the winter world above; its gelid mass is protruded into the midst of warm and pine-clad slopes and green awood, and sometimes reaches even to the borders of cultivation. The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice; and many persons now living have seen the full ears of corn touching the glacier, or gathered ripe cherries from the tree with one foot standing on the ice.

‘Thus much, then, is plain, that the existence of the glacier in comparatively warm and sheltered situations, exposed to every influence which can ensure and accelerate its liquefaction, can only be accounted for by supposing that the ice is pressed onwards by some secret spring, that its daily waste is renewed by its descent, and that the termination of the glacier, which presents a seeming barrier or crystal wall immovable, and having usually the same appearance and position, is, in fact, perpetually changing—a stationary form, of which the substance wastes—a thing permanent in the act of dissolution.’—p. 19.

From the lower end of all large glaciers there consequently runs a stream of very chill and rather turbid water, derived from the melting of the ice and snow, the rain of summer, and the natural springs which no doubt occur in the bed or basin of the icy vale. The waste of the glacier itself during the warmest months may be presumed to yield the main supply of moisture, and hence many of the continental rivers which flow from Alpine sources are observed to have their greatest floods in July. So also does the voice of the mountain torrent become louder and louder as the day advances, while it diminishes towards evening, and is least of all in early morning.

‘Nothing is more striking than the contrast which day and night produce in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No sooner is the sun set than the rapid chill of evening, reducing the temperature of the air to the freezing-point or lower, the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently cooling the surface—the glacier life seems to lie torpid—the sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing—their gushing murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradually subside—and by the time that the ruddy tints have quitted the higher hill-tops, a death-like silence reigns amidst these untenanted wilds.’—p. 21.

But how beautiful to the eye and mind—more striking, indeed, from their increased solemnity—are the subdued glories of that nocturnal scene! The moon, an unconsuming fire, may be rising slowly from among the wooded steepes of the Montanvert, casting her silvery light into the depth of shadowy vales, or spreading a
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more ample lustre over the vast expanse of snow-covered mountains. The gigantic rocky spires, called *Aiguilles*, rise in grey and ghastly grandeur amid the eternal snows, attaining to various elevations from 10 to nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, while 'between those heights,

' And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere, in night's blue vault
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.'

The sky itself is indeed almost black from the excessive depth of its crystalline clearness.

The lower extremity of a glacier, where its huge wedges seem to furrow up the 'clouds of the valley,' is usually steep, broken, and nearly inaccessible; its intermediate portion, if not level, is at least more regularly inclined; its upper part becomes again rougher and more precipitous. Its entire surface is more or less broken up by what the French term *crevasses*, which are not crevices in our sense of the word, but rents or dislocations of various dimensions, some being so large and prolonged as during their continuance to debar all passage from one portion of the ice to another. Although the vertical sides of these crevasses are often translucent as glass, yet the general surface of a glacier presents no resemblance to that of water frozen in a state of tranquillity, such as we see it on lakes. The surface is not only irregular but rough, and the texture of the ice wants that unity of structure observable on frozen lakes. From a distance it no doubt presents a more unbroken aspect; but on a near inspection, or on actual contact, the irregularities are frequently found so great as to render a walk of any length extremely toilsome—even the staunchest pedestrian will by and bye prefer a scramble along the broken rocky ground on either side. The ridges are caused chiefly by the flowing of surface water, which collects into little rills and runs along the ice, thus scooping out the intermediate hollows, till it meets its match in some great crevasse, into whose icy jaws it drops and disappears. Smaller portions of the glacier, protected from solar heat by some huge stone, have also a singular *apparent* tendency to rise above the neighbouring surface; that is, the shade of the stone screens them from the melting process to which the general superficies is subjected, and so, raised as it were on stalks or pedestals, they stand for a time in ghostly pre-eminence—'a city of death distinct with many a tower.'

On the Mer de Glace, nearly opposite the place called Couvercle, there is a remarkable block of granite which particularly attracted Mr. Forbes's attention on his first visit to that portion of the glacier in 1842—

'It is a magnificent slab of the dimensions of 23 feet by 17, and about 3½ feet in thickness. It was then easily accessible, and by climbing upon it, and erecting my theodolite, I made observations on the movement of the ice. But as the season advanced it changed its appearance remarkably. In conformity with the known fact of the waste of the ice at its surface, the glacier sunk all round the stone, while the ice immediately beneath it was protected from the sun and rain. The stone thus appeared to rise above the level of the glacier, supported on an elegant pedestal of beautifully veined ice. Each time I visited it, it was more difficult of ascent, and at last, on the 6th of August, the pillar of ice was *thirteen feet high*, and the broad stone so delicately poised on its summit (which measured but a few feet in any direction), that it was almost impossible to guess on what side it would ultimately fall, although by the progress of the thaw its fall in the course of the summer was certain. On a still later day I made the sketch in the frontispiece, when probably it was the most beautiful object of the kind to be seen anywhere in Switzerland. The ice of the pedestal presented the beautiful lamellar structure parallel to the length of the glacier. During my absence in the end of August, it slipped from its support, and in the month of September it was beginning to rise upon a new one, whilst the unmelted base of the first was still very visible upon the glacier.'—p. 92.

The lowest portion of the Mer de Glace, where it is named the Glacier des Bois, being steep and rugged, the great ice valley is usually visited by ascending the Montanvert, which bounds a portion of its western shore, and then descending to its lateral surface. But the scene from the terminal slope below is extremely fine :—

'To the right and left the prospect is inclosed by the warm green fir-woods, which touch either snow-line of the glacier, and behind and aloft the view is terminated by the stupendous granitic obelisk of Dru, which has scarcely its equal in the Alps for apparent insulation and steepness ; a monolith by whose side those of Egypt might stand literally lost through insignificance.'

The summit of the Montanvert is about 6300 feet above the level of the sea, and its ascent forms a pleasant and picturesque morning walk from the village of Chamouni, of which the elevation is already upwards of 3400 feet. In the days of Saussure (1778) there was no other shelter on the mountain than a huge block of granite, with an overhanging face, the hollow portion screened by a rude wall, in the upper part of which was a small doorway. Such was the ancient castle of the shepherd of Montanvert. A few years later, we find from one of Link's coloured views, that a small cabin with a wooden roof had been erected, probably by an Englishman, as it bore the name of 'Blair's Hospital.' At the period of our own visit (in 1816) there was a substantial hut, of one apartment, which had been built at the expense of M. Desportes, French Resident at Geneva. How long
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it continued we cannot say, but Mr. Forbes describes a far superior sort of hostellerie:—

‘The principal floor consists of an ample public room, a small kitchen, a guide’s room, and three bedrooms for strangers, besides accommodation below for the servants of the establishment, of whom two or three remain here for four months of the year. This establishment, though simple and unobtrusive, is sufficiently comfortable and cleanly, and I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge the kindness and attention which I uniformly experienced during many weeks’ residence in this house; cold and desolate it certainly was occasionally—in September the thermometer fell to 39° Fahr. in my bedroom, and there was little choice of provisions beyond the excellent mutton of the Montanvert; yet, on the whole, I preferred the tranquillity of the arrangements to the bustle of the hotels of Chamouni, whither I seldom resorted but under stress of weather.’—p. 74.

The building was erected at the expense of the commune, and is let, with the grazing-ground, for 1400 francs per annum. It was on the precipices of Trelaporte, a mile or two higher up the glacier, that the Professor and his party were the means of saving the life of an American traveller, who had been lying all night on a narrow ledge (on which he had fallen from above) overhanging a height of 200 feet, with the gaping chasms of the glacier directly beneath. Our philosopher says his ‘nervous system was so greatly affected, that for a time I doubted whether he was not deranged;’ but he soon came to himself, and the poor guides, who had exposed their own lives with the most admirable bravery in his preservation, found him a genuine repudiator.

Although glaciers are fed by the snows which fall in the higher Alpine regions, and of which they are so far the natural outlets, yet their central and lower portions receive no increase from any snow which falls directly on those portions. All that snow is dissolved and disappears every season, just as regularly as it does from the surface of the adjoining ground. A patch of snow may here and there be seen within some shady, northern nook, but its texture and opacity of colour distinguish it at once from the more compact character and translucence of the glacier. But as we ascend upon the ice, the snow disappears more tardily from its surface, and we finally of course reach a point from which it never disappears. This is the snow-line of the glacier, and it is somewhat lower than that of the mountain-side. Here, the Professor informs us, a marked change occurs. There is frequently an insensible passage from perfect snow to perfect ice: but at other times the level of the superficial snow is well marked, and the ice occurs beneath it. The transition is supposed to be effected in the following manner:—

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'The summer's thaw percolates the snow to a great depth with water; the frost of the succeeding winter penetrates far enough to freeze it at least to the thickness of one year's fall, or, by being repeated in two or more years, consolidates it more effectually. Thus M. Elie de Beaumont most ingeniously accounts for the alleged non-existence of glaciers between the tropics, by the fact that the seasons there have no considerable variations of temperature, and the thaw and frost do not separately penetrate far enough to convert the snow into ice.'—p. 31.

Hence the general absence of ice in the higher portions of the zone of snow arises, we may say, rather from the want of heat than of cold, although upon the exposed summits of the great mountains, from the stronger action of the elements, and the influence of the solar rays, the snow is frequently compact rather than powdery, or in such places is even converted into an opaque ice.

The glaciers, then, being in some way or other slowly moving masses, or icy streams, which partially convey the immeasurable reservoirs of Alpine snow into the lower regions, it naturally became a question of deep interest to ascertain the cause of such majestic movement.

The theory of glacier motion suggested by Gruner, and adopted by Saussure, was this—that the valleys in which glaciers lie being always more or less inclined, their own weight was sufficient to urge them downwards, pressed on moreover by the accumulation of the winter snows of the higher regions—this sliding process being facilitated by the fusion of the bottom of the glacier, where it comes in contact with the natural heat of the earth on which it rests. But this theory of gravitation, like the 'sliding-scale' of our corn-law politicians, has been contravened, and another, named the 'dilatation theory,' substituted in its place. This latter, if not originally proposed, has at least been recently brought forward in renewed strength and systematic form by M. de Charpentier. His notion is, that the snow being penetrated by water becomes gradually consolidated: that even in the state of ice it continues permeable to water by means of innumerable fissures which traverse its mass; that these are filled with fluid water during the heat of the day, which water is frozen in the fissures by the nocturnal cold—thus producing by *expansion* a force of tremendous power, by means of which the glacier tends to move itself in the direction of least resistance, that is, down the valley.

In regard to the first of these theories, Mr. Forbes very naturally inquires how it is, that a vast and irregular mass like a glacier, with a mean slope of only 8°, and often of less than 5°, can *slide* according to the common laws of gravity and friction, over a bed of uneven, and consequently resisting, rocky ground,
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and through a channel so sinuous and irregular, that its icy stream is often embayed in a valley, whence it can only escape by an aperture of half its actual width? On merely mechanical principles, motion under such circumstances seems impossible; for it is well known that even hewn stones, finely dressed with plane surfaces, will not slide over one another until the slope exceeds 30° . And if the great glacier mass is actually *sliding* down its bed, what prevents the *acceleration* of its movement,—in other words, why does it not result in an avalanche of the most appalling and disastrous kind?

The theory of dilatation, on the other hand, is shown to be founded on a mistake as to a physical fact. According to M. de Charpentier, the maximum temperature of a glacier is 32° Fahr., and the water in its fissures is kept liquid only by the 'small quantity of heat' which reaches it by means of surface water and surrounding air. 'Take away this sole cause of heat, *i. e.* let the surface be frozen, and the water in the ice must congeal.' Mr. Forbes maintains that this is a pure fallacy,—the *latent heat* of water being entirely overlooked. 'This *latent heat* expresses the fact, that where water is reduced to 32° , it does not immediately solidify,—the abstraction not of a 'small quantity,' but of a very large quantity indeed, being necessary to change water at 32° into ice at 32° :—

'Admitting all the premises, the ice at 32° (it is allowed that in summer, during the period of infiltration, it cannot be lower) is traversed by fissures extending to a great depth (for otherwise the dilatation would be only superficial) filled with water at 32° . Night approaches, and the surface freezes, and water ceases to be conveyed to the interior. Then, says the theorist, the water already in the crevices and fissures of the ice, and in contact with ice, instantly freezes. Not at all; for where is it to deposit the heat of fluidity, without which it cannot, under any circumstances, assume the solid form? The ice surrounding it cannot take it; for, being already at 32° , it would melt it. It can only, therefore, be slowly conveyed away through the ice to the surface, on the supposition that the cold is sufficiently intense and prolonged to reduce the upper part of the ice considerably below 32° . The progress of cold and congelation in a glacier will therefore be, in general, similar to that in earth, which, it is well known, can be frozen to the depth of but a few inches in one night, however intense the cold. Such a degree and quantity of freezing as can be attributed to the cold of a summer's night, must therefore be absolutely inefficient on the mass of the glacier.'—p. 37.

Moreover, were this theory of motion by congelation and expansion true, how does it happen that during summer, when the diurnal variations of temperature within the glacier are inappreciable, and we have positive evidence that no internal congelation is taking place, the motion should be more rapid than at any other time?

time? And why is the motion least in cold weather, when the increase of the glacier is the greatest? Were this dilatation theory the true one, a sudden frost following wet weather would give the very conditions of greatest expansion and most rapid motion; but it will be seen from Professor Forbes's tables of glacier motion (pp. 139-144), and from his account of an examination of the Mer de Glace (p. 359), after a week of premature winter weather in September, prior to which the ice had been completely saturated by wet weather, that the progress was retarded by cold, and immediately advanced on the return of thaw. So also, a rapid movement, perceptible about the end of June, took place in connexion with the very hot weather which then occurred, just as a marked retardation at the end of July accompanied a week of cold. We quite agree, then, with the Professor in thinking it established, in reference to the motion of glaciers,—

‘That thawing weather, and a wet state of the ice, conduces to its advancement, and that cold, whether sudden or prolonged, checks its progress.’—p. 148.

If, therefore, the state of *imbibition*, or wetness of the glacier be the main cause of its increased velocity, it is easy to understand how ‘mild rain, or thawing snow, produces the same effect as intense sunshine.’ (p. 150.) But while it may be regarded as certain that the motion of the ice is greatest in warm and least in cold weather, it by no means follows (though this has been assumed) that in winter a glacier is completely stationary. The Dilatationists, of course, say in reference to this alleged hybernal immobility, that a glacier being completely frozen in winter, cannot expand on account of there being no alternation of frost and thaw—thus

‘Le mouvement des glaciers suppose des alternances fréquentes de chaud et de froid. . . . Il en résulte que l’hiver est pour les glaciers l’époque de repos.’—*Agassiz*.

‘C’est un fait reconnu et attesté par tous ceux qui demeurent dans leur voisinage, que les glaciers restent *parfaitement stationnaires* dans cette saison (l’hiver).’—*Charpentier*.

But Lord Byron tells quite another story:—

‘The glacier’s cold and restless mass
Moves onward *day by day*!’

and it is evident that the poet is right 365 times in the year, while the philosophers are wrong, in their facts, from the end of autumn till the beginning of spring, and in their theory, all the seasons round. For it has been recently and accurately ascertained that the motion of the Mer de Glace in winter, that is, from 20th of October

October to 4th of April, was 212 feet. Even during the very depth of the season—from the 12th of December to the 17th of February—the motion measured 76 feet—above 13½ inches daily. The entire annual movement of the lateral parts of the Mer de Glace is estimated at 483 feet, that of the central portion being probably two-fifths greater.

This last allusion conducts us to another point of great importance. The generality of authors had asserted that the sides of these great icy streams move faster than their centre. But our author fixing his telescope on one side of the Mer de Glace, and having previously painted a tall red cross on the face of a rock upon the other, by pointing his instrument upon the cross, and causing it to describe a vertical circle, the velocity of the intermediate ice, also marked in line at side and centre, could be accurately determined as it glided downwards. In this way he immediately ascertained that a glacier stream, like that of a river, flows fastest in the centre. He has also pointed out another conformable law, that the parts at and near the surface move more rapidly than those which lie closer to the bottom, where the friction is greater. These two tendencies in combination produce the peculiar elongated loops or parabolic curves which distinguish the structure of the glacier, as well as the inward dip, or overlying position, and eventual horizontality of the laminae of which it is composed. They also explain the occurrence, or rather the form and direction of the 'dirt bands' upon the surface, and other allied phenomena, all of them inconsistent with either the sliding theory or that of dilatation.

It was the observance of these curvilinear forms upon the surface of the ice which first directed Professor Forbes's attention to the true principles of glacier motion. They recalled involuntarily the idea of fluid motion, so perfectly did they resemble the lines formed by scum upon any viscous liquid when propelled along an inclined trough, or those upon the soiled or foamy surface of sluggish water—the cause of both of which is well known to be the difference of rapidity between the sides and centre. A painful of thickish mortar, a barrel of tar, a pot of honey, or of any other fluid or semi-fluid matter poured down an inclined plane furnished with sides and bottom, will obey and exemplify the same law. Now a glacier, though on the whole rather hard as well as very cold, is composed not only in some measure of nearly solid ice, but also in a still greater measure of moist ice, snow, slush, and water; and possesses under certain circumstances, especially when much saturated with moisture, 'a rude flexibility,' sensible even to the hand. The reflection, therefore, naturally occurred: it is not only *probable* that such would be the motion of any semi-fluid

fluid or pasty mass placed in the conditions of the glacier, but it is *certain*, from

'my own experiments already detailed, that the actual motion is such as we have supposed it to be; it *does* move faster at the centre than at the sides; it is no hypothesis to say that the glacier moves as a viscous or pasty mass would move—for we know that opposite the Montanvert the motion of the ice at the centre of the glacier is two-fifths greater than at even a very sensible distance from the bank.'—p. 176.

Professor Forbes's own theory of glacier motion is therefore this:—*A glacier is an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts*:—and he illustrates and explains this view by such a variety of practical proofs and observations as to set the matter, though a moving one, at rest for ever.

The ice of glaciers, as we have already mentioned, is not uniformly transparent. But although in many places porous and full of air-bubbles, and these may result from the freezing of snow imbibed with water, it is not granular. Thin plates of compact ice, blue and transparent, alternate with other laminar, also firm and perfect, but pervaded by multitudinous air-globules, which bestow upon it a semi-opaque aspect. It is the alternation of these bands or veins of different texture that is the proximate cause of what is called the *ribboned structure* of the glacier. If we take up a piece of this veined or chalcedony kind of ice, and look through it *across* the direction of the structure, it seems opaque or diu; but if we hold it in another direction, and look *parallel* to the plates, we shall then perceive that the obscure portions alternate with others of glassy clearness. This peculiar structure has all the appearance of being due to the formation of fissures in the aerated ice or consolidated snow of the glacier, afterwards filled by water frozen during winter into clear or compact ice. As the general mass does not move with uniform velocity in its transverse section, where every line of particles has a velocity proper to its own position in the icy stream, innumerable rents or fissures must take place, with a direction parallel to that of its motion, and these fissures,

'becoming filled with water, and ultimately frozen during winter, will produce the appearance of bands traversing the general mass of the ice, having a different texture.'

Although this structure seems to have been noted in an unpublished memoir by M. Guyot, of Neuchâtel, some years ago, as an insulated fact in the history of the glacier of the Gries, and had been privately recorded by Sir David Brewster so far back as 1814, Professor Forbes was the first to draw public attention to its importance and generality.

These veins appear, in a general way, to be parallel to the sides of the glacier, but this is only because the branches of the curves which represent their real forms merge into parallelism along shore, as they actually converge from either side to a point in the centre, the direction of structure there for a short space being across the strata, and at the same time dipping inwards at a considerable angle.

The phenomena called 'dirt bands' seem also to result from a corresponding structure upon a larger scale, and as their form and character illustrate both the structure and movement of glaciers, we shall quote the Professor's account of the way in which they first attracted his attention :—

'On the evening of the 24th of July, I walked up the hill of Charmoz to a height of 600 or 700 feet above the Montanvert, or about 1000 feet above the level of the glacier. The tints of sunset were cast in a glorious manner over the distant mountains, whilst the glacier was thrown into comparative shadow. This condition of half illumination is far more proper for distinguishing feeble shades of colour on a very white surface like that of a glacier than the broad day. Accordingly, whilst revolving in my mind, during this evening's stroll, the singular problems of the ice-world, my eye was caught by a very peculiar appearance of the surface of the ice, which I was certain that I now saw for the first time. It consisted of a series of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands in the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines, presenting an appearance of a succession of waves some hundred feet apart. They were evidently distinguished from the general mass of the glacier by discoloration of some kind, and indeed they had the appearance of being supernumerary moraines of a curvilinear form, detached from the principal moraines, and uniting in the centre of the glacier. Although this was my first idea, I was satisfied, from the general knowledge which I then had of the direction of the "veined structure" of the ice, that these discoloured bands probably followed that direction; and, accordingly, next day I carefully examined the surface of the ice, with the view of determining, if possible, their connexion and course, being well satisfied that this new appearance was one of great importance, although, from the two circumstances of being best seen at a distance or considerable height, and in a feeble or slanting light, it had very naturally been overlooked, both by myself and others.'

—p. 162.

Our author had often observed that certain parts of the ice were dirty and others clean; but it was not till he had examined its surface minutely on the 25th of July, that he discovered that the 'dirt bands,' as he calls them (we wish they had an equally accurate yet more euphonious name), had a definite position upon the glacier, and a regular recurrence. He had now no difficulty, whilst examining the ice when on its surface, in ascertaining whether he was standing upon one of the said 'dirt bands' or on clean

clean ice, although, from the inequalities of the surface and the local effects of light, it would have been impossible to have traced out step by step the forms of the discolorations. They resemble the 'blind paths' on moors—very apparent from a distance, but lost when we stand upon them :—

'The *cause* of the discoloration was the next point; and my examination satisfied me that it was not, properly speaking, a diversion of the moraine, but that the particles of earth and sand, or disintegrated rock, which the winds and avalanches and water-runs spread over the entire breadth of the ice, *found a lodgment* in those portions of the glacier where the ice was most porous, and that consequently the dirt-bands were merely *indices of a peculiarly porous veined structure traversing the mass of the glacier in these directions*. A most patient examination of the structure of the ice opposite the Montanvert satisfied me completely of the parallelism of the "veined structure" to the "dirt bands;" the former was the cause of the latter; and some more general cause, yet to be explained, occasioned the alternation of the porous veins at certain intervals along the glacier.'—p. 163.

The Professor deems it not improbable that the recurrence of these beds of more or less porous structure to which the dirt bands are due, may depend in some way upon the season of their first consolidation in the higher glacier, and that this character being, though modified, preserved throughout their future course, may cause the recurrence of the porous bands at annual intervals, so that they may actually represent the 'annual rings' of growth, and the intervals between them the yearly progress of the glacier at any point. But many circumstances tend to show that at least the ordinary veined structure is developed during the downward progress of the ice, that it is subject to variations according to the conditions of its course, and that it cannot be referred in any way to the snow-beds of the *névé*, or head of the glacier, or to any primitive conformation whatever.

It seems certain that the surface of a glacier becomes depressed or lowered in summer, and that there is during that season a great waste of its general substance, without any increase either from congelation or any other cause. The sun melts, and the rain washes away its superfluous; a thousand tiny rills erode its chilly walls, and hide their glittering radiance amid the dim seclusion of its icy chambers; sub-glacial streams flow unseen and silently beneath its ponderous mass, while the genial bosom of mother earth herself assists the fusion even of the deepest portions. All these causes combined produce a kind of collapse in the summer season amounting to a depression of several inches in a day. Now, it has been inferred, in accordance with the dilatation theory, that while the surface of a glacier continually wastes, it is at the same

time heaved bodily upwards, so that its absolute level remains unchanged. But Professor Forbes has proved by experimental observation, that the surface of the ice near the side of the Mer de Glace was lowered *upwards of twenty-five feet* between the 26th June and the 16th September, and to a still greater depth towards the centre. It is the annual congelation, that is, the continuous and prolonged cold of winter, which freezing the water of glaciers, increases their dimensions; but the effect of this admitted dilatation is not to shift the mass of ice onwards by causing it to slide upon its bed, but to enlarge it in the direction of least resistance, that is, vertically, and so increase its *thickness*.

Although the ice of every portion of a glacier is changing from year to year, each successive season presents in the same place a surface so similar to its former state, that

‘an experienced guide will make his way over the ice in the same direction, and seem to avoid the same crevices, whilst he is, in fact, walking upon ice wholly changed; that is, which has replaced in position the ice of the previous year, which has been pushed onwards by the progressive movement of the glacier. This is a fact which, though generally enough admitted, has not yet excited sufficient attention.’—p. 78.

‘Every year, and year after year, the water-courses follow the same lines of direction; their streams are precipitated into the heart of the glacier by vertical funnels called “moulins,” at the very same points; the fissures, though forming very different angles with the axis or sides of the glacier at different points of its length, opposite the same point, are always similarly disposed; the same parts of the glacier, relatively to fixed rocks, are every year passable, and the same parts are traversed by innumerable fissures. Yet the solid ice of one year is the fissured ice of the next, and the very ice which this year forms the walls of a “moulin” will next year be some hundred feet farther forward, and without perforation, whilst the cascade remains immovable, or sensibly so, with reference to fixed objects around. All these facts, attested by long and invariable experience, prove that the ice of the glaciers is insensibly and continually moulding itself under the influence of external circumstances, of which the principal, be it remarked, is its own weight affecting its figure, in connexion with the surfaces over which it passes, and between which it struggles onwards. It is, in this respect, absolutely comparable to the water of a river, which has here its deep pools, here its constant eddy, continually changing in substance, yet ever the same in form.’—p. 411.

These facts, and many others, are adverse both to the modern theory of downward motion by dilatation, and to the older one of the gravitation of a *rigid* sliding mass; but they are all harmoniously conformable to Professor Forbes's plastic or viscous views of a glacier, which he regards not as a mass of solid ice, but as a compound of ice and water, more or less yielding, according

according to its state of wetness or infiltration. He has shown that its motions are regulated exactly by the same laws which regulate the motion of fluids, that is, that its movement is less rapid at the sides than centre, in consequence of being retarded by friction; that when embayed by rocks it accumulates like the waterpools of a river, while its declivity and velocity diminish together, the latter increasing when it passes down a steep, or issues from a broad expanse by a narrow outlet; that when rendered more fluid by heat, its motion is increased—when made more solid by cold, retarded; that its pace is more rapid in summer, because that is the season of greatest fluidity; but that it is not stationary in winter, because the frost of that season does not penetrate the ice, any more than it does the ground, except to a limited extent; and that, although it moves fastest in warm weather in consequence of the sun's heat filling the cracks and crevices with water, the proportion of velocity does not necessarily follow or accord with the proportion of heat, because a sudden thaw after a fall of surface snow in September would produce the same effect as a greater increase of warmth without the previous fall, and so a cloudy summer day with heavy rain will accelerate the movement as much, or it may be more, than a sunny dry one. He has pointed out the peculiar and pervading veined or ribboned structure of the ice, and explained how that structure is chiefly developed in the middle and lower portions of the glacier, independent of any character traceable to the original mode of deposition of either ice or snow in its higher sources, but that, on the contrary, it may be locally destroyed, and renewed again in its downward course; and that its formation is consequently connected with the different rates of motion of the different parts, these rates being demonstrated by the parabolic or curvilinear forms which indicate the alternations of opacity and translucence, and which themselves result from crevices formed by the forced separation of a half rigid mass, whose parts are compelled to move with different velocities, becoming infiltrated with water, and frozen during winter's cold. The important observation of the rapid declension of the summer surface of the glacier has been already noticed, and we shall here close our account of this branch of the more strictly scientific portion of the volume.

The extraordinary geological agency and influence of existing glaciers in conveying away detached masses of rock, and grooving and grinding the surface of those *in situ*—and the theory deduced from the observation of these acting causes, of the prodigious power of ancient and now extinct glaciers of gigantic size, as the means by which enormous insulated blocks have been at some former, though by no means excessively remote period, transported

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on an icy cradle from their original granitic bed, and deposited after a journey of sixty or eighty miles upon mountain slopes of secondary limestone—these and other kindred subjects, so ably discussed and illustrated by Professor Forbes, we must also leave, for the present, in his own pages.

We shall now present a few notices regarding the general features of the neighbouring Alpine districts, as the valley of Chamouni, although the most famous and best-frequented highway to Mont Blanc, is, of course, only one out of many wonders. The tour or circuit of that mighty mountain, beginning and ending with the village of Chamouni, exhibits scenery of the most admirable and varied character. Descending by the banks of the Arve, and passing the fine glacier des Bossons, the lower extremity of which is probably now not less than 5000 feet below the level of perpetual snow, the traveller turns leftwards by the Vallée de Montjoie, and crosses the south-western shoulder of Mont Blanc by the Col du Bonhomme, one of the most dreary passes in the Alps. With a strong west wind the snow is here raised into frightful eddies called *tourmentes* by the French, and *guxen* in the German Alps. The passage is, therefore, greatly dreaded by the guides in bad weather. Two English travellers lost their lives while attempting it some seasons back. The summit presents a wide view of the valleys of the Tarentaise. The mountains of the Upper Isère are full in view, and 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' rises the Aiguille de la Vanoire, a snow-clad pyramidal summit of a most striking aspect. In front is the wild deep valley of Bonneval, an uninhabited gorge which extends to Bourg St. Maurice, and by that route may be reached the pass of the Little St. Bernard. But the traveller to the Allée Blanche will proceed by the Chalets of Motet, and cross the Col de la Seigne, of which the ascent is easy though tedious. Its elevation is something more than 8400 feet above the sea, and the vast western steeps of Mont Blanc are seen descending to the leftwards. The bottom of the valley is not more than 4000 feet above the sea, and close upon it rises the great mountain, composed not certainly of a single and unbroken precipice, but yet of a steep and savage mass of rock, of 11,700 feet of vertical height, on which even the snow cannot lie except in patches. The aspect of Mont Blanc is, therefore, far more grand and imposing from this side than from Chamouni, where the eye, in ignorance of the actual distance, misconceives the height. But besides these Alpine views, the Allée Blanche is glorious for its glaciers. Its entire extent is traversed in the way to Courmayeur, which is not more than a five hours' walk from the summit of the Col, and affords a good head-quarter for those who desire to explore the wonders of the ice world on the

the south-eastern sides of Mont Blanc. 'I am acquainted,' says Captain Basil Hall, 'with only one scene in the world which can pretend to rival, in natural magnificence, the Glacier de Miage; I mean the Falls of Niagara.' Professor Forbes, who traversed that glacier in several directions, says:—

'Its immense extent deceives the eye as to its inequalities; and I scarcely ever remember to have had a more laborious or rougher walk than the traverse of the lower part of the Glacier de Miage, which I followed down its centre to the spot where, as will be seen by the eye-sketch, it divides into two branches. This icy torrent, as spread out into the Allée Blanche, appeared to me to be three and a half miles long, and one and a half wide; but I am aware of the uncertainty of these measures. After struggling for a long time among fissures and moraines, I at length mounted a heap of blocks higher than the rest, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene of desolation, which might compare to that of chaos, around me. The fissures were numerous and large, not regular, like those of the Mer de Glace, traversing the ice laterally, but so uneven, and at such angles, as often to leave nothing like a plain surface to the ice, but a series of unformed ridges, like the heaving of a sluggish mass struggling with intestine commotion, and tossing about over its surface, as if in sport, the stupendous blocks of granite which half choke its crevasses, and to which the traveller is often glad to cling when the glacier itself yields him no further passage. It is then that he surveys with astonishment the strange law of the ice world, that stones always falling seem never to be absorbed—that, like the fable of Sisyphus reversed, the lumbering mass, ever falling, never arrives at the bottom, but seems urged by an unseen force still to ride on the highest pinnacles of the rugged surface; but let the pedestrian beware how he trusts to these huge masses, or considers them as stable. Yonder huge rock, which seems "fixed as Snowdon," and which interrupts his path along a narrow ridge of ice, having a gulf on either hand, is so nicely poised, "obsequious to the gentlest touch," that the fall of a pebble, or the pressure of a passing foot, will shove it into one or other abyss, and the chances are, may carry him along with it. Let him beware, too, how he treads on that gravelly bank, which seems to offer a rough and sure footing, for underneath there is certain to be the most pellucid ice; and a light footstep there, which might not disturb a rocking-stone, is pregnant with danger. All is on the eve of motion. Let him sit a while, as I did, on the moraine of Miage, and watch the silent energy of the ice and sun. No animal ever passes, but yet the stillness of death is not there: the ice is cracking and straining onwards—the gravel slides over the bed to which it was frozen during the night, but now lubricated by the effect of sunshine. The fine sand, detached, loosens the gravel which it supported, the gravel the little fragments, and the little fragments the great, till, after some preliminary noise, the thunder of clashing rocks is heard, which settle into the bottom of some crevasse, and all again is still.'—p. 199.

At some distance down the valley trees appear on both sides,
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and especially on the northern slopes of Mont Chetif, called the Pain de Sucre. There the wooded pathway leading to Courmayeur shows, even before emerging from the pines, through perpendicular stems, and here and there between masses of sombre foliage, the dazzling gleam of the great glacier of La Brenva, one of the most magnificent among the Alps. It is also very accessible, descending far into the valley, and may be finely seen from the mule road which traverses the Allée Blanche. It exhibits the veined structure in the highest perfection, and the alternate bands of bluish green and greenish white bestow upon it a most beautiful aspect. It is known to have increased enormously since the days of De Saussure. About twenty-four years ago it attained so great a height as partially to dislocate a rocky promontory, and destroy a chapel—the latter, from the dangerous state to which it was reduced, requiring to be taken down, and reconstructed in another place. The seasons had been comparatively rather cold for several years, and there had no doubt been also a greater fall of snow than usual in the higher regions. The tradition of the country is, indeed, that at a more remote period this glacier did not at all occupy even the bottom of the valley; but on a certain 15th of July (St. Margaret's day), the natives of St. Jean de Pertus, a village which was then overhung by this glacier of La Brenva, instead of keeping the *fête*, thought proper to make their hay while the sun shone—a sacrilegious occupation, which was speedily punished—for next day the glacier descended in the twinkling of an eye, and swallowed them up, with all their goods and chattels. The guides declare that an individual still living at Courmayeur went, when a child, with other children, for devotional purposes to the chapel of Berrier, which overlooks the glacier, and there he heard the low sweet chaunting of vespers from beneath the ice, and saw a radiant procession issue from and return within its crystal archways. But such sights are seldom vouchsafed to natural philosophers.

Courmayeur is the highest considerable village in the great valley of Aosta. It is distinguished by the exquisite freshness and purity of its atmosphere; and as it also possesses mineral springs, it is much frequented by the Piedmontese in summer. It forms an excellent station for a glacier-exploring pedestrian, being so near the opening to the Allée Blanche, and its great prolongation, Val Ferret. One of the most noted excursions from this quarter is the ascent of the Cramont, a mountain which commands a complete view of all the southern precipices of Mont Blanc and the adjoining chain; and on the road towards it, on descending from La Thuille, there is a magnificent burst of Alpine scenery, just where the Aiguille du Géant, the Grande Jorasse (a peak of
13,496 feet

13,496 feet in height), and the entire eastern chain of Mont Blanc, come first in view.

But a more remarkable and much more arduous undertaking may be accomplished from Courmayeur, by those who wish to try a near cut to Chamouni—that is, by crossing the shoulder of Mont Blanc, and descending to the Mer de Glace by the passage of the Col du Géant. The great mountain mass of which Mont Blanc and its tributary heights are composed may be said to form an oval group, extending from the Col du Bonhomme on the south-west, to the Mount Catogne, above Martigny, on the north-east, a distance of about thirty English miles; while the transverse distance from Courmayeur to Chamouni is not more than thirteen miles. The most direct passage is by the Col du Géant, which forms the crest of the chain; and notwithstanding its enormous elevation, it would in all probability be more frequented but for the dangerous character of the Glacier du Tacul (an upper arm of the Mer de Glace) upon its northern side. Although there is a tradition of its having been more open in ancient times, it had certainly been deemed impracticable for centuries; and so late as 1781, M. Bourrit, referring to its crevasses, has observed, ‘Elles sont si effroyables qu’elles font désespérer de retrouver jamais la route qui conduisait à la Val d’Aoste.’ Indeed, it was only in the fourth volume of De Saussure’s ‘Voyages’ (1788), that that author talks of ‘la route nouvellement découverte’ from Chamouni to Courmayeur. It may give some idea of the difficulty, if not the danger, of this pass when we mention that these thirteen miles usually occupy the traveller for a couple of days, one entire night being spent without protection on the snow; but Professor Forbes took the plan of starting, after a few hours previous repose, during the night, so as to reach the Col soon after sunrise.

‘Being fairly on foot at thirty minutes past one, A.M., of the 23rd July, my ill humour’ [he had been previously a little ruffled by the presentation of a supplementary bill, when he believed himself to have settled all just claims the evening before] ‘was soon dissipated by the exquisite beauty of the scene which the valley of Courmayeur presented. The full moon was riding at its highest in a cloudless sky, the air calm and slightly fresh, blowing very gently down the valley. The village and neighbourhood lay, of course, in all the stillness of the dead of night; and as I headed our little caravan, and walked musingly up the familiar road which led to the Allée Blanche and the foot of Mont Blanc—that vast wall of mountain, crowned with its eternal glaciers, seemed to raise itself aloft, and to close in the narrow and half-shaded valley of Courmayeur, verdant with all the luxuriance of summer, and smelling freshly after the lately fallen rain. Of all the views in the Alps, few, if any, can in my mind be compared with the majesty of this; and seen
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at such a moment, and with the pleasing excitement of thinking that within a few hours I hoped to be standing on the very icy battlements which now rose so proudly and so inaccessibly, it may be believed that I had never before regarded it with so much complacency.—p. 220.

Having crossed the stream which descends from the Val de Ferret, he ascended by Mount Frety; and having passed over the top of that mountain, he gained the base of the chief ascent, after not more than three hours' continuous walking. There he and his companions (one guide and an assistant) halted, at half-past four, to breakfast by a spring. After this the ascent began in earnest, and now all vestige of grass or herbage disappeared. Keeping upon a rugged ridge, they climbed patiently among masses of bare rock, touching the snow only at a single point, and that only for a few paces. They gained a summit station (11,140 feet in height) soon after seven, A.M.

'It is very rare to be at this elevation at so early an hour as seven in the morning, and still rarer to combine this essential for a distant prospect with such magnificent weather as the day afforded. The atmosphere was perhaps, as the event proved, too clear for very permanently fine weather—not a cloud, not even a vapour, being visible. The air of this lofty region was in the most tranquil state. Range over range of the Alps, to the east, south, and west, rose before us, with a perfect definition up to the extreme limit which the actual horizon permitted us to see. Never in my life have I seen a distant mountain view in the perfection that I did this; and yet I have often been upon the alert to gain the summits before the hazy veil of day had spread itself. Perhaps it enhanced my admiration of the scene that a great part of the labyrinth of mountains were familiar in their forms to my eye, and that from having penetrated many of their recesses in different journeys, this wide glance filled my mind with a pleasing confusion of the images of grandeur and beauty which had been laboriously gathered during many pedestrian tours, whose course and bounds I now overlooked at a glance.'—p. 225.

Our author then describes the vastness of the panoramic view around him, naming the giant peaks and Alpine ranges in succession—the inaccessible obelisk of Mount Cervin or the Muttorn, a pointed rock not a thousand feet lower than Mont Blanc itself, and certainly one of the most remarkable natural objects of the Alpine world—the entire mass of the many-headed Monté Rosa, subdued and beautified by the blue aerial tint of distance—the jagged rocks of the Valpelline, guarding, as it were, a world of snow—the stern grey masses of Champorcher—the white wastes of the Rutor—the Aiguille de la Vanoire, a lofty and conspicuous peak—and westward and beyond, in clear perspective, the more distant ranges of Mount Thabor, separating the valleys of the Arc and Durance—Savoy from France. Then beneath his feet,

feet, at the base of a great steep slope of 8000 feet of actual depth,—

‘ Oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen,’

lay the Allée Blanche with its far-gleaming glaciers, its quiet lake and inaudible torrents, all *in plano*—the peaks of Mont Chetif, and even the lofty Cramont, now subdued and lowly—the monotonous length of the Val Ferret, the hamlets of Courmayeur and Le Saxe, and the green meadows of St. Didier, begirt with pine-covered crags. These and other well-known objects scarcely withdrew attention from the almost continued contemplation of the Alpine view beyond. Yet lofty as was the point to which they had attained, behind and above still towered the final summit of Mont Blanc, with its giant sentinel the Aiguille of Peteret, to a further height of 4600 feet. But the reader will be glad to be informed that although we spoke of entrancement, your true philosopher is never in a trance, and so

‘ Whilst admiring the scenery, a second and more substantial breakfast of cold fowl was proceeding with marked advantage to the prospects of the journey—for our appetites were excellent. I scarcely tasted the wine, and not at all the brandy, which Couttet had plentifully provided and liberally partook of. We had yet many hours’ walk in the heat of the day, over dry snow, where no drop of water is ever seen.’—p. 227.

The rock under which they breakfasted had once supported the *cabane* of De Saussure, and the Professor pleased himself by contemplating a piece of old board which still remained of the materials, and a quantity of straw which lay beneath the stones. There the straw had continued without decomposition for more than half a century, preserved, we presume, by frost. The Genevèse philosopher and his son took up their abode in this lofty encampment on the 3rd day of July, 1788, accompanied by numerous guides and porters, carrying tents and utensils. They had ascended from the other side, having slept the preceding night by the small ice-encompassed lake of the Tacul. They descended on the 19th of the same month to Courmayeur, having resided for more than a fortnight on the snowy mountain. It is believed that the guides were so exhausted by the tedium of their prolonged hardships, that they secreted the provisions assigned for the day of descent, to render impossible their further exile from the world of warmth and comfort:—

‘ Here this remarkable man passed sixteen days and nights, keeping with his son (the only surviving sharer of the expedition) almost perpetual watch upon the instruments which he had undertaken to observe. No system of connected physical observations, at a great height in the atmosphere, has ever been undertaken which can compare with that of De Saussure. At any time such self-denial and perseverance would be
admirable,

admirable, but if we look to the small acquaintance which philosophers of sixty years ago had with the dangers of the Alps, and the consequently exaggerated colouring which was given to them, it must be pronounced heroic.

He was by this time on the borders of fifty, while his youthful assistant, the hardy son of a hardier sire, was only eighteen.

Our party left the Col on their descent towards Chamouni at eight o'clock. The most striking feature in the northern prospect is the dazzling mass of glaciers which occupies the downward basin to the depth of several thousand feet, intermixed with craggy pinnacles, here and there connected with the lateral rocks, but sometimes standing apart like islands in that icy sea. The account of the descent is so interesting that we make no apology for a long extract.

'It is difficult to say whether the ascent or descent of such a glacier is more arduous; but in descending, one is at least more taken by surprise: the eye wanders over the wilds of ice sloping forwards, and in which the most terrific chasms and rents are hidden like the ditch in a *ha-ha* fence. The crevasses of the glacier gradually widened; the unting streams from different quarters met and jostled, sometimes tossing high their icy waves, at others leaving yawning vacuities. The slope, at first gradual, and covered continually with snow, became steeper; and as we risked less from hidden rents, the multitude and length of the open ones caused us to make considerable circuits.

'But the slope ended at last almost in a precipice. At the point where the glacier is narrowest it is also steepest, and the descending ice is torn piece-meal in its effort to extricate itself from the strait. Almost in a moment we found ourselves amidst toppling crags and vertical precipices of ice, and divided from the Mer de Glace beneath by a chaos of fissures of seemingly impassable depth and width, and without order or number. Our embarrassment was still further increased by the very small distance to which it was possible to command, by the eye, the details of the labyrinth through which we must pass. The most promising track might end in inextricable difficulties, and the most difficult might chance ultimately to be the only safe one.

'The spectacle gave us pause. We had made for the north-western side of the glacier, near the foot of the Petit Rognon, hoping to get down near the side of the rocks, although not upon them; but when we neared this part of the glacier, even Couttet shook his head, and proposed rather to attempt the old passage by the foot of the Aiguille Noire, where De Saussure left his ladder—a passage avoided by the guides on account of the steep icy slopes it presents, and the great danger which is run from the fragments of stone which, during the heat of the day, are discharged, and roll down from the rocks above. These stones are amongst the most dangerous accidents of glacier travels. A stone, even if seen beforehand, may fall in a direction from which the traveller, engaged amidst the perils of crevasses, or on the precarious footing of a narrow ledge

ledge of rock, cannot possibly withdraw in time to avoid it; and seldom do they come alone: like an avalanche, they gain others during their descent. Urged with the velocity acquired in half rolling, half bounding down a precipitous slope of a thousand feet high, they strike fire by collision with their neighbours—are split perhaps into a thousand shivers, and detach by the blow a still greater mass, which, once discharged, thunders with an explosive roar upon the glacier beneath, accompanied by clouds of dust or smoke, produced in the collision. I have sometimes been exposed to these dry avalanches: they are amongst the most terrible of the ammunition with which the genius of these mountain solitudes repels the approach of curious man.* Their course is marked on the rocks, and they are most studiously avoided by every prudent guide.

‘It was, however, in the direction of La Noire that it was thought that we might pass, and we accordingly crossed the glacier to inspect the passage; but there, barriers still more insurmountable appeared. One prodigious chasm stretched *quite across the glacier*; and the width of this chasm was not less than 500 feet. It terminated opposite to the precipices of the Aiguille Noire in one vast *enfoucement* of ice, bounded on the hither side by precipices not less terrible. A glance convinced every one that here, at least, there was not a chance of passing, unprovided as we were with long ropes or ladders. Nothing remained but to resume the track we had at first abandoned; for the whole centre of the glacier was completely cut off from the lower world by this stupendous cleft. Here the experience of Couttet stood us in good stead, and his presence of mind inspired me with perfect confidence, so that we soon set about ascertaining, by a method of trial and error, whether any passage could be forced amongst the labyrinth of smaller crevasses on the northern side of the glacier. A chamois, whose track we had followed earlier, seemed here to have been as much baffled as ourselves; for he had made so many crossings back and forward upon the glacier, and had been so often forced to return upon his steps, that we lost the track for a time. This animal is exceedingly timorous upon a glacier covered with snow, since the form of the foot prevents it from offering almost any resistance when hidden rents are to be crossed. We had accordingly passed earlier in many places where the chamois had not ventured; but the case was now different on the hard ice. He took leaps upon which we dared not venture; and as we were never sure of not being obliged to retrace every step we made, we took good care never to make a descending leap which might cut off our retreat. Many a time we were obliged to return, and many a weary circuit was to be made in order to recommence again; but we seldom failed ultimately to recover the chamois track, which is the safest guide in such situations. The excite-

* “At saxum quoties ingenti ponderis ictu
Excutitur, qualis rupes quam vertice montis
Abscidit, impulsu ventorum adjuta, vetustas,
Frangit cuncta ruens: nec tantum corpora pressa
Exanimat: totos cum sanguine dissipat artus.”

‘LUCAN, *Phar.* III., 465.’

ment was highly pleasing. The extrication from our dilemma was like playing a complicated game, and the difficulty of the steps was forgotten in the interest of observing whether any progress had been gained; for now we were obliged to descend into the bosom of the glacier, and to select its most jagged and pulverized parts, in order to cross the crevasses where they had become choked by the decay and subsidence of their walls. Thus hampered by our icy prison, we only emerged occasionally so as to catch a glimpse of what lay beyond, and to estimate our slow and devious progress. At length, by great skill on the part of Couttet, and patience on the part of all of us (for we remained inseparably tied together all this time), by clambering down one side of a chasm, up another, and round a third, hewing our steps,* and holding on one by one with the rope, we gradually extricated ourselves from a chaos which at first sight appeared absolutely impenetrable, and that without any very dangerous positions.'—pp. 237-240.

At length after several toilsome hours they saw a comparatively easier field before them, and the old familiar features of the Mer de Glace, with the Jardin in the distance, the branching icy beds of the Tacul, the Charmoz, and the Moine became apparent. They halted about one o'clock,

'for we had now reached *water*, always a joyful sight to those who have been long wandering over fields of snow. We drank of it freely, and the guides added fresh libations of brandy, which caused them to complain of intolerable thirst and heat of the head all the way to the Montanvert, which, by confining myself to cold tea and a very little wine with water, I entirely escaped.'—p. 240.

'We all felt,' continues the Professor, 'an exuberant cheerfulness at being relieved from our embarrassments, and ran cheerfully down the magnificent glacier (du Géant), leaping crevasses, which at another moment we would rather have avoided. Soon on the platform at the confluence with the Glacier de l'échaud, all was plain and direct, and I reached the Montanvert at a quarter before four p. m. without fatigue, headach, or lassitude. Here I remained, intending to spend some weeks. My guides, having finished their brandy, descended to Chamouni, where their arrival created, I was told, some astonishment, as no one had before crossed the Col du Géant in a single day, and as it was supposed that the fresh snow must at any rate have rendered the attempt impracticable. I slept that night somewhat sounder and longer than usual, but rose next morning with a freshness and elasticity to which the inhabitant of the plains is a stranger.'—p. 242.

Those who either will not or cannot cross the Col du Géant, and desire to make the easier and more simple circuit of Mont Blanc, must proceed by the prolongation of the Allée Blanche already

* 'A geological hammer, sharpened at one end, is nearly as good an implement for this purpose as a hatchet. For this reason, amongst others, I generally wore it. A person so provided, if he falls uninjured into a crevasse, possesses the most essential means of extrication.'

named as Val Ferret. Two long and rather monotonous valleys bear the latter name—the one being the Piedmontese (the nearer to Courmayeur), the other the Swiss Val Ferret. They stretch out somewhat wearily as the pedestrian supposes, and although extended in the same almost continuous line, they are separated by a *Col*, which is about a five-hours' journey from Courmayeur. From that intermediate height, looking backwards, there is a striking view of the vast outworks which sustain Mont Blanc upon its southern side, especially the guardian Peteret, which there stands out 'like a majestic Gothic pinnacle.' *The ascent on the Swiss side is of tedious length, and of no great interest. It conducts by Orsières to Martigny, from whence the traveller may face about and journey to the Col de Balme, by crossing which he again gains the vale of Chamouni, and thus completes the circuit of Mont Blanc.

But the tourist who finds himself at Orsières, and desires to penetrate to the more central portions of the Pennine Alps instead of proceeding downwards to Martigny, may cross to Chable on the river Dranse, and so ascend the Val de Bagnes. He will there, doubtless, still find traces of the dreadful debacle which in 1818 swept down the bosom of that fair valley—a flood more disastrous than those of Morayshire, but which no Sir Thomas Lauder has recorded. The season had been remarkable for the increase of the ice-world of Switzerland in general, and the Glacier of Gétroz in particular, which lies towards the head of the Val des Bagnes, upon its eastern side accumulated so greatly as to have formed, by the stoppage of the river Dranse, a lake of half a league long, 700 feet wide, with a depth in one portion of 200 feet. Now if no artificial aid could be had recourse to in the mean time, the sudden bursting of this lake from its icy barrier was an awful certainty, to 'come off,' as sportsmen say, on the approach of spring—an anticipated deluge of 500 million cubic feet of water—to be let loose in the space of half-an-hour, to sweep through a tortuous valley full of defiles,'—'a flood five times greater than that of the Rhine at Basle, filling the bed of a mountain-torrent.' No wonder that M. Venetz, the intrepid engineer of the Valais, should have endeavoured to avert this impending catastrophe by cutting a canal through the ice, with a view to the gradual drainage of the imprisoned water. This good work was effected between the 10th of May and the middle of June, and it was hoped that the channel would be sufficiently deepened to allow, in this gradual way, of the lake's escape. But it seems that water already at 32° exercises a very feeble action of erosion upon ice, and the awful result was, that the cataract, tumbling over its icy barrier, worked back upon it so rapidly, that the canal

canal or gallery, which had been originally 600 feet long, was destroyed, and fell away in fragments. The cascade, moreover, acting on the soil beneath, loosened it in such a way as to detach the remaining ice from the mountain, and so the catastrophe was completed. 'It was,' says our philosophical professor, 'an awful, but a grand lesson for the geologist.' We fear it taught a severe lesson to many decent men and women who were no geologists at all:—

'The power of water was exerted on a scale such as Hutton and Playfair would have desired to see, could it have been exerted without the destruction of life and property. Bridges yielded; that of Chable dammed back the torrent upon the village, but happily gave way just as the houses seemed doomed to ruin. In this short space of its course (from Gétroz to Chable) the fall is no less than 2800 feet. Its acquired velocity was therefore enormous—at the commencement of its course 33 feet in a second. Its power to *overthrow* buildings, and to *carry with it* trees, hay-stacks, barns, and gravel, cannot surprise us; but its transporting force upon blocks has probably been overrated.'—p. 263.

We entirely agree with Professor Forbes, that the original moving power of the granite masses which occur in the neighbourhood of Martigny was the grasp of an ancient glacier. We doubt not they had lain there for ages, and were no further affected by the recent debacle than by being turned topsy-turvy, or rolled downwards for a few yards. Our own examination, which was but brief and superficial at the best, did not take place till the spring of 1821, nearly three years after the accident; but the blocks in question seemed entirely analogous in character and position to other insulated masses so frequent in Switzerland, and of which the presumed mode of movement is so greatly strengthened by what we see going on before our eyes in the daily influence and action of the ice-world, independent altogether of the 'Hell of waters.'

The upper portions of the Val des Bagnes are abundantly supplied with glaciers, and two at its head, those of Chermontane and Durand, almost touch each other, descending from opposite sides. The former is a most magnificent sea of ice, hitherto almost unexplored. Indeed, the head of the Val itself is little known: one of its lofty passes, the Col des Fenêtres, is that by which Calvin fled in 1541 from persecution in Aosta, where he had previously resided for five years. It is by no means a difficult Col to take in fine weather, although its snow-surmounted height is considerably above 9000 feet.

'The view towards Italy is wonderfully striking. The mountains beyond Aosta and the glaciers of the Ruitor are spread out in the distance,

tance, and beneath we have the exceedingly deep valley of Ollomont, communicating with the Val Pelline, which is itself a tributary of the Val d'Aosta. It is enclosed by ridges of the most fantastic and savage grandeur, which descend from the mountains on either side of the Col on which we stood; on the north-east, from the Mont Combin, rising to a height of 14,200 English feet; on the south-east, from the Mont Gelé, which is 11,100 feet high, and almost too steep to bear snow, presenting a perfect ridge of pyramidal aiguilles stretching towards Val Pelline. The side of Mont Gelé towards the Col presents an adhering snowy coat so steep, that seen in front it appears almost vertical.'—p. 271.

Descending to the valley of Ollomont (our author had been previously joined by his friend, M. Studer, professor of geology at Berne), the travellers were ere long charmed with the exquisite freshness of the pastures, enlivened by dwellings, and traversed by sparkling streams. But the condition of many of the native inhabitants was painful and repulsive. Deformed in body and diseased in mind, the melancholy victims of goitre and cretinism wandered about in sad and senseless ignorance of all the magnificence by which they were surrounded.

'The scenery continued more and more engaging. In the course of four hours' walk we had passed from ice and eternal snow to the charms of Italian scenery and climate, with more than Italian verdure.'

After a pleasant night's repose in the Piedmontese village of Val Pelline, the next object of our travellers was to make their way, if possible, by a glacier pass at the head of the valley, across the heights to the Vallée d'Ain. They speedily made arrangements with a person whom they had met at the village, 'a tall, athletic, and handsome man, below middle age, who passed for being the strongest man of the whole valley, and whose usual residence was some leagues higher up.' He assured them that he was quite conversant with the pass, which he designated as that of the Col de Collon. Proceeding up the Val Pelline, the village of Biona was the last of any size they came to. There they halted, and 'made a hearty meal in the open air upon fresh eggs and good Aostan wine.' An excellent foot or mule path leads pleasantly along—a convenience for which the tourist has to thank the Jesuits of Aosta, who hold extensive possessions in these Alpine pastures. The night was passed in a clean hay-loft some miles higher up—at the chalets of Prarayon, the property of these same Jesuits, and marked in front by a lofty crucifix. The ensuing morn proved favourable for the passage of the Col, but their potent guide, 'l'homme fort de Biona,' as he was called by reason of his strength, and 'l'habit rouge,' on account of his coat of scarlet, seemed in low spirits, what the Professor's countrymen would have called 'down in the mouth,' being in no hurry to start, and

inclined to draw bad presages from the weather; so that suspicions were entertained that he was unwilling to proceed from a feeling that he had undertaken more than he was fit for. It afterwards turned out that, being less of a cold-tea-totaler than others of the party, the 'strong man' had laboured under the nervous legacies of 'a drunken fit.' He soon came to himself, and took the hill in first-rate style.

In the further prosecution of this day's journey all the published maps were found at fault, even Wörl's, the most detailed, presenting no resemblance to nature even in the outlines of the great chain. The way to the pass is not at the extreme head of the Val, but up the first lateral valley on the left (to those ascending) below the head. It is a deep gorge, completely ice-bound at its upper extremity, but, from the nature of its rocks, admits of an easier ascent than by the terminal glacier of the Val Bionn. Advancing by the course of a brawling stream, and leaving to the left a glacier which has almost blockaded the passage with its huge moraine, they then bore to the right, and soon came in sight of the great glacier descending from the Col which they required to traverse, and so, working their way by a rocky ascent, extremely steep and toilsome, they gained the lateral surface of the ice-stream leading upwards to the Col, of which they there obtained a distant view. The only previous traveller who is known, or at least recorded, to have passed this way, is M. Godefroy, the author of a little work entitled *Notice sur les Glaciers*, and so our party were the more surprised to find the pass itself marked by a small iron cross, showing that it was at all events frequented by the country people. They now also ascertained the secret cause of their guide's acquaintance with it. He admitted that he had frequently travelled that way with bands of smugglers, who avail themselves of these less-frequented passes to introduce into the Piedmontese valleys various contraband articles which are of free commerce in Switzerland.

The party reached the Col de Collon in three hours from the Châlet. It was a bright and beautiful autumnal morning, and they sat a long time among the rocks enjoying the noble scene, which, however, notwithstanding its height of 10,333 feet, is by no means extensive, so much is it surrounded by summits of still more majestic elevation. As they were now far above the limits where water occurs upon a glacier, the Professor had recourse to his portable furnace, with which he melted a sufficiency of snow for the use of the party, ascertaining, at the same time, the temperature of boiling water to be then and there $195^{\circ} 15'$. Our readers of the fairer sex will bear in mind that it has been ascertained that the temperature of the boiling point falls one degree of Fahrenheit

Fahrenheit for every 550 feet of ascent, uniformly for all heights; so that the making of a good cup of tea on the summit of a lofty mountain may be not only a friendly but a philosophical occupation. After an hour of great enjoyment, they renewed their journey in a cheerful mood, in order to descend the lengthened stretch of ice which lay before them. When fairly abreast of Mont Collon, the guide startled the very air by a wild cry, rousing the rarely awakened echoes of those stupendous precipices, which sent back the sound in still more fantastic tones. He stated that this echo was well known to the smugglers, and that the reverberation of the mountain served to guide them in foggy weather—'in a track,' adds Mr. Forbes, 'which must then be singularly perilous, from the great breadth and monotony of the glacier, and the number of branches into which it divides, any one of which might easily be mistaken for another.'

But while thus amusing themselves with merry shoutings, and listening to the answering voices of those 'viewless spirits of the elements,' their attention was suddenly attracted to a far different matter.

'A dark object was descried on the snow to our left, just under the precipices of Mont Collon. We were not yet low enough to have entered on the ice, but were still on snow. This proved to be the body of a man fully clothed, fallen with his head in the direction in which we were going. From the appearance of the body as it lay, it might have been presumed to be recent, but when it was raised, the head and face were found to be in a state of frightful decay, and covered with blood, evidently arising from an incipient thaw, after having remained perhaps for a twelvemonth perfectly congealed. The clothes were quite entire and uninjured, and being hard frozen, still protected the corpse beneath. It was evident that an unhappy peasant had been overtaken in a storm, probably of the previous year, and had lain there covered with snow during the whole winter and spring, and that we were now in the month of August the first travellers who had passed this way and ascertained his fate. The hands were gloved, and in the pockets, in the attitude of a person maintaining the last glow of heat, and the body being extended on the snow, which was pretty steep, it appeared that he had been hurrying towards the valley when his strength was exhausted, and he lay simply as he fell.

'The effect upon us all was electric, and had not the sun shone forth in its full glory, and the very wilderness of eternal snow seemed gladdened under the serenity of such a summer's day as is rare at these heights, we should certainly have felt a deeper thrill arising from the sense of personal danger. As it was, when we had recovered our first surprise, and interchanged our expressions of sympathy for the poor traveller, and gazed with awe on the disfigured relics of one who had so lately been in the same plight with ourselves, we turned and surveyed, with a stronger sense of sublimity than before, the desolation by which

we were surrounded, and became still more sensible of our isolation from human dwellings, human help, and human sympathy—our loneliness with nature, and, as it were, the more immediate presence of God.’—p. 280.

The strong guide of Biona then raised the rigid form, and ransacked the clothing, with a view to discover something which might tend to identify the dead. They found, however, nothing in the pockets but a knife and snuff-box, and, concealed in a waist-band, a little treasury of mixed coins of Switzerland and Piedmont. It was afterwards ascertained at the Châlets of Arolla that towards the end of October of the preceding year, a party of twelve men had set off to cross the Col, but being overtaken by a tremendous storm they determined to return—a resolution adopted too late for three, who, worn out with fatigue, and benumbed with cold, were at last abandoned in the snow. Two of the bodies had been previously recovered, and now measures were immediately taken to have the third brought down for interment. A little farther on traces were found of another victim—shreds of clothes and remnants of a knapsack—but the fleshy tabernacle had disappeared.

‘Still lower, the remains of the bones and skin of two chamois, and near them the complete bones of a man. The latter were arranged in a very singular manner, nearly the whole skeleton being then in detached bones, laid in order along the ice—the skull lowest, next the arms and ribs, and finally the bones of the pelvis, legs, and feet, disposed along the glacier, so that the distance between the head and feet might be five yards—a disposition certainly arising from some natural cause not very easy to assign.’—p. 281.

Our friends now descended to the western branch of the head of the Val d’Erin, by continuing their course down the great glacier of Arolla. This glacier is quite normal in its structure, exemplifying well the parallel and vertical bands, sweeping round in the conoidal forms proper to the terminal or unsupported portion.

‘The stream which descends the valley rises from beneath an arch of ice at the foot of the glacier. The bottom of the valley is wide, gravelly, and waste. A number of desolate and stunted pine trees occupy the western bank, and seem chilled by the near approach of the ice; many are dead, and some fallen. They serve to give a scale to the majestic scenery behind. Their species is the *pinus cembra*, the hardiest of their class which grows to any size in Switzerland, and they are consequently to be met with at great elevations. This pine has various names. In the patois of Savoy, and many other places, it is called “Arolla,” whence the name of the valley and glacier. It yields an edible fruit, and the wood is soft, and well fitted for carving, for which it is preferred, especially in the Tyrol and Eastern Alps.’—p. 282

Descending

Descending to Evolena, the pedestrians were received after a most cold and niggardly fashion in the dwelling of the curé, whose sister, 'a person of ungovernable temper and rude manners, seemed to find pleasure in the arrival of strangers only as fresh subjects whereon to vent her spleen, and to show how heartily she despised the inhabitants of her brother's parish, compared to the aristocratic burghers of the decayed town of Sion.'—her usual residence. We have no doubt that her inhospitality was exceeded only by her ugliness, but on this point the philosopher is silent. Jaded by a fatiguing journey, and without any prospect of beds for the night, she let them sit around a table, for a couple of hours, till some soup, prepared from their own rice, was at last placed before them. At a late hour in the evening they were told that *one* bed might be had somewhere in the village, so they left the *manse*, shaking the dust from their feet, and proceeded to their destined lodging, where, drawing lots for the place of repose, our Professor gained the prize. 'Where M. Studer slept never transpired;—he had, however, spent a night of misery'—and they parted shortly afterwards, under agreement to meet again at Zermatt.

We close our citations with a fragment from the Professor's descent in that direction upon the glacier of Zmutt.

'Pralong proposed to attempt descending the cliff, by which he recollected to have passed when he last crossed, and to have successfully reached the glacier below. We began cautiously to descend, for it was an absolute precipice: Pralong first, and I following, leaving the other guides to wait about the middle, until we should see whether or not a passage could be effected. The precipice was several hundred feet high. Some bad turns were passed, and I began to hope that no insurmountable difficulty would appear, when Pralong announced that the snow this year had melted so much more completely than on the former occasion as to cut off all communication with the glacier, for there was a height of at least thirty vertical feet of rocky wall, which we could by no means circumvent. Thus, all was to do over again, and the cliff was re-ascended. We looked right and left for a more feasible spot, but despaired none. Having regained the snows above, we cautiously skirted the precipice until we should find a place favourable to the attempt. At length the rocks became mostly masked under steep snow-slopes, and down one of these, Pralong, with no common courage, proposed to venture, and put himself at once in the place of danger. We were now separated by perhaps but 200 feet from the glacier beneath. The slope was chiefly of soft deep snow, lying at a high angle. There was no difficulty in securing our footing in it, but the danger was of producing an avalanche by our weight. This, it may be thought, was a small matter, if we were to alight on the glacier below; but such a surface of snow upon rock rarely connects with a glacier without a break, and we all knew

knew very well that the formidable "Bergschrund" was open to receive the avalanche and its charge if it should take place. We had no ladder, but a pretty long rope. Pralong was tied to it. We all held fast on the rope, having planted ourselves as well as we could on the slope of snow, and let him down by degrees, to ascertain the nature and breadth of the crevasse, of which the upper edge usually overhangs like the roof of a cave, dropping icicles. Were that covering to fail, he might be plunged, and drag us, into a chasm beneath. He, however, effected the passage with a coolness which I have never seen surpassed, and shouted the intelligence that the chasm had been choked by previous *avalanches*, and that we might pass without danger. He then (having loosed himself from the rope) proceeded to explore the footing on the glacier, leaving me and the other two guides to extricate ourselves. I descended first by the rope, then Biona, and lastly Tairraz, who, being unsupported, did not at all like the slide, the termination of which it was quite impossible to see from above. We then followed Pralong, and proceeded with great precaution to sound our way down the upper Glacier of Zmutt, which is here sufficiently steep to be deeply fissured, and which is covered with perpetual snow, now soft with the heat of the morning sun. It was a dangerous passage, and required many wide circuits; but at length we reached, in a slanting direction, the second terrace or precipice of rock which separates the upper and lower Glacier of Zmutt. When we were fairly on the debris we stopped to repose, and to congratulate ourselves on the success of this difficult passage. Pralong then said that he wished to ask a favour of me. To my astonishment, this was that he might be allowed to return to Evie instead of descending the Glacier to Zermatt. He was afraid, he said, of change of weather, and did not wish to lose time by going round by Visp. Of course I readily granted his request, and paid him the full sum agreed upon. To return all alone (and it was now afternoon) over the track we had just accomplished was a piece of spirit which would scarcely have entered the imagination of any of the corps of guides of Chamouni. I almost hesitated at allowing him to expose himself, but he was resolved and confident; and having given him most of the provisions, and all the wine, we saw him depart.'—pp. 304-306.

We have not touched on many instructive and entertaining chapters; but enough, we hope, has been done to give our readers some notion of glacier-exploring, and also of the skill with which this energetic successor of Playfair manages to combine scientific disquisition and picturesque description.

ART. IV.—*The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence, and Selections from the Anecdote Book, written by himself.* By Horace Twiss, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsell. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1841.

IN the Law Magazine of 1839 appeared a series of papers on the life of Lord Eldon, compiled with such care, and including comments on the whole so just, that perhaps a revised collection of them was all the public may have expected; but the present Earl found, on examination, that materials equally authentic and interesting remained untouched; and he has been fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Twiss for the arrangement of a copious and regular biography. This gentleman had always, on a few important subjects, maintained opinions different from those of the venerated Chancellor; but his noble friend rightly anticipated that no such circumstance would be allowed to interfere with the fulness and fairness of his historical record. Mr. Twiss appears to us to have acquitted himself, as to all points of controversy, with an exemplary union of honesty and modesty—neither dissembling his personal views, nor unnecessarily, upon any temptation, projecting them. His main narrative is freely and unaffectedly written—manly and spirited—on proper occasions interspersed with passages of true eloquence; the reader feels that he is in the hands of a man of extensive knowledge in life and affairs—acute, sagacious, thoroughly despising cant and claptraps. We cannot speak with the same unmixed approbation of the selections from the Chancellor's correspondence. Of course he asked and received the permission of those whose letters to his lordship are here printed—or of their proper representatives: but we must think that in sundry cases these parties ought not to have been, thus early, called upon to either grant or withhold such consent. Nor can we compliment Mr. Twiss unreservedly on the use he has made of a certain 'Anecdote Book,' the amusement of octogenarian chair-days at Encombe,—or of some papers of reminiscences by surviving connexions. From these sources he has drawn undoubtedly many valuable illustrations of character and manners; but an ample supply also of bald Joe Millers, and dismal puns, and pointless details of dull doings. We hope to see all such heavy redundancies cleared away from a second edition. This is a sterling book: it will live, and no pains ought to be grudged.

It would be impossible, within the limits of one article, to comprise any adequate examination of even a few of the great questions, legal and political, with which Lord Eldon's name must be connected by every future historian of Great Britain. We shall
make

make no attempt of this nature: reserving until another Number whatever we may desire to say of Lord Eldon as one of the greatest of lawyers and of judges, and of Mr. Twiss's estimate of him as such in the closing chapters—we shall at present deal exclusively with the *Memoirs*, and endeavour to select anecdotes and specimens of correspondence, which may bring our readers better acquainted with the personal character and conduct of the man, and the course of his relations with eminent contemporaries, as a minister of the crown.

Inglis is a rare name in Scotland, but Scott has from an early period been a very common one in England. No one is likely to doubt that some progenitor of Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon had emigrated from Scotland into Northumberland; but it is the glory of these great men that their ancestry was too obscure to be traceable beyond the grandfather, whose legal designation, in early and middle life, was 'William Scott, of Sandgate, yeoman,'—his ultimate position that of clerk in a coal-fitter's warehouse at Newcastle. William, son of this yeoman and clerk, became himself a master coal-fitter—a member of the ancient fraternity of *Oastmen** in that town—a careful, worthy, and latterly prosperous tradesman. Mr. Twiss might as well have omitted all allusion to some vague and idle claims of a descent from one of the most eminent of the Scotch families named Scott—the once great house of Balwearie—(that of which the wizard, 'Auld Michael,' was chief)—still respectably represented by the baronets of Ancrum. It is not even said that there was any tradition of such a lineage. The sole evidence for it amounts to this: that when distinguished graduates at Oxford, the sons of the coal-fitter used seals exhibiting the armorial bearings of Balwearie. Only this morning our eye rested on a newspaper advertisement by a seal-engraver, closing in these terms:—'N.B. Arms found without extra charge.' Neither the yeoman of Sandgate nor the Oastman of Newcastle ever dreamt of pedigrees or escutcheons.

The coal-fitter is the intermediate agent between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. Mr. Scott's house and coal-yard were situated near the river, in one of the narrow lanes of old Newcastle—Love Lane. These lanes have the local *alias* of *chares*. Lord Eldon puzzled the Chancery bar, on some occasion, by mentioning from the bench that he was 'born in a chare-foot.' It was well for him and for his country that his elder brother William could not have told the same story. When their mother was about to be confined for the first time—September, 1745—

* According to Camden, the *Oastmen* were originally so called as trading principally to the *Ost-sea*, or East Sea, i. e. the Baltic, but there is much dispute about the etymon.

the neighbourhood was alarmed by the progress of the Scottish rebels; and she was removed, for security, to the house of her father, in the village of Heworth, on the southern side of the Tyne. It has often been told, with grave circumstantiality, that she was taken ill just as the Highlanders were about to invest the town, and smuggled over the walls, and down into a boat on the river, after all egress had been forbidden by the magistrates. This was not so: but the Heworth midwife took fright during the travail, and a Newcastle surgeon, summoned to her assistance after the gates were barred for the night, had to scale the wall at the chare-foot. The important circumstance is that William's birth took place in the county palatine of Durham.

John Scott, the future Chancellor, was born on the 4th of June, 1751—near six years later than William. Though their parents had thirteen children, only one other son, Henry, and two daughters, survived infancy. The boys were all put to the old grammar school of Newcastle, then exceedingly well conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises, who among his assistants had, for the arithmetical department, no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician, Hutton. In this seminary William Scott's extraordinary talents were rapidly developed; and John, in due season, supported the credit of the family name. To the end of their days, both retained a most grateful sense of their obligations to the early care and kindness of Mr. Moises. The particular anecdotes here recorded of their schoolboy life are worthless—with one exception, and as to that we have our doubts. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott used to expect from their boys, on a Sunday evening, some proof that they had been attentive to the sermon they had heard at church, and that William and John acquitted themselves in this matter equally to their worthy parents' satisfaction, but in different ways—William retracing, in a few clear sentences, the pith of the preacher's argument; while John surprised the circle, and occasionally wearied it, by the almost verbatim accuracy of his report. The story has much the air of an *ex post facto*. For the rest, it is sufficiently indicated that, with all their exemplary diligence as to lessons of every sort, they were neither of them grave plodding boys, but both took their full share in all the sports and pranks and trickeries of their coevals. Both had remarkably vigorous constitutions, and animal spirits to correspond. If we may not say that the great man is almost always made of such materials, the rule admits most rare exception as to the great lawyer.

It appears that the good coal-fitter kept his Christmas in the genial fashion so well represented in the text, and also on the frontispiece, of Mr. Dickens's charming Prose Carol of 1843. All the

the people in his employment, with their wives and children, partook of his roast beef and plum-pudding; and when the warehouse was cleared for the ball, the first admired performance was a *pas seul*—‘Master Jacky’s hornpipe.’

When William approached his fifteenth birthday, his father intimated to Mr. Moises that he meant to take the boy from school, and bind him apprentice to himself. Mr. Moises expressed much regret—assured Mr. Scott that the lad had in him that which must ensure success in any of the learned professions—and suggested that, from the accident of his birthplace, he was entitled to be a competitor for one of certain scholarships at University College, Oxford, set apart for natives of ‘the bishoprick.’ Without some such help, Mr. Scott could not in prudence, at that stage of his own career, have entertained the scheme of sending a son to college. William was delighted at the new prospect—tried, and won; and this was the great turning-point in the fortunes of both the illustrious brothers; for William Scott covered himself with honour in his early academical career, and before John was old enough for leaving Mr. Moises, had become fellow and tutor of his college—one of the established authorities and principal ornaments of Oxford. He had watched over John’s progress with at once a fraternal and a parental zeal, and now urged on their father to repeat the experiment which already, in his own case, had proved eminently successful. John’s ambition had been naturally stirred in that direction; and in May, 1766, he set out for Alma Mater, to be entered as a commoner under the tutorship of William.

‘I have seen it remarked,’ says Lord Eldon in his Anecdote Book (1827), ‘that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all stages. I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly: being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene*, [i. e., *quick enough, if well enough*—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, “Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?”—“No.”—“Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence *now* is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*.” After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me

me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was upset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*.—In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, *Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*.’

Lord Stowell used to tell that when he had to introduce John at Oxford, he was quite ashamed of the mere boyishness of his appearance—he was not quite fifteen; but he had been so well prepared, and continued to use such diligence, that before the lapse of a year, he stood for and carried a fellowship in University College, open to natives of Northumberland; and though there is no reason to suppose that he ever was looked upon as at all likely to rival his elder brother in classical attainments, the strength of his understanding, and variety and accuracy of his information, had raised his character high before he took his first degree. In the twentieth year of his age he won the prize for the Essay in English Prose: subject, ‘The advantages and disadvantages of foreign travel;’ but so shy was he, that friends had actually to shove him into the rostrum when the production was to be recited at the Commemoration. Among his contemporaries at University were several persons subsequently of high eminence—among others, Sir William Jones, Lord Moira, and Mr. Windham. John Scott appears to have been through life regarded with kindness by all who had mixed familiarly with him at this period; and not a few of them profited largely by his remembrance. No temperance medal was, in those days, among the usual objects of Oxonian ambition. The ‘Anecdote Book’ has some sad stories about Doctors and Dons in their cups; and Mr. Twiss advisedly quotes these before producing this paragraph of his own.

‘When Christ Church meadow was overflowed and sufficiently frozen for skating, people used to ply on the ice with kegs of brandy and other cordials for the skaters. John Scott, then an under-graduate, was skating over a part of the meadow where the ice, being infirm, broke in, and let him into a ditch, up to his neck in water. When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a
glass

glass of something warm; upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer: "None of your brandy for that wet young man—he never drinks but when he is *dry*,"—vol. i. p. 54.

Very near the end of his life, when Lord Abingdon brought some motion about the game laws before the House of Lords, the Ex-Chancellor Eldon took occasion to confess, that probably no one had poached more diligently on that noble family's preserves than himself. They are very near Oxford. But it is not likely that he had done great damage. Somebody asked Lord Stowell once, whether his brother was a good shot. He answered with his usual sly gravity, 'I believe he kills a good deal of—time.'

After taking his degree he continued to reside as fellow, meaning at the proper age to take holy orders, and looking to a college living as his ultimate provision in life. Such would, probably, have been the issue, but for almighty love. Spending the long vacation of 1771 in the North, he saw, it is said, for the first time, and at some distance from Newcastle (in Sedgefield church, to wit), Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a leading banker in his native town, and was instantly smitten with a lasting passion. He had, it seems, been susceptible in this way even when at school. According to the *Anerdote Book* he was 'always in love.' Miss Surtees was only in her seventeenth year, but already talked of as '*the Newcastle Beauty*.' The *Oxonian's* personal advantages were not unworthy of a beauty's notice: he was a singularly handsome young man, and, as all who remember him in advanced age will also believe without difficulty, a most agreeable one. The Banker was alarmed, and sent his daughter on a visit to a relation in the neighbourhood of Henley-upon-Thames, in order that she might be out of John Scott's way; but she had not been recalled when the Oxford term commenced, and Oxford is within an easy '*lover's journey*' of Henley. Next summer Mr. John again visited Newcastle: he found it generally believed that a very rich old gentleman, recently a widower, was numbered among the numerous aspirants for the fair Elizabeth's favour, and that his pretensions were supported warmly by Mr. Surtees. Whatever accelerated the romance, it galloped to a conclusion; for on a moonless night of September, 1772, Miss Bessy trusted herself to a ladder: a post-chaise was ready—the fugitives were safe across the border before either of them was missed, and married early next day at Blackshields—not, however, by a blacksmith, nor even by a justice of peace, but by an Episcopal minister. The couple immediately returned southwards, and reaching Morpeth at nightfall, were greeted with the announcement that a marching regiment had

had just halted there, and that there was no lodging to be had for money or love. The landlady of the inn, however, on being made aware of their circumstances, behaved herself like a Christian woman, and abdicated her own chamber. When their evasion was discovered, great was the wrath at the banker's; not less the consternation in the chare-foot; and the coal-fitter, after reading the letter which Mr. John had left behind him, looked so black that his daughters were all drowned in tears, expecting hard resolutions. In the course of two days, however, the father melted, and when the fugitives drew their curtains on the third morning at the Nag's Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one, the sure herald of tidings from home—the favourite dog of the bridegroom's younger brother. Henry was in search of them, charged with a missive which began with severity, but ended with an invitation to Love Lane, where the hero and heroine took up their quarters accordingly the same evening. Mr. Surtees, on understanding where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, proclaimed his conviction that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction; and for some time would listen to no protestation whatever on that subject.

It is said (and Mr. Twiss seems to believe the story) that a wealthy and childless old citizen of Newcastle called on the coal-fitter at this crisis, and after expressing his apprehensions that Mr. Surtees was too proud to relent, offered to provide at once for the young couple, by taking John Scott into partnership with himself, as a grocer; that both father and son received this communication with much thankfulness; but that John considered it due to his elder brother that his opinion should be obtained before a decision was made; and that William Scott's answer alone turned the scale against the figs.

Ere long feelings softened, and matters were arranged. On the 7th January, 1773, Mr. Surtees covenanted to pay 1000*l.* as his daughter's portion, with five per cent. interest until payment; and Mr. Scott very handsomely settled 2000*l.* in like manner, on his son John. The couple were then remarried *in facie ecclesiæ*, in presence of both families, and set off for the south; 'where,' writes the future Chancellor at the time, 'I have now two strings to my bow.' Though his fellowship was legally determined by his marriage, it was customary to allow 'a year of grace,' during which such a marriage remained tacitly unobserved; so that had a college living fallen within the twelvemonths, he might accept it, and take orders according to his original plan. This was one string. He no doubt owed the other to his brother's advice and assistance. He entered himself at the Middle Temple,

with

with the purpose of pursuing a legal career, in case no benefice should turn up during the year of grace. Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Chambers, a friend of both the brothers, and, like themselves, trained at Newcastle School and University College, was at this time Master of New Inn Hall, and Vinerian Professor of Law. He had the power of delegating the duties of his chair, and he now appointed John Scott Deputy Professor, with an allowance of 60*l.* per annum, and the use of the Master's lodgings at New Inn Hall, of which Hall the Master happened to be the only member. As Chambers's deputy he had merely to read his MS. lectures, the drift of which, as the 'Anecdote Book' confesses, he often could not in the least comprehend; but that could not have been the case as to the very first discourse that he was called on to deliver from the Vinerian desk, for this was on the statute of Philip and Mary touching the *Abduction of Maidens*. Mr. Wm. Scott, moreover, was very willing to have his brother's assistance in the tutoring at University, for which John no doubt had remuneration. His eldest son was born in New Inn Hall before the year of grace expired. No benefice had fallen: the fellowship was then declared vacant; and all thoughts of the Church were laid aside.

The establishment at New Inn Hall was so convenient in his circumstances that he remained there till he had eaten nearly all the requisite terms at the Temple. He finally left Oxford in 1775, and taking a small house in Cursitor-street, pursued with redoubled zeal the legal studies, in which he had made no trivial progress even before his bow lost its first string. He had, it seems, mastered 'Coke upon Littleton,' by incessant reperusal and analysis, so thoroughly, that the whole book had become part of his mind; and to the last he continued of opinion that every English lawyer, with a view to ultimate economy of time, should commence with the same stiff acquisition. All notions of royal roads to learning and law made easy, he cordially despised. *Nil magnum absque labore*. On settling in town his character and circumstances being made known to Mr. Duane, a distinguished conveyancer (a Roman Catholic) connected with Northumberland, that gentleman handsomely offered to take him as a pupil without a fee; and he attended Mr. Duane with extreme diligence, to his vast benefit. He could not afford to fee a special pleader, but obtained possession of a large MS. collection of precedents, and copied out three folio volumes of them with his own hand. In a word, no branch of the fit preparation deterred him; and perhaps Mr. Twiss could not have rendered a more important service to the law students of the present day than by the minute record he has now presented of the great Chancellor's preliminary

preliminary exertions, with his repeated attestation in later days how continually he had felt in his progress through life the benefit of not having shrunk from the long and obscure toil of deep and firm foundations. He used to say, 'those were laborious days, but not unhappy;' and though a few desponding phrases are scattered over his early letters, we can well believe that such was the case upon the whole. It was his custom to rise at four every morning, and when reading at night he bound a wet towel round his head to check the invasion of drowsiness. Though fond naturally of conviviality, he practised the most rigid abstemiousness, and for years hardly ever sat at meat with any companion but the devoted young partner of all his cares.* A medical friend, it seems, conceived very serious alarm on seeing how this habitual course of life was telling on his appearance. 'It is no matter,' he said, 'I must do as I am now doing, or starve.' Some years after his marriage he writes to a college friend—'how despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labour too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers.' Towards the end of his life, in passing through *Cursitor-street* with his secretary, he paused and said, 'Here was my first perch. How often have I run down to *Fleet-market*, with a sixpence in my hand, to buy sprats for supper.'

During several years, no question, he had to maintain a tough struggle: but prosperous old age often pleases itself with exaggerating the difficulties of youth. It is like the victorious general's disposition to do full justice to the enemy's muster-roll. The fact is, that Mr. Surtees, in 1775, settled a second sum of 1000*l.*, bearing interest, on his daughter; and that the worthy coal-fitter dying in November, 1776, bequeathed an additional 1000*l.* to John Scott. From about the date of their establishment in London, therefore, the couple (supposing them to have incurred no debt) would seem to have had a free income of 250*l.* per annum, which, we fancy, seventy years ago, would go as far as 400*l.* at present. Their few olive-branches did not appear in rapid succession. William Scott inherited from his father about 25,000*l.*, and was always a true brother to John. We question if one brother ever owed more in every way to another than Lord Eldon did to Lord Stowell; and he certainly, in every

* Though his brother was already in 1773—the date of the Hebridean excursion—one of Dr. Johnson's familiar associates, and ultimately one of his most intimate friends, the name of John Scott does not occur once in Boswell. Johnson, however, had much regard for him—and sent him from his death-bed, in 1784, a kind message, begging him never to do legal work on a Sunday. His last words to Sir Joshua Reynolds were to the like effect.

way possible, acknowledged a most grateful sense of the obligation.

He was called to the bar in January, 1766—but besides attending regularly from that time in the Courts, he continued during many months after to spend several hours daily in Mr. Duane's chambers—for he delighted in conveyancing as much as Selden himself. The following story shows how little the solicitors disturbed him :- -

'When I was called to the bar,' said he to his niece, 'Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling.'—p. 100.

Towards the end of this year his Bessy, who always sat by him however late he laboured, was so alarmed with his sinking aspect that she insisted on his consulting Dr. Heberden. On hearing his name and statement, the doctor said, 'Are you the young gentleman that gained the prize for the essay at Oxford?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then,' continued Heberden, 'I'll not take a fee for giving you a little advice. *Travel*—go down to Bath for three weeks, and if the waters bring out a fit of the gout, all will go well with you.' Mr. Scott obeyed—the gout appeared—and from that hour he considered his constitution to have undergone a favourable change.

The 'Anecdote Book' records abundance of the Westminster Hall gossip of those days—notabilia of judges and leading barristers—tricks of attorneys, and so forth; but during three weary years hardly a glimpse of business. He went the Northern Circuit naturally—but even at Newcastle scarcely ever came in for any better employment than the defence of some pauper charged with a petty felony:—

'In Mr. Scott's time, a considerable number of these offences were capital, and caused much anxiety to the defending counsel. It is true that, in nine cases out of ten, there could be then, as now, but little account for an advocate's skill; because, in at least that proportion of cases, the nature of the proof for the prosecution is so direct and positive as to baffle all the arts of defence; and the acquittals, occasionally pronounced, proceed, for the most part, from the absence of some material piece of evidence, or the mistake or wilfulness of some one or more of the witnesses or jurymen. Now and then, however, there will really be enough

enough of doubt to give the prisoner a fair chance of acquittal, if his counsel do not commit him by an indiscreet questioning of the witnesses: and the general vice of young and inexperienced advocates is a proneness to this imprudence. But Mr. Scott's discretion and caution—

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis—

exempted him from the common error. He was wont to say, jocularly, that he had been a most effective advocate for prisoners; for that he had seldom put a question to a prosecutor.'—pp. 105, 106.

Late in life he told this striking story of an assize scene to one of his daughters:—

'I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last, the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.'

In the autumn of 1779 he did not go the circuit. He had borrowed money from William for so many of these journeys, and earned nothing by them, that he could not make up his mind to apply again: and on discovering why he had staid in town, William writes thus to their younger brother Henry:—'I heartily wish that business may busken a little, or he will be utterly sick of his profession. I do all I can to keep up his spirits, but he is very gloomy.'

Meantime a certain solitary case which he had argued in the Rolls Court in 1788 was about to be heard on appeal in the House of Lords. In that case he had urged a point not only not suggested in his brief, but entirely discountenanced by the solicitor. The Master of the Rolls decided against him. His own client disapproved of the appeal—which was the act of another party. Mr. Scott was desired to state at the bar of the House of Lords that his client 'consented.' He insisted on restating his point. The solicitor smiled, but allowed him to do so—it could not make things worse than they were already—he should, however, have no better fee than *one guinea*. Behold, Lord Thurlow listened very earnestly—took three days to consider—reversed the decree of the Rolls Court solely on Mr. Scott's argument; and this decision of Lord Thurlow has regulated all similar questions since that day—March 4, 1780. This was the case

of Ackroyd *versus* Smithson. Lord Eldon's account concludes thus:—

‘As I left the Hall a respectable solicitor, of the name of Forster, came up and touched me on the shoulder, and said—“Young man, your bread and butter is cut for life.”’

Nevertheless, matters were so little mended, that when about the Christmas of that year the Recordership of Newcastle became vacant, and his friends procured him an offer of it, he signified his acceptance of the situation. The salary was small—but he thought he should have a fair chance of some provincial business besides—and the temptation was irresistible. A house was taken for him at Newcastle—he was engaged in preparations for immediate removal. This was the state of things when he went to bed on the night of the 13th of March, 1781. Next morning at six o'clock—thus Lord Eldon told the story a few weeks before his death to one of his family:—

‘Mr. (afterwards Lord) Curzon, and four or five gentlemen, came to my door and woke me, and when I inquired what they wanted, they stated that the Clitheroe election case was to come on, that morning at ten o'clock, before a committee of the House of Commons, that Mr. Cooper had written to say he was detained at Oxford by illness and could not arrive to lead the cause, and that Mr. Hardinge, the next counsel, refused to do so, because he was not prepared. “Well, gentlemen,” said I, “what do you expect me to do, that you are here?” They answered, “they did not know what to expect or to do, for the cause must come on at ten o'clock, and they were totally unprepared, and had been recommended to me, as a young and promising counsel.” I answered, “I will tell you what I *can* do. I *can* undertake to make a dry statement of facts, if that will content you, gentlemen, but more I *cannot* do, for I have no time to make myself acquainted with the law.” They said that must do; so I begged they would go down stairs and let me get up, as fast as I could. Well, I did state the facts, and the cause went on for fifteen days. It found me poor enough, but I began to be rich before it was done: they left me fifty guineas at the beginning; then there were ten guineas every day, and five guineas every evening for a consultation—more money than I could count. But, better still, the length of the cause gave me time to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the law. . . . We were beaten in the committee by one vote. . . . After this speech, Mansfield, afterwards Sir James Mansfield, came up to me in Westminster Hall, and said he heard that I was going to leave London, but strongly advised me to remain in London. I told him that I could not, that I had taken a house in Newcastle, that I had an increasing family, in short, that I was compelled to quit London. Afterwards Wilson came to me and pressed me in the same manner to remain in London, adding what was very kind, “that he would ensure me 400*l.* the next year.” I gave him the same answer as I had given Mansfield. However, I did remain in London,

London, and lived to make Mansfield Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Wilson a Puisne Judge.'

After giving some details of good luck on the next Northern Circuit, Mr. Twiss recurs to the Ackroyd case and the Clitheroe petition as having, in effect, decided the question of Mr. Scott's success at the bar: he then adds:—

'At the present day, from the great competition of very learned and very able practitioners, a few occasional opportunities do little, however they be improved. Among the more influential class of attorneys and solicitors, it has become usual to bring up a son or other near relation to the Bar, who, if his industry and ability be such as can at all justify his friends in employing him, absorbs all the business which they and their connexion can bestow: and the number of barristers thus powerfully supported is now so great, that *few men* lacking such an advantage can secure a hold upon business. But at the time when Mr. Scott began his professional life, the usage had not grown up of coming into the field with a "*following*" already secured. Education being less general, fewer competitors attempted the Bar: and even among the educated classes, a large proportion of adventurous men devoted themselves to naval and military pursuits, which have now been deprived of their attraction by a peace of more than a quarter of a century. In those days, therefore, it might well happen, as with Mr. Scott it actually did, that a couple of good opportunities, ably used, would make the fortune of an assiduous barrister in London.'—p. 124.

Without doubt there is a great deal of truth here—but we do not believe that any change that has occurred will prevent a man of great talents and energies from rising at the bar, if he sticks to it. That is the rub. A vast deal of bar business can be done well enough by apprentices and journeymen of the gown; but there always has been, and will be, a higher department in which neither connexion nor influence of any sort can do much for a common man—from which nothing ever can exclude a man of Scott's calibre, so he will but *bide his time*. Such men are '*few*'—but were they ever many?

Lord Mansfield used to say he had known no interval between no business at all and 3000*l.* a-year. Mr Scott's advance in the profession seems to have been hardly less rapid. By 1783, at the age of thirty-two, he had a silk gown, and was at the head of the Northern Circuit. Great and lucrative as his practice soon came to be, it must have been infinitely more gainful but for the rare delicacy of his professional conscience. No fees had he from the extensive firm of 'Soap, Gammon, and Quirk.' Of one very rich branch of business, of which he might have engrossed the lion's share if he pleased, he had, after a very little while, next to nothing—the business of 'answering questions.' He would sign no opinion on a point of law without a

thorough examination of authorities; he would sign none as to the probable issue of a case set before him, without sifting the facts so minutely, and suggesting the effect of so many *possibly* omitted particulars, that even solicitors of the higher class recoiled: it was as if, seeking an advocate, they had stumbled *in limine* on a judge. At the bar itself he appears to have, from the first, acted on a system equally scrupulous. We find him at a very early period taking to task a friendly senior, in the full career of eminence, for some such laxity of forensic ethics as even Dr. Johnson has countenanced, and compelling the reluctant confession,—‘Master Scott, you have ensured me an uneasy pillow.’ He never could be brought to understand that it was consistent with the honour of a gentleman to misrepresent in the slightest degree either law to a judge or facts to a jury.

Every legal sciolist of his day re-echoed the party cry against Lord Eldon as a slow, procrastinating judge. How many have also been accustomed to hear him spoken of as too fond of money! Let candid people, before they again listen to such calumny, study the passage (vol. i. p. 137-8) from the ‘Anecdote Book’ in which Lord Eldon so modestly, with such a graceful mixture of charity and self-respect, contrasts Mr. Kenyon’s 3000*l.* a-year for opinions with his own scarce anything. Let them consider, too, that he was never even suspected of any of the sordid obliquities to this hour so common in court-practice. No contemporary ever dared to insinuate that Mr. Scott took the fee and evaded the labour.

William Scott, though he did not begin to practise at Doctors’ Commons until November, 1779, had been appointed Advocate-General for the office of Lord High Admiral, before his brother received a silk gown. A few months later, Dr. Scott, when on an excursion to Wales, was seized with a violent fever; for some days his life was despaired of—he himself had abandoned all hope. He had been married only a year before. Some letters from his sick-bed afford touching evidence of the love and confidence that had hitherto subsisted between him and John, and which continued unbroken during more than fifty years afterwards.

‘My great comfort is to write on to my dearest Jack, and about my wife. Act for me. *Wife, child.* She knows I recommend to you her case.

‘Object of my life to make sisters easy.

‘Save * * * from ruin if we can.

‘Protect my memory by your kindness. Life ebbs very fast with me; my dying thoughts are all kindness and fraternal love about you.

‘While sensation remains, I think on my dearest brother, with whom I have spent my life. I die with the same sentiments. As the
hand

hand of death approaches, it is a consolation to think of him. Oh, cherish my wife! if you loved me, be a brother to her. You will have trouble about my affairs—you will not grudge it. Oh, take care of her! I leave you that duty. It is the last relief of my failing mind. Cherish my memory. Keep *** from ruin if you can by any application of any part of my child's fortune that is reasonable.

‘Once more farewell. God bless you.’—vol. i p. 148.

In the same year (1783) John Scott received, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow (who had marked him from the day of the Ackroyd case), the offer of a seat in parliament for Weobly, a borough then in the nomination of Lord Weymouth—one of those extinguished in 1832. The Anecdote Book says, ‘About that period there were many meetings for promoting *what was called Reform in Parliament* :’ of course, Mr. Scott’s aversion for such schemes was well understood; he stipulated for entire independence, however, and acted accordingly in the House. In the course of his first session he spoke twice against Fox’s India Bill—and Mr. Pitt felt the value of legal and constitutional learning which commanded Mr. Fox’s respectful acknowledgment. In his second speech he attempted rather a florid style of illustration, which exposed him to some airy ridicule from Sheridan; and he had sense enough never again to trespass in like fashion. Rarely presenting himself except when great principles were in question—and, having thoroughly mastered the subject, he had that to say which was his own, and worth saying—and on all occasions stating his views with equal firmness and courtesy—he speedily established himself in the opinion of the House. Although he distinguished himself, on some trying questions, in opposition to Mr. Pitt, the general accordance of their political tenets, and the rapid increase of his authority as a legal debater, were such that his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General, in June, 1788, seemed as natural as judicious. No wiser or more fortunate selection was ever made by that great minister.

In November of that year the illness of George III. opened the great question of the Regency; and, as Mr. Twiss says, ‘It was pretty well understood that from Sir John Scott was derived the whole of the legal doctrine on which ministers proceeded in this important matter.’ In his first speech, in fact, he exhausted the constitutional principle so completely that the subsequent debates offer nothing but unsuccessful attempts to answer him, and triumphant replications drawn from his arsenal. The King’s happy recovery arrested the progress of the ministerial measure, and his Majesty lost no time in expressing personally his sense of the great services rendered the Crown by this first grand display of the Solicitor-General’s parliamentary resources:—

‘The

'The King told him that he had no other business with him than to thank him for the affectionate fidelity with which he adhered to him when so many had deserted him in his malady.'—vol. i. p. 196.

From that hour he held a high place—it soon was a place second to none—in the confidence of the best and ablest of British sovereigns.

Lord Eldon, in his 'Anecdote Book,' treats with contempt the story still current, that Lord Thurlow, during the progress of the Regency Bill, carried on 'secretly from the rest of the King's friends, a negotiation with the Prince's party, for the purpose of continuing himself on the woolsack under their expected ministry.'

'I do not believe there was a word of truth in that report. I was at the time honoured with Lord Thurlow's intimacy. Scarcely a day passed in which there was not much interesting conversation upon that subject between Lord Thurlow and the King's friends, with which I was acquainted.—I have no doubt that it was the opinion of many of the King's friends that it was very desirable, for the King's sake, that Lord Thurlow should continue chancellor, however the Regency administration might be composed, if that could be so arranged. Considering the extreme heat and bitterness of parties in Parliament after the King recovered, it seems very extraordinary that, if Lord Thurlow's conduct had been dishonourable, no allusion should be made to it in debates, when he might have had an opportunity of explaining.'

Lord Eldon also says, 'What it was that occasioned the rupture between Pitt and Thurlow (1792) I never could find out.' The meaning is that he never knew what was the last and immediate quarrel; for he adds that 'he had long looked forward to the probability of such an event with great pain.' Mr. Pitt requested the Solicitor-General to call on him, and in person announced the retirement of the Chancellor. Sir John replied:—

"My resolution is formed. I owe too great obligations to Lord Thurlow to reconcile it to myself to act in political hostility to him, and I have too long and too conscientiously acted in political connexion with you to join any party against you. Nothing is left for me but to resign my office as Solicitor General, and to make my bow to the House of Commons." Mr. Pitt reasoned with him, and implored him not to persist in that resolution, in vain; but at length prevailed upon him to consult Lord Thurlow before he proceeded any farther. Lord Thurlow said, "Scott, if there be anything which could make me regret what has taken place (and I do not repent it), it would be that you should do so foolish a thing. I did not think that the King would have parted with me so easily. As to that other man, he has done to me just what I should have done to him, if I could. It is very possible that Mr. Pitt, from party and political motives, at this moment may overlook your pretensions, but sooner or later you *must* hold the Great Seal.

Seal. I know no man but yourself qualified for its duties." *—vol. i. p. 213.

To Lord Thurlow's deepest disgust, the Great Seal was given to Lord Loughborough: but Scott yielded to his reasoning and remained in office. Next year he succeeded Sir Archibald Macdonald as Attorney-General. In 1794 this imposed on him the heavy responsibility of conducting the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, &c. &c., for proceedings in his opinion, treasonable, arising out of the infection of the French Revolution. These pages illustrate very strikingly the calm, invincible courage of Scott amidst the furious popular excitement of the time—not less so his exemplary forbearance and good temper in court—and, we must add, the high gentlemanlike feeling with which his leading opponent, Erskine, treated the Attorney-General both in the court and beyond its walls. Of the policy of prosecuting on the charge of *treason*, which inferred the production of all the evidence at his command respecting the conduct of the Secret Societies, we have Sir John's own defence at great length in the 'Anecdote Book.' The pith lies, however, in one sentence:—

'Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons, and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that National Convention which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it appeared to me to be more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of their transactions should be published, than that any of these individuals should be convicted.'—vol. i. p. 28.

Mr. Pitt entirely concurred in the Attorney-General's views, and more than a year afterwards avowed in Parliament that he considered 'the exposition of that immense mass of matter' to have been the chief instrument in 'opening the eyes of the unwary, checking the incautious, and deterring the timid'—in other words, of arresting the revolutionary movement in England. Mr. Twiss dissents—he is of opinion that the better course would have been to prosecute for a seditious misdemeanour, in which case there would probably have been a conviction—and then to 'publish that part of the evidence which had been spared at the trials by which course the government would equally have con-

* There are many stories of Lord Thurlow in the 'Anecdote Book,'—the most agreeable to our mind is this:—'Lord Thurlow, upon the point of giving a clergyman a living, stated to him, that he must desire he would continue the same curate who had been there in the time of his predecessor, and whom he believed to be a deserving man. The clergyman represented that his intended arrangements were such that he could not do so. "Very well," replied Lord Thurlow, "if you will not take him for your curate, I will make him the rector." And he did so.'—vol. i. p. 328.

We wish this story had been published a little sooner—*et pour cause*.

veyed all the material information to the public mind, would have had credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused, and would have finally stood in the position of successful vindicators of the law and constitution.' (p. 287.) Mr. Twiss adds: 'If, at this day, the preponderance appear to be against the policy then pursued, we must remember that we are now looking at the subject after the event, and that the judgments, which decided in favour of that policy, were those of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Eldon.' (*Ibid.*) This is properly thought and said: but we doubt if Mr. Twiss had fully realized to himself the extent of the dangers of 1794; and we doubt still more gravely whether the publication of any mass of evidence *not taken upon oath*, would have been sufficient to convince the loyal Whigs of 1794 of the extent of those dangers. We also think that if Sir John Scott and Mr. Pitt, believing the English correspondents and allies of the triumphant French Jacobins to be guilty of treason; had chosen to prosecute them for a misdemeanour only, from the wish 'to gain credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused,' they would have acted in a manner utterly unworthy of their characters and their positions. But we must abstain from such controversies; and indeed we must content ourselves in passing over a world of more interesting matter connected with that momentous period—the first administration of Mr. Pitt. Throughout the whole of it Sir John Scott was his legal mainstay. Mr. Wilberforce says in his Diary:—

'Sir John Scott used to be a great deal at my house. I saw much of him then, and it is no more than his due to say, that, when he was Solicitor and Attorney General under Pitt, he never fawned and flattered as some did, but always assumed the tone and station of a man who was conscious that he must show he respects himself, if he wishes to be respected by others.'—*Life of Wilberforce*, vol. v. p. 214.

From 1789 to 1798 his professional income seems to have averaged about 10,000*l.* In 1792 he purchased for 22,000*l.* the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham, and accepting the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in July, 1799, he was on that occasion elevated to the peerage as Baron Eldon of Eldon. About a year earlier Sir Wm. Scott had become Judge of the Court of Admiralty and a Privy Councillor.

Throughout all stages of their career both brothers appear to have maintained every feeling of domestic regard and affection alive in pristine warmth. Here is the first letter that was signed 'Eldon.'

'*Lincoln's Inn, 19th July, 1799:*

'My dear Mother,—I cannot act under any other feeling than that you should be the first to whom I write after changing my name. My brother Harry will have informed you, I hope, that the King has been pleased

pleased to make me Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a Peer. I feel that, under the blessing of Providence, I owe this—I hope I may say I owe this—to a life spent in conformity to those principles of virtue, which the kindness of my father and mother early inculcated, and which the affectionate attention of my brother, Sir William, improved in me. I hope God's grace will enable me to do my duty in the station to which I am called. I write in some agitation of spirits, but I am anxious to express my love and duty to my mother, and affection to my sisters, when I first subscribe myself,

'Your loving and affectionate Son,

'ELDON.'

We have seen what was Thurlow's opinion of him in 1792. Here is Kenyon's in July, 1799.

'The Lord Chief Justice of England took an opportunity, from the Bench, of expressing his congratulations to the profession, particularly to those who practised in the Common Pleas, on the appointment of one, who, he said, would probably be found "the most consummate Judge that ever sat in judgment."—vol. i. p. 331.

It was in those days the invariable rule that, even out of Court, the 'twelve Judges of England' should be distinguishable by their dress—in town at least they wore nothing but full suits of black, and a wig was indispensable. Lady Eldon, who, among other points of a good wife, retained to the last a high admiration for her husband's outward man, rebelled so vehemently against the social wig that the new Chief Justice applied to the King in person—mentioning that he was afflicted with headaches, and suggesting that wigs after all were unknown down to a comparatively recent period of our history. George III. answered with a smile, 'No, no—no innovations in my time. If you will wear your beards again you may drop your wigs—not otherwise.' So Lord Eldon had to wear a wig wherever he was, till he quitted the Common Law bench. Such was the practice until the reforming era of William IV., when, like more important things, the craft of the wig-maker sustained heavy blows. The episcopal cauliflower, under the pelting of that storm, all but disappeared. The last Judge who bore his mark about him in the world was, we think, Mr. Justice Park. The wig was inconvenient, and in many cases unseemly, but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that a supreme judge of the land ought to bear some recognizable badge of his dignity about him, we do not say in the streets, but in every social assembly, for the same reason that the heads of the Church still do so. We have never reconciled ourselves to your Sage of the Law in Truefit curls, satin cravat, embroidered waistcoat, primrose gloves, and French-polished Wellingtons—but the female influence no doubt all went with Lady Eldon.

'The

'The days of his Chief Justiceship, though they lasted only from July, 1799, to April, 1801, contributed greatly to his fame. On the Bench of a Common Law Court no scope was allowed to his only judicial imperfection, the tendency to hesitate. A Common Law Judge, when he has to try causes at *Nisi Prius*, or indictments in a Crown Court, must sum up and state his opinion to the Jury on the instant; and when he sits in Bank with his brethren to decide questions of law, must keep pace with them in coming to his conclusions. Thus compelled to decide without postponement, Lord Eldon at once established the highest judicial reputation: a reputation, indeed, which afterwards wrought somewhat disadvantageously against himself when Lord Chancellor, by showing how little ground there was for his diffidence, and consequently how little necessity for his doubts and delays.'—vol. i. p. 340.

He himself in his *Anecdote Book* and in many letters and reported conversations, refers to the period when he sat in the Court of Common Pleas as the happiest of his life. It was a short one—and it was the only one in his public life during which he remained apart from the struggles of party politics. The King, it is now evident, would gladly have made him Chancellor on the dismissal of Thurlow. He tells us that his Majesty, on his appointment to the Common Pleas, asked and received his promise that if ever the Great Seal was offered him he would accept the trust; and there can be little doubt that when George III. made this stipulation, his Majesty already foresaw the difficulties that were to arise from the collision of his own and Mr. Pitt's views as to the Roman Catholic claims. As soon as the Irish Union was completed that collision became a practical one; and these *Memoirs* prove, to the confusion of various 'Historians,' that here was not only the chief but the sole cause of Mr. Pitt's resignation in March, 1801. He found the King rooted in his conviction, and observing the agitation and excitement produced whenever the subject was approached—the Minister thought it was his duty to retire from office rather than to persist in his efforts at the imminent hazard of the King's mind, with all the then probable consequences to the Royal family, and to the nation at large, of such a calamity.

It appears from the *Anecdote Book*, that Lord Eldon never knew until Dr. Philpotts published in 1827 the correspondence of George III. and Mr. Pitt, preserved among Lord Kenyon's papers, with what 'securities' for the Protestant Establishment Mr. Pitt had proposed to accompany Roman Catholic Emancipation. Lord Eldon considered the 'securities' thus brought under his notice as worthless; but dwells with natural satisfaction on the evidence that Mr. Pitt had thought 'securities' indispensable. It is curious that he should have had anything to learn in 1827 about what was agitated in 1801: for on Mr. Pitt's resignation he became

became Chancellor, he tells us, solely in consequence of the Royal intervention :—‘ I was the King’s Chancellor, not the Minister’s.’

‘ More than thirty years afterwards, he said to his niece, “ I do not know what made George III. so fond of me ; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals ? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, ‘ I give them to you *from my heart*.’ ”

‘ It seems probable,’ says Mr. Twiss, ‘ that the unusual demonstration with which the King accompanied the transfer of the Great Seal, may have been partly occasioned by the unsettled state of the Royal mind.’ In effect, the King was not well enough to hold a Council until about a month had elapsed ; and during that space Lord Eldon continued Chief Justice of the Common Pleas as well as Chancellor, discharging all the duties of both offices. If he had resigned the Common Pleas at once, and the King’s illness continued, ‘ it was thought certain,’ says the Anecdote Book, ‘ that on a ministerial change the Great Seal would be taken away and the Chief Justiceship not restored.’ But if such was his view of the case, it is certain that he held the Seal during many subsequent months on a most doubtful tenure. These pages exhibit abundantly, though as delicately we must believe as was found compatible with justice to Lord Eldon, the miserable vacillations of the King’s state down to almost the close of 1801. Unhappy dissension in the Royal family appears to have operated most painfully on a mind already shaken and shattered by political anxieties. It was at such times as these—subsequently, alas ! if not previously, of no rare occurrence—that the responsibility of a Minister, but above all of a Lord Chancellor, must have pressed with truly awful weight upon any but a callous conscience, upon any courage but the firmest. It was the duty of Lord Eldon to soothe and spare the King’s irritable feelings by every possible gentleness and forbearance—to watch for moments when urgent business could be really comprehended and fitly done without danger—but to defer whatever could be deferred : and with what consummate tenderness and discretion he managed to steer through such a complication of difficulties, every candid reader of these Memoirs must form the same opinion. Nor will any such reader close the page without a sense of humiliation, seeing how many of the leading politicians of the day, perverted by the bitterness of party, miscoloured and distorted to the public, perhaps to themselves, the motives under which the great magistrate acted, and the uses to which alone he applied his near access to the Royal person, and the

the influence which his respectful care and zeal could not fail to consolidate. The letters from the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Royal physicians to Lord Eldon during this anxious year, do high honour to all concerned—not least to the illustrious patient himself, who even when most grievously afflicted and disturbed, even in the wanderings of delirium, reminds us often of what Sir Thomas Browne says so beautifully in his Tract on Dreams:—‘*However these may be fallacious concerning outward events, yet they be truly significant at home, and thereby we may more sensibly understand ourselves. Alexander would hardly have run away in the combats of sleep, nor Demosthenes have stood stoutly to it. Persons of radical integrity will not easily be perverted in their dreams, nor noble minds do pitiful things in sleep.*’*

Lord Eldon’s Anecdote Book says—

‘The King was recovering, but not entirely recovered (in 1801), when upon my visiting him, as I did every morning, he took out a watch from a drawer, and said he had worn it for twenty years, and desired me to accept it and wear it for his sake. I declined to accept it. At first he was extremely angry, and asked with much earnestness why I did not obey him. I said that it was impossible for me to be of any use to his Majesty, if, under the then circumstances, I accepted anything from him. He wept.

‘Some nine or ten months afterwards, I was sitting in the Chancery Court, when a red box and key to it were delivered to me. I opened it, and found the identical watch and seal, with this letter:—

‘“The King takes this opportunity of forwarding to the Lord Chancellor the watch he mentioned the last spring; it has undergone a thorough cleaning, and been left with the maker many months, that the accurateness of its going might be ascertained. Facing 10 minutes there is a spring, if pressed with the nail, will open the glass for setting the watch; or, turning the watch, pressing the back edge facing 50 minutes, the case opens for winding up. GEORGE R.”

‘The seal contains a figure of Religion looking up to Heaven, and a figure of Justice with no bandage over the eyes; the motto, “His Dirige Te.”’

Lord Eldon was the ablest and most strenuous supporter of

* Sir T. Browne’s Works, vol. iv. p. 357 (Wilkins’ edition, 1835).

Dr. Robert Willis writes to Lord Eldon, May 25th, 1801, from Kew:—‘This morning I walked with his Majesty, who was in a perfectly composed and quiet state. He told me, with great seeming satisfaction, that he had had a most charming night, “but one sleep from eleven to half after four;” when, alas! he had but three hours’ sleep in the night, which, upon the whole, was passed in restlessness, in getting out of bed, opening the shutters, in praying at times violently, and in making such remarks as betray a consciousness in him of his own situation, but which are evidently made for the purpose of concealing it from the Queen. He frequently called out, “I am now perfectly well, and my Queen, my Queen has saved me.”’—vol. i. p. 376.

‘The King, during one of his illnesses, complained to Lord Eldon, that a man in the employ of his physicians had knocked him down. “When I got up again,” added the King, “I said my foot had slipped, and ascribed my fall to that; it would not do for me to admit that the King had been knocked down by any one.”’—p. 426.

Mr. Addington's government in the House of Lords; he continued to be so to its last hour; and to the last hour of his own life he continued on terms of the most intimate and affectionate friendship with Lord Sidmouth. Nevertheless it has been asserted by many writers of these days, and insinuated, to say the least, very recently by no less eminent a writer than Lord Brougham ('Statesmen,' vol. ii., p. 55) that Mr. Addington's 'politic and scheming' Chancellor prepared and conducted an intrigue for the purpose of excluding Mr. Addington, and reinstalling Mr. Pitt in the premiership: nay, Lord Brougham even goes so far as to express his belief that Lord Eldon was 'bold and unscrupulous' enough to use his influence with the Sovereign towards the reinstatement of Mr. Pitt when the Royal mind was in so diseased a condition that it was necessary for him, the Chancellor, to have Dr. Willis with him in the Royal closet, and the 'mad-doctor's assistants and apparatus' in the adjoining apartment. Mr. Twiss, in alluding to these dark imputations, observes that Lord Brougham must have forgotten the fact that Lord Eldon denied every circumstance thus alleged in the House of Lords in 1811, when all the royal physicians of 1804 were alive; and we have no doubt this was the fact. Yet it is very satisfactory to find that an overwhelming mass of contemporary evidence is now produced in reference to the transactions in question.

It is now proved that, in place of there having been any private understanding beforehand between Mr. Pitt and Lord Eldon, Mr. Pitt himself, when the Chancellor waited on him by the King's command to signify that his Majesty wished to see him with a view to new arrangements, received the messenger with the greatest coldness: in short, that Mr. Pitt believed Lord Eldon to have been guilty of using his influence with the King under circumstances such as have been alluded to—that is to say, of holding political conversations with his Majesty when the presence of the doctors was necessary—not, however, with a view to facilitating Mr. Pitt's reinstatement as premier, but with a view to baffle Mr. Pitt's supposed project of bringing Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville into office with himself. We now see that Mr. Pitt paid his first visit to Buckingham House in 1804, under the impression that the stories which had reached him 'from Carlton House' were true; that it was not until after he had conversed with the physicians, and ascertained—from *them* that not one of them had been present during any interview between the King and the Chancellor—from his own observation that the King had never been more capable than he then was of forming a correct judgment 'upon the most important of all questions—peace or war'—and, from the King's own mouth, that Lord Eldon had never,

never, down to that moment, offered to the King the slightest suggestion as to the composition of another cabinet;—it was not till Mr. Pitt had ascertained all these points, and had thereupon, with the frankness which belonged to him, disclaimed to Lord Eldon every trace of suspicion, and apologized in the amplest manner for having lent a moment's credence to the 'Carlton House reports'—it was not till then that Lord Eldon consented to let Mr. Pitt open to him his real views with respect to the reconstruction of the Government. Mr. Pitt then communicated to Lord Eldon his opinion that, in the then alarming state of things, Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox ought to be invited to join. Lord Eldon told Mr. Pitt that he hated coalitions—that much as he differed from Fox, he would rather see Fox premier than Fox in a Pitt cabinet. Upon this they separated. Mr. Pitt found his King immovable as to Mr. Fox. Lord Grenville would not take office unless Mr. Fox did so too. Mr. Pitt then saw Lord Eldon again, and said, 'with some indignation, he would teach that proud man that in the service and with the confidence of his King, he could do without him, though he thought his health such that it might cost him his life;' and requested Lord Eldon, the only grounds of difference being removed, to consent to remain Chancellor—and Lord Eldon agreed. Various letters concerning these transactions between Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, and Lord Eldon and Lord Melville, together with Mr. Twiss's extracts from the Anecdote Book, effectively clear up this chapter of history. We quote one note from the King himself—which disposes, *inter alia*, of one, and not the least disagreeable, of the insinuations countenanced by Lord Brougham:—

"Queen's Palace, May 18th, 1804. 5 m. past 10 A.M.

"The King having signed the commission for giving his royal assent, returns it to his excellent lord chancellor, whose conduct he most thoroughly approves. His Majesty feels the difficulties he has had, both political, and personally to the King; but the uprightness of Lord Eldon's mind, and his attachment to the King, have borne him with credit and honour, and (what the King knows will not be without its due weight) with the approbation of his sovereign, through an unpleasant labyrinth.

"The King saw Mr. Addington yesterday. . . . Mr. Addington spoke with his former warmth of friendship for the lord chancellor; he seems to require quiet, as his mind is perplexed between returning affection for Mr. Pitt, and great soreness at the contemptuous treatment he met with, the end of the last session, from one he had ever looked upon as his private friend. This makes the king resolved to keep them for some time asunder.

GEORGE R.*"

* It is, we suppose, probable that Lord Sidmouth's correspondence with George III. and Mr. Pitt—which we have seen, and which is very curious—will be ere long made public.

Lord Eldon says, in one of the most affecting pages of his Anecdote Book :—

‘God grant that no future Chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my Sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes. Such and so cordial was the love and affection his people bore to him, that a servant, meaning well and placed amidst great difficulties, would have been pardoned for much, if he had had occasion for indemnity.’

We have much pleasure in transcribing also what follows :—

‘I went with Mr. Pitt, not long before his death, from Roehampton to Windsor. Among much conversation upon various subjects, I observed to him that his station in life must have given him better opportunities of knowing men than almost any other person could possess; and I asked whether his intercourse with them, upon the whole, led him to think that the greater part of them were governed by reasonably honourable principles, or by corrupt motives. His answer was, that he had a favourable opinion of mankind upon the whole, and that he believed that the majority was really actuated by fair meaning and intention.’—vol. i. p. 499.

Mr. Pitt expired on the 23rd of January, 1806, at Putney. Mr. Twiss says, with truth and elegance,—

‘The loss of such a man, in such a state of public affairs, appeared irreparable. Except his father, no minister of that already long reign had occupied so large a space in the sight of the nation. He had come in very early life to the aid of the sovereign, at a crisis when no other champion could be found to make head against a coalition as powerful in parliament as it was odious both to King and people; and the lofty vigour of that rescue fixed him in the confidence of the country, as well as of the Court. With the same energy and elevation of spirit he bore the State through the trying emergencies of the regency, and of the revolutionary propagandism: and the lucid majesty and volume of his eloquence—a far more potential influence in his day than in ours—threw around him a glory, which, as all the efforts of his great contemporaries could not eclipse it, so the long lapse of succeeding years has been unable to quench or to cloud.’—vol. i. p. 508.

On the 7th of February, the arrangements of ‘All the Talents’ being completed, Lord Eldon resigned the seals. The Anecdote Book says, ‘The King appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things; looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, “Lay them down on the sofa, for I cannot, and I will not take them from you!”’

We may here introduce one of the most pleasing passages in this work; for it refers to the earlier days of Lord Eldon as Chancellor :—

‘One

‘One of the heaviest responsibilities of the Chancellor, in Lord Eldon’s time, was to examine the Recorder’s report of the sentences passed on criminals convicted at the Old Bailey. “I was exceedingly shocked,” said Lord Eldon to his niece, “the first time I attended to hear the Recorder’s report, at the careless manner in which, as it appeared to me, it was conducted. We were called upon to decide on sentences, affecting no less than the *lives* of men, and yet there was nothing laid before us, to enable us to judge whether there had or had not been any extenuating circumstances; it was merely a recapitulation of the judge’s opinion, and the sentence. I resolved that I never would attend another report, without having read and duly considered the whole of the evidence of each case, and I never did. It was a considerable labour in addition to my other duties, but it is now a comfort to reflect that I did do so, and that in consequence I saved the lives of several individuals.

‘After all, Mary, I think I am wonderful, considering how much I have gone through; for mine has been no easy life. I will tell you what once happened to me. I was ill with the gout; it was in my feet, so I was carried into my carriage, and from it I was carried into my Court. There I remained all the day, and delivered an arduous judgment. In the evening I was carried straight from my Court to the House of Lords: there I sat until two o’clock in the morning, when some of the Lords came and whispered to me that I was expected to speak. I told them I really could not, I was ill, and I could not stand; but they still urged, and at last I hobbled, in some way or other, with their assistance, to the place from which I usually addressed the House. It was an important question:—I forgot my gout, and spoke for two hours [on the peace of Amiens]. Well, the House broke up, I was carried home, and at six in the morning I prepared to go to bed. My poor left leg had just got in, when I recollected I had important papers to look over, and that I had not had time to examine them; so I pulled my poor left leg out of bed, put on my clothes, and went to my study. I did examine the papers; they related to the Recorder’s report, which had to be heard that day; I was again carried into Court, where I had to deliver another arduous judgment, again went to the House of Lords, and it was not till the middle of the second night that I got into bed. These are hard trials to a man’s constitution.’—vol. i. pp. 405, 406.

We must give also the story of Miss Bridge:—

‘In 1783, when Mr. Scott first became a candidate for the borough of Weobly, he was received and lodged in the house of Mr. Bridge, the vicar, who, having a daughter then a young child, took a jocular promise from him; that if he should ever become Chancellor, and the little girl’s husband should be a clergyman, the Chancellor would give that clergyman a living. Now comes the sequel, partly related by Lord Eldon himself to [his niece] Mrs. Forster. “Years rolled on—I came into office: when one morning I was told a young lady wished to speak to me; and I said that young ladies must be attended to, so they must show her up. And up came a very pretty young lady, and she curtsied
and

and simpered, and said she thought I could not recollect her. - I answered I certainly did not, but perhaps she could recall herself to my memory; so she asked if I remembered the clergyman at Weobly, and his little girl to whom I had made a promise. 'Oh, yes!' I said, 'I do, and I suppose you are the little girl?' She curtsied and said 'Yes.' 'And I suppose you are married to a clergyman?' 'No,' she said, and she blushed, 'I am only *going to be* married to one, if you, my Lord, will give him a living.' Well, I told her to come back in a few days; and I made inquiries to ascertain from the bishop of the diocese that the gentleman she was going to be married to was a respectable clergyman of the Church of England; and then I looked at my list, and found I actually had a living vacant that I could give him. So when the young lady came back I told her she might return home and get married as fast as she liked, for her intended husband should be presented to a living, and I would send the papers as soon as they could be made out. 'Oh, no!' she exclaimed, and again she simpered, and blushed, and curtsied; 'pray, my Lord, let me take them back myself.' I was a good deal amused: so I actually had the papers made out, and I signed them, and she took them back herself the following day."—vol. i. p. 465-467.

But alas for the honour of man! Miss Bridge, after all, did not become Mrs. Jones until two years after the gentleman had been rector of Stanton. The son of the clergyman who ultimately married them at Stanton writes thus:—"Jones would have jilted the lady, but was shamed into the fulfilment of his engagement by the friends and relations of both parties. Miss Bridge, with her party, arrived there from Hereford in a post-chaise. *She refused, however, to enter the parsonage-house until she did so as his wife.*' To conclude the story, Mrs. Jones survived her husband, and, being in indigent circumstances, once more applied to the Chancellor, 'to obtain for her an admission into a recently instituted establishment, near Bath, for the support, maintenance, comfort, and benefit of the widows of clergymen and others. Lord Eldon not only complied with her request, but sent her money to defray the expenses of her removal.'

Lord Eldon's eldest son, the father of the present Earl, had died shortly before he resigned the Seal. He writes thus to one of his old college friends, a clergyman in Yorkshire:—

'Dear Swire,—I have very frequently taken up my pen to write to you. I have as often laid it down, unable to bear up against the intrusion of those melancholy ideas which always present themselves when I see, hear, or think of any one at once the friend of my departed and of myself. * * * * *

'At the end of thirty busy years I have nothing to do, I mean with this world, but the great work of preparing myself for another; and I am afraid that *that* is much to do, when a man has been immersed in this world's business, and such part of its business as I have been engaged

in for so many years. May it not be a blessing that, at the beginning of that period which I am to employ better, I am awakened to a sense of duty by a judgment as awful as that which, in my loss, has been poured out upon me?—vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

On the 13th of September, 1806, Mr. Fox died; but the King allowing his surviving colleagues to dissolve parliament, the new elections gave them a very large majority in the House of Commons. These events cast a deep gloom over the survivors of the Pitt circle, and internal suspicion and mutual mistrust were soon to aggravate the common evil. Witness a letter of Lord Eldon to Sir William Scott:—

‘I am not the least surprised at what you say about Canning. I have for some time thought that much less than a dissolution would serve him as a cause of separation; and I suspect that Lord Grenville has known him so well, as, by flattering his vanity on the one hand, by making him the person of consequence to be talked with, and alarming that vanity on the other by disclaiming intercourse, through anybody, with the Pittites as a body, to make him the instrument of shaking among the Pittites that mutual confidence which was essential to give them weight, and thus to keep them in the state of a rope of sand till a dissolution, when he won’t care one fig for them all put together. The King’s conduct does not astonish me, though I think it has destroyed him. His language to me led me to hope better things; and, in charity, I would suppose from it that his heart does not go with his act. But his years, his want of sight, the domestic falsehood and treachery which surround him, and some feeling (just enough, I think) of resentment at our having deserted him on Mr. Pitt’s death, and, as to myself particularly, *the uneasiness which in his mind the presence of a person who attended him in two fits of insanity excites*, have conspired to make him do an act unjust to himself. I consider it as a fatal and final blow to the hopes of many who have every good wish of mine. As to myself personally, looking at matters on all sides, I think the chancellorship would never revert to me, even if things had taken another turn; and it is not on my own account I lament the turn they have taken.’—vol. ii. p. 11.

A little afterwards, however, some correspondence with Lord Melville shows that Lord Eldon was among the first, if not the first, to shake off the general despondency. We find him expressing, though very cautiously, doubts as to the interpretation which really ought to be put on the King’s conduct as to the dissolution, and strenuously urging ‘plan, union, system’—‘panic can do no good.’

The scene soon changed. As early as March, the Whigs having brought into the House of Commons a bill which included a concession to the Romanists, the king insisted on its withdrawal. They agreed—but his Majesty required a written declaration that his Ministers would propose nothing further in
the

the same direction, and to this they would not consent. He dismissed 'the Talents' instantly, and the Duke of Portland became the ostensible head of a new Tory government, with Lord Eldon again as Chancellor. He writes thus (March 31st) to his old friend and family connexion, the Rev. Dr. Ridley—and certainly the language is not altogether in keeping with the active and stirring share which we see he had been taking with a view to restore the heart and union of the Tories during their short interval of exclusion.

'Dear Ridley,—I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. The occurrence of again taking the Great Seal, Harry, gives me but one sentiment of comfort—that it is possible I may be of use to others. The death of my friend Mr. Pitt, the loss of my poor dear John, the anguish of mind in which I have been, and ever must be, when that loss occurs to me—these have extinguished all ambition, and almost every wish of every kind in my breast. I had become inured to, and fond of, retirement. My mind had been busied in the contemplation of my best interests—those which are connected with nothing here.'

On the same day he writes to another ancient clerical friend:—

'Whilst dreaming of a visit to you I have awaked with the Great Seal in my hand, to my utter astonishment. The King considers the struggle as for his throne; and he told me but yesterday, when I took the seal, that he did so consider it; that he must be the Protestant king of a Protestant country, or no king. He is remarkably well—firm as a lion—placid and quiet, beyond example in any moment of his life. I am happy to add that, on this occasion, his son, the prince, has appeared to behave very dutifully to him. Two or three great goods have been accomplished if his new ministers can stand their ground. First, the old ones are satisfied that the king, whose state of mind they were always doubting, *has more sense and understanding than all his ministers put together: they leave him with a full conviction of that fact.* When he delivered the seal to me yesterday he told me he wished and hoped I should keep it till he died.'

Meantime the Whigs were attributing their own dismissal to the influence of 'secret advisers;' and Lord Howick (Earl Grey), with the rash bitterness habitual to him, distinctly and by name charged Lord Eldon with having 'poisoned the king's mind in a private audience at Windsor a few days before the pledge was required.' Mr. Canning on this occasion defended the Chancellor in a manner with which he must have been cordially content. Mr. Canning stated that 'Lord Eldon had announced his visit at Windsor to Lord Grenville, and its sole object, and voluntarily assured that minister that he would not touch on any topic but that one. Lord Eldon *had kept his word*: was it to be endured that he should be thus accused of breaking it?' The circumstances could not be explained further then. It now appears that Lord

Eldon's only object was to convince the king of the mischief which must attend Mr. Perceval's persisting in publishing a certain *Book* about the unhappy affairs of the Princess of Wales—who had relied principally on Lord Eldon's advice whilst defending herself, during the short reign of the Talents, against the premature charges of her husband.

We find here a variety of very curious letters concerning the miserable quarrel of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning in 1809—their duel—the retirement of both from office, and the consequent resignation of the Duke of Portland himself—with the reconstruction of the Cabinet under Mr. Perceval. Mr. Twiss arrives at the conclusion that, as far as regards the immediate ground of personal conflict—the concealment from Lord Castlereagh of Mr. Canning's communication to *some* of their colleagues of his determination to resign unless the conduct of the war department were taken from Lord Castlereagh—the blame lay *almost entirely* with the Duke of Portland—who being in ill health, and at best 'infirm of purpose,' put off from day to day till it was too late, the painful announcement which Mr. Canning had required and understood to be made long before. It is very satisfactory to see that with all his already settled aversion for Mr. Canning (whom he calls to his wife 'an incarnation of vanity'), Lord Eldon does him entire justice on this, as respects personal honour, the only important point in the story.* The more so, that it is no longer doubtful that Mr. Canning, in the course of the multiplied intrigues which ensued, was the warm advocate, if not (as Lord Eldon believed) the originator of a scheme for finally *shelving* Lord Eldon at this epoch, and replacing him on the woolsack by *Mr. Perceval*—thus leaving everything open to Mr. Canning in the House of Commons and consequently in the resurgent government. Mr. Twiss is a lawyer as well as a politician—but his devotion to the memory of Mr. Canning is of exemplary fervour, for he seems to see nothing either absurd or reprehensible in the fact, which he candidly assumes, that the Mr. Canning of 1809 thought in choosing a chancellor 'rather of politics than of law.' How fortunate that he had no such choice to make until he was older and wiser! On the 15th of September Lord Eldon writes to his wife in the country:—

* On the 4th of October, 1809, Lord Eldon writes thus to Sir William Scott—'The silence of such of Cas.'s colleagues who knew of the matter cannot be well vindicated. With respect to myself, I feel uneasy; though the period at which I heard it, the personage (the K.) who told it me, and the injunction with which he accompanied a communication, which I must needs say he ought not to have made under such an injunction, give me a good deal to say for myself. But, in some degree, all who knew it have been—more or less blameable, but blameable.'—vol. ii. p. 104.

'Some of the plans proposed are what I do most greatly abhor, and I think they won't succeed. I have offered my office to the king, and told him, for I write constantly when I don't see him, my likings and dislikings. "For God's sake," he says, "don't you run away from me: don't reduce me to the state in which you formerly left me. You are my sheet anchor!" I fear the effects of his agitation and agony—and I do pray God to protect him in this his hour of distress.

'May God's best and kindest providence watch over her who has the whole heart of *her* ELDON.'

Lord Eldon had been elected High Steward of Oxford some years before this. Now, on the death of the Duke of Portland (October, 1809), he was requested to stand for the Chancellorship of the University. Understanding, however, that the Duke of Beaufort had received a requisition to the same effect, he declined to come forward until his Grace was understood to have signified that he declined being a candidate. Lord Eldon seems to have received poor enough return for this delicacy from some of the Duke of Beaufort's friends. After the Chancellor had committed himself—after several of the Duke's own connexions had canvassed for the Chancellor—his grace was urged and persuaded to take the field. The King told Lord Eldon it was now too late for him to withdraw. The consequence was a triumph—at that time important as well as unexpected—to the Whigs and pro-Catholics in the Convocation. The votes were for Eldon, 393; for Beaufort, 238; for Lord Grenville, 406. But, according to Lord Eldon's letters and Anecdote Book, Lord Grenville owed his small majority to certain electors in the Beaufort interest, who, when they saw their Duke had no chance, voted at the eleventh hour for Grenville rather than allow their own political party to gain the victory in the person of the *novus homo* who had climbed from the chare-foot to the woolsack. 'I was beaten,' he says, 'by aristocratical combination—and I could never have been beaten without it.'

We need not pause on the short period during which Mr. Perceval enjoyed as Prime Minister the entire confidence of George III., and the cordial support of Lord Eldon as Chancellor. Nor shall we extract anything from Mr. Twiss's narrative of the constitution of the Regency in 1811, and the ultimate retention of the Ministers, on the expiration of the restrictions, in 1812: though these chapters throw light on several hitherto obscure circumstances, and furnish a triumphant answer to more than one inuendo against Mr. Perceval in Lord Brougham's Essays entitled 'George IV.' and 'Lord Eldon,'—essays, we need not say, exhibiting in perfection their author's command of some of the highest resources of rhetorical power, but which are not likely

likely to be valued hereafter as settling any point in the political history of the time—splendid specimens of one-sided declamation. Adhering to Lord Eldon—we need not remind our reader that the Prince of Wales must have regarded him with severe prejudice from the date of the Regency Bill in 1783; or that his services to the Princess in the days of the ‘Delicate Investigation’ of 1806, had heavily increased the hostile impression; or that the consent of the Regent to retain Lord Eldon as Chancellor has been boldly ascribed to Lord Eldon’s courtly facility in abandoning the Princess of Wales, the moment her unkind husband’s favour came to be a matter of the same consequence that her kind father-in-law’s had been previously. It now appears from letters between the Prince of Wales and Lord Eldon, printed by Mr. Twiss, that at least as early as the summer of 1810 his Royal Highness had begun to relax in his prejudice against the Chancellor—and why? Simply because the Chancellor was the medium of communication between the Prince and his father as to whatever was proposed or done respecting the education of the Princess Charlotte, and his Royal Highness was compelled to feel that the most essential interests of his daughter could not have been entrusted to a wiser, fairer, discreeter intervention. The respectful style of the Prince’s notes of that date is creditable to himself, and of no trivial importance with reference to the subsequent course of events. But it was not until the Prince had come into possession of the private papers of George III. that he could trace the whole course of Lord Eldon’s procedure in reference to the affairs of the Royal Family. We read in the Anecdote Book:—

‘His Majesty George IV. has frequently told me that there was no person in the world that he hated so much as, for years, he hated me. He had been persuaded that I endeavoured to keep him at a distance from his father, but when he came into possession of his father’s private papers, he completely changed his opinion of me, in consequence of the part which, from my letters, he found I had always taken with reference to himself. He was then convinced that I had always endeavoured to do the direct contrary to what was imputed to me. He told me so himself, and from that time he treated me with uniform friendliness.’—vol. ii. p. 199.

Lord Eldon’s correspondence with his own old college intimates, especially Dr. Swire, may be appealed to, not only for direct confirmation of this statement, but for a very full, and surely a very interesting detail, step by step, of the circumstances under which the Regent first of all retained his father’s ministers, the Chancellor included, and then, a year afterwards, confirmed them. Let us take part of a letter to Dr. Swire:—

‘The

'The medical men thought His Majesty's speedy recovery highly probable:—the prince therefore thought that, in duty to his father, he could not dismiss his father's servants. I could not reconcile to myself the notion that, whilst the father's son so conducted himself, the father's most grateful servant could refuse to take his share in a state of things which, for the father's sake, the son determined should remain undisturbed by him. So matters went on through the year of restricted regency. Before the close of it, the prince had totally altered his opinion of the men whom he had hated—and I have his own authority for believing that the kingdom produced no man whom he more hated than your friend, the writer of this letter. Though the prospect of his father's recovery had grown more gloomy, and though I fear it will never brighten, I must do him the justice to say that he has always declared that he will never despair till his father ceases to live: and my own real opinion is, that whatever motives his friends or foes may in their conjectures ascribe his late conduct to, he has been principally governed by a feeling that, if his father should recover, he would never forgive himself if he suffered him to awake to a scene in which the father should see his servants discarded by his son. The same sentiment appears to me to have governed him with respect to the Catholic question, *with regard to which I believe that after his father's death he will act with a due regard to the established religion.*'—vol. ii. p. 197.

Another letter to Dr. Swire, dated at Encombe in Dorsetshire (which fine estate Lord Eldon had recently purchased), furnishes some further details—and brings us down to the close of the tempestuous session after the death of Perceval. The chancellor alludes hastily to the fact that Bellingham had passed some hours of the morning before he assassinated Mr. Perceval in watching the proceedings of the Court of Chancery, and his own belief that he himself would have been the victim but for the accident of his borrowing a round hat and great coat from one of his attendants, and so quitting the court that day, for a stroll in the park, in a disguise which Bellingham did not penetrate.

'Encombe, Sept. 22nd, 1812.

'I could not doubt that at the close of the Regency year, the 18th February, I should have had my dismissal: so sure was I of that, that when the prince sent for me on the 17th, his commands reached me sitting for my picture in my robes. When I went, he expressed his surprise that I appeared in a morning in a laced shirt: I told him what I had been about: he then expressed surprise that I could find any time for such a business: my answer was that the fact proved that that was difficult; that the picture had been asked nearly two years for the Guildhall at Newcastle; and that, my countrymen wishing it should be in the chancellor's robes, I could not delay beyond that day in which I might for the last time be entitled to wear them. He smiled, and next day satisfied me that I needed not to have been in such a hurry. This was curious enough, but is literally a fact. Well, after this poor Perceval was assassinated. By the way, I had a pretty narrow escape.

It

It is said, "Mors sola fatetur quantula sunt hominum corpuscula;" but I have learnt facts of poor Perceval's life, which I never should have learnt but in consequence of his death, and which prove him to have been a most extraordinarily excellent person. Hefo again, however, I thought I should sing *Nunc dimittis*. I appointed and attended a recorder's report, which I thought it unmanly to leave to a successor, on a Monday, as I was morally certain that I should not be chancellor on the usual day, the Wednesday. But whether Grenville and Grey did not wish to be ministers, or whether they would not be ministers unless they could bind kings in chains, I don't know. The Tuesday put my wig and gown once more fast upon my head and back, and I am now just as uncertain when I shall see the blessings of final retirement as I was before the king's illness. What a life of anxiety (about myself certainly in no degree such) I led during these scenes must be reserved, if it is to be described, till some happy hour of conversation between us shall be vouchsafed me by Providence. I concluded my stay in town by the Prince Regent's dining in Bedford Square with a man whom he had hated more than any other in his father's dominions, according to his unreserved confession.'—vol. ii. p. 224.

Our readers would not thank us for going into the badgerings which had for some time annoyed the chancellor on the subject of arrears in his court.* Led by that illustrious 'chicken of the law' Michael Angelo Taylor, the Whig barristers in the Commons were now bent on assailing the government through the person of him to whom the final exclusion of their party was mainly by them attributed. It is sufficient to quote a short letter to Sir William Scott, written during the general election of October, 1812:—

'Dear Brother,—Really, as to the Government, I don't care one farthing about it. I am mistaken if they do not mainly owe their existence, as such, to me; and yet I have been, in my judicial capacity, the object of the House of Commons' persecution for two years, without a lawyer there to say a word of truth for me. I have been left unprotected as before—and, so unprotected, I cannot and will not remain.

'The Prince vows annihilation to the Government if I go; and, I suppose, would resort to Canning and Wellesley. But I cannot feel the obligation I am under of being hunted in the House of Commons without more of protection than I have had.'

The only unpleasantness that appears to have occurred in the Regent's treatment of the chancellor, throughout the two ensuing years, arose from a cause most honourable to his lordship. The Regent, as his daughter grew into womanhood, wished to impose additional restrictions on her intercourse with her mother. The chancellor, retaining as yet his early impression that the Princess

* For a full examination of this question of arrears, we refer to an article 'On the Court of Chancery,' in Quart. Rev., vol. xxx.

of Wales had been 'more sinned against than sinning,' firmly opposed himself on this head to the Prince, and writes to his brother as contemplating, in consequence, an abrupt termination of his official life. 'One more such interview,' he says, 'and I shall be spared all farther trouble—all because I won't let him do as to his wife and daughter as he wishes.' This letter seems to have been written about the close of 1813. The Princess Charlotte had conceived a most grateful respect and attachment to Lord Eldon, as the early defender of her weaker parent, and nothing occurred during her too short life to disturb these kindly feelings. The 'Anecdote Book' dwells on the extraordinary care she had taken for his personal accommodation at Claremont when he was about to be summoned thither on the occasion of her fatal confinement in 1817.

Her untimely death, by placing the Duke of York,* whose views of the Roman Catholic Question were throughout those of George III., in the situation of Heir Presumptive, gave additional strength to the Anti-Catholic party in the country, and especially to Lord Eldon, who had long been the mainstay of resistance both in the cabinet and in the House of Lords. But the Regent, even in the midst of his paternal affliction, seems to have turned with earnestness to the hope that the Princess Charlotte's death might lead to his own emancipation. In a letter dated at Brighton, Jan. 1, 1818, he expresses affectionate regret that a fit of gout should have prevented the Chancellor from visiting him there, and goes on to explain that he had been desirous of an interview with reference to the Princess, who is described as having excited much scandal on the Continent, and especially at Vienna, where the Court had refused to receive her:—

'You cannot, therefore, be surprised (much difficulty in point of delicacy being now set aside in my mind by the late melancholy event which has taken place in my family) if I turn my whole thoughts to the endeavouring to extricate myself from the cruellest, as well as the most unjust, predicament that ever even the lowest individual, much more a prince, ever was placed in. . . . Is it, then, my dear friend, to be tolerated that ——— is to be suffered to continue to bear my name, to belong to me and to the country, and that *that* country, the first in all the world, and myself its sovereign, are to be expected to submit silently to a degradation under which no upright and honourable mind can exist?'

The result of the deliberations that succeeded this letter was the celebrated Milan Commission.

Of the effect of the evidence collected by that Commission upon Lord Eldon's mind, we may judge from a letter of April 26th, 1820:—

'Our

'Our queen threatens approach to England; but, if she can venture, she is the most courageous lady I ever heard of. *The mischief, if she does come, will be infinite—at first, she will have extensive popularity with the multitude; in a few short months or weeks she will be ruined in the opinion of all the world.*'

A most accurate prophecy! We should be sorry to dwell on this calamitous chapter in the history of the English monarchy; but we must permit ourselves an extract or two from the private letters of the time, showing how Lord Eldon thought and felt as the business proceeded. He says to his daughter, just before the negotiation between the queen's counsellors and the ministry failed (June 7th, 1820):—

'You will see by the impressions of the seal on this scrap, that cabinets are quite in fashion; daily, nightly, hourly cabinets. The lower orders here are all queen's folks; few of the middling or higher orders, except the profligate, or those who are endeavouring to acquire power through mischief. The bulk of those who are in Parliament are afraid of the effect of the disclosures and discussions which must take place, if there is not some pacific settlement: the queen is obstinate and makes no propositions tending to that—at least as yet; the king is determined, and will hear of none—of nothing but thorough investigation, and of what he, and those who consider *themselves* more than him, think and talk of—thorough exposure of the Q., and divorce. To this extent Parliament will not go. 'That body is afraid of disclosures—not on one side only—which may affect the monarchy itself.'

Again on the 10th:—

'Our nightly cabinets don't agree with Mamma, and she, you know, will never go to bed when I am out. The ministers will be compelled to give way to Parliament—and they are in a pretty state—if they give way, the K. will remove them—if they do not, they will be outvoted in Parliament and cannot remain. To-morrow will be a very busy day, if the Q. means to make any propositions for arrangement. The K. will *make* none—and, if he *can find* an Administration that will fight everything to the last moment at any risk, he will *receive* none.'—

On the 14th of July:—

'I hope strict justice will be done in the inquiry; and, for myself, I am determined to look neither to the right nor to the left—to court no favour from any party, but doing my duty faithfully and to the best of an unbiassed judgment, to preserve that state of comfort in my own mind, which I have hitherto laboured not to forfeit.'—

On the question for the third reading of the Bill of pains and penalties, November 10th, the majority was only 9—and Lord Liverpool then announced that he abandoned the measure. The chancellor said nothing in the House, but he thus writes to his daughter on the 23rd.:—

'I thought it wholly inconsistent with the dignity of the House of Lords

Lords to close the most solemn inquiry ever entertained in that House, by doing nothing. The bill should either have been rejected or passed. But to have upon our Journals four different resolutions, all founded upon our avowed conviction of her guilt, and then neither to withdraw those resolutions, nor to act upon them, appears to me perfectly absurd, and, both to the country and to her, unjust. To her surely it is so. We condemn her four times; she desires at our bar that we will allow her to be heard in her defence before the Commons; we will neither do that nor withdraw our condemnations; for, though the bill is withdrawn, the votes of condemnation remain upon our Journals.'

Lord Eldon, we have no doubt, acted throughout all this business under a sense of duty—he was incapable of the reverse—he was a man and a gentleman: but we think it must also be allowed that he looked at the practical questions involved in the course of it, far too exclusively through the optics of the lawyer. And it was in that character chiefly that he seems to have meditated on it long afterwards. In his *Anecdote Book* of 1827 he speaks of the 'Proceedings upon the queen's case in the House of Lords' as 'perhaps more just than prudent,'—but derives consolation from reflecting that they were so conducted, under his own authority, as to establish a precedent of lasting benefit. In previous cases of parliamentary impeachments and bills of pains and penalties, evidence had constantly been offered, and frequently received, such as the strict rules of English law would have held inadmissible. He would allow of 'no evidence that would have been rejected in Westminster Hall;' and assuredly that example will be adhered to. Mr. Twiss grants the value of this reform; but holds even that a small compensation for the general mischief of the transaction. He, however, acquits the ministry. He adopts Lord Eldon's defence on the ground that the queen 'had herself insisted upon bringing the matter to such a point, as made the whole question no longer a personal one between her and the king, but a public and constitutional one between her and the country.' Mr. Twiss is willing enough to acquiesce in what was—perhaps still is—the general belief, that, in the first stage of matrimonial life, the king was the inexcusable offender. We doubt very much whether, when the secret history comes out, that opinion will stand. For George IV. in his relations with women, first and last, there is not much to be said: but on that one score, we apprehend posterity will see reason to infer that he was disgusted *in limine*, and for ever alienated, by circumstances which must have had a similar effect in the case of any other English gentleman.

In the month of his coronation George IV. pressed the honour of an earldom on the chancellor in such terms that he could not refuse it—though he had *thrice*, it seems, declined a similar favour

favour from George III. His brother at the same time became Lord Stowell.

It cannot be expected that we should do more as to the rest of this book than selecting a few extracts from the correspondence of Lord Eldon illustrative of his personal feelings as to events still fresh in general recollection. *Pars magna fuit*—but the private papers of persons not less eminent, by whose services the country may hope to profit during many years yet to come, must have been, in the natural course of things, revealed as his are now, before it would be fair to conclude on the interior history of any transaction in which they were partakers.

The great feature of Lord Eldon's life as a statesman is his steady opposition to the Roman Catholic claims: our extracts, therefore, must bear chiefly on the history of that question; but we shall avoid entirely the grand arguments here reproduced. Our object, in short, is to pick out short passages, which, their dates duly considered, may indicate in some sort Lord Eldon's contemporary views and impressions respecting the successive steps by which the difficulty was complicated and the defence weakened. We are very sorry to say that the character of George IV. has been, in our opinion, sadly damaged by his Chancellor's revelations: at the same time it is proper to bear in mind throughout, that the king's nervous system had been greatly enfeebled some years before he exhibited the melancholy imbecility of vacillation which the strong-minded Eldon, much his senior, seems to have regarded with more of contempt than of pity.

Even as early as the spring of 1821, we find him writing to his brother with considerable alarm as to the steadiness of Lord Liverpool himself; but it is only after the visit to Ireland, in the summer of this year, that he begins to show symptoms of doubt as to the King himself. For example, he says, in April:—

‘As to Liverpool, I do not know what he means. Can a man who makes such a Secretary for Ireland as we have, and two such Regius Professors and such a Bishop, be serious?—With me this thing about the Catholics is not a matter of consistency, but of conscience. If there is any truth in religious matters, I cannot otherwise regard it.’

About the end of August:—

‘Dear Brother,—I think there is a great alteration where I did not look for it—even Sigmouth thinks the death of the Queen has removed, in a great degree, all objection to Canning.—I understand the King was particular and lavish in his attentions to Plunkett; he certainly means, if he can, to bring him into office—another Papist.’

In this same letter he intimates a ‘conviction’ that the King is disposed to ‘sweep the cabinet-room of the whole of us,’ i.e., of the High Tories. The last week of the year, however, brought a pleasant

a pleasant letter from the King, indicating anything but a wish to part with the Chancellor :—

‘ *Brighton, Dec. 26th, 1821.*

‘ My dear Friend,—You flattered me that when you had relaxation from business you would make me a short visit. It strikes me that next Monday and Tuesday are the two most probable days to afford you such an opportunity; therefore, if this should be so, and unless you have formed any pleasanter scheme for yourself, *pray come to me then*. I believe it will be necessary for you to swear in one or two of my state servants, the most of whom you will find assembled here; therefore pray be properly prepared. I hope it is not necessary for me to add how truly happy I should be, if our dear and good friend Lord Stowell would accompany you. A hearty welcome, good and warm beds, turkey and chine, and last, though not least in love, liver and crow, are the order of the day.

‘ Ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely yours,

‘ G. R.

‘ P.S.—N.B. No church preferment will be requested upon the present occasion.’

The ‘liver and crow’ is an allusion to a joke of the Chancellor’s at the expense of Sir John Leach. Inviting Lord Eldon to dine with him on some grand occasion, he begged to be informed if there was any dish his Lordship had a particular fancy for. The Chancellor, smiling serenely on the exquisite Amphitryon, named ‘liver and bacon.’

This puts us in mind of not a bad joke of George IV. in the Anecdote Book. It seems his Majesty, when in special good humour, sometimes applied to the Lord Chancellor his popular *sobriquet* derived from the Purse of the Great Seal. When Lord Eldon introduced Sir John Leach as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, that fine gentleman appeared, of course, with an official purse of smaller dimensions. ‘Old Bags,’ whispered the King, ‘I think we must call Leach “reticule.”’

In the same page the Chancellor records a gay dinner at the Duke of York’s. Mr. Greenwood was present, and some sprightly guardsman at a late hour gave the wealthy army-agent’s health, as one ‘to whom most of the company had long been, and were likely long to be, under great obligations.’ This fun excited the Commander-in-Chief to propose a bumper for another guest. ‘I believe,’ said the Duke, ‘I am correct in stating that my worthy friend, Mr. Coutts, here, has been my banker for five and twenty years—fill your glasses.’ ‘Sir,’ said Mr. Coutts, ‘really your Royal Highness does me too much honour—it is your Royal Highness that has been good enough to keep my money.’

But, to come back to the ‘liver and crow,’ &c.—it may be surmised that all these charming things were not tendered without some

some *arrière pensée*: for, in a fortnight's time, we see that Lord Liverpool has allied with himself a section of hitherto outlying Grenvillites—and the Chancellor grumbles—but *stays*:—

'This coalition, I think, will have consequences very different from those expected by the members of Administration who have brought it about. I hate coalitions.'

In May Mr. Canning's bill for admitting Popish peers to sit in parliament renews the alarm:—

'Sunday, May 5th, 1822.

'I am going as usual to Carlton House;* the King is still confined with the gout. How he is to manage, with some Ministers servants of the Pope, and others foes of his Holiness, I can't tell; but if I was a King, I would have my servants all of one mind. Great uncertainty as to the event of next Friday on the Catholic business. I think it will pass the Commons; and whilst individuals are voting for it there under a conviction that it will be lost in the Lords, there is reason, very much, I am sorry to say, to doubt *that*;—for Lords are beginning to think it foolish to be the instruments by which other persons may vote dishonestly.'

This blew over—but the anxieties of that session were fatal to the only pro-Catholic member of the Liverpool cabinet who seems to have had much of Lord Eldon's personal regard. Mr. Twiss prints this sufficiently characteristic epistle:—

'Royal George Yacht, Leith Roads,
August 15th, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. 8 p.m. 1822.

'My dear Friend,—I have this moment heard from Liverpool of the melancholy death of his, and my dear friend, poor Londonderry. On Friday was the last time I saw him: my own mind was then filled with apprehensions respecting him, and they have, alas! been but too painfully verified. My great object, my good friend, in writing to you to-night, is to tell you that I have written to Liverpool, and I do implore of you not to *lend yourself* to any arrangement *whatever*, until my return to town. This, indeed, is Lord Liverpool's own proposal; and as you may suppose, *I have joined most cordially* in the proposition. It will require the most *prudent foresight* on *my* part relative to the new arrangements that must now necessarily take place. You may easily judge of the state of my mind. Ever believe me, your sincere friend,

'G. R.'

Mr. Twiss prints this—but, strange to say, he gives us nothing from Lord Eldon on what immediately ensued—one of the most important, and what must have been to him the most distasteful of all the changes that ever occurred in the Liverpool cabinet—the reintroduction of Mr. Canning as Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons. On this subject not a scrap! He is more communicative as to the next step in this history:—

* These regular Sunday closetings seem to have been regarded with considerable jealousy by some of the Chancellor's colleagues, especially by Lord Liverpool.

'Feb.

' Feb. 1, 1823.

' Dear Brother,—The " Courier " of last night announces Mr. Huskisson's introduction into the Cabinet—of the intention or the fact I have no other communication. Whether Lord Sidmouth has, or not, I don't know, but really this is rather too much. What makes it worse is, that the great man of all has a hundred times most solemnly declared, that no connexion of a certain person's should come in. There is no believing one word anybody says—and what makes the matter still worse is, that everybody acquiesces most quietly, and waits in all humility and patience till their own turn comes.'

And the Chancellor *ipse* acquiesced!—Mr. Twiss's delicacy leaves some names uniformly in blank; but we think most people can fill in for themselves.

' May 3rd, 1823.

' Lady —— is to have a great party to-night: long expected. She has thought proper to inform us *this morning*, that she is to be at home *this night*. This is a little impertinent, as her invitations to others have been circulating for weeks past, under the head of fashionable parties. I shall send for answer, that as she is to be at home, so we intend also to be at home.'

' August, 1823.

' All the world here is running on Sundays to the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden, where they hear a Presbyterian orator from Scotland, preaching, as some ladies term it, *charming* matter, though downright nonsense. To the shame of the King's Ministers be it said, that many of them have gone to this schism shop with itching ears.—Lauderdale told me, that when Lady —— is there the preacher never speaks of an heavenly mansion, but an heavenly *Pavilion*. For other ears, mansion is sufficient. This is a sample!'

' Friday night, September 4th, 1823.

' The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham in the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The King is in such thralldom that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon " ne cede malis," it is better to go out than to be turned out!! which will assuredly be the case. God bless you.'

We have not teased our readers with the incessant attacks made through all these years on the Chancellor in his judicial capacity. In February, 1824, we find him in communication on this subject, not with the then leader in the House of Commons, but with Mr. Peel; who accordingly made himself master of all the details as to the Court of Chancery, and vindicated his friend against charges most offensive to his feelings, not only as a lawyer, but as an honest man, in a style which produced a powerful impression on the long-abused public—and in the highest degree gave gratification to Lord Eldon. He says to his daughter (Feb. 28)—

' Peel

‘Peel will have it that the late House of Commons business has been a most fortunate thing for *your* father. How that may be I cannot be sure; but I am sure that he could not have taken more pains about it if I had been *his* father.’

And on the same day, to one of his clerical friends in the north,—

‘You will see that I have been lately the object of much persecution. But, *impavidum ferient*. In a life such as mine has been, that there have been some things neglected is too true. But take the whole together, I have done more business in the execution of my public duty than any Chancellor ever did; yea, three times as much as any Chancellor ever did. If these malignant attacks had not been made against me, year after year, I should have been in retirement; but to hatred, malice, and uncharitableness I will not give way. I will not gratify those who revile me. My rule through life has been to do what I think right, and to leave the consequences to God.’

To come back to the Romanists.—On the 22nd June, 1824, the Chancellor so far relaxed as to acquiesce in the second reading of a bill for enabling the Duke of Norfolk to act as Earl Marshal without taking the oath of supremacy. Next morning brought a note from Carlton House, in a very unusual style:—

‘The King desires to apprise the Lord Chancellor, that the King has learnt, through the medium of the newspapers, what has been passing in Parliament relative to the office of Earl Marshal of England.

‘The King cannot suppose that the Lord Chancellor of England can approve of the King’s dispensing with the usual oaths attached to that, or any other high office; but if the King should be mistaken in this supposition, the King desires that the Lord Chancellor will state his reasons in writing, why the King should be expected to give his consent to such an unusual and unprecedented measure.—G. R.’

Lord Eldon, however, could have found no great difficulty in allaying the King’s apprehensions as to that special concession, for a few days later he writes thus to his daughter:—

‘Yesterday we had our party: all went off very well. The whole in good, or rather high, humour. The King sent me a message by the Duke of York, that he would have dined if he had been asked. He should certainly have been asked if I had been aware that he would have condescended to permit me to send him an invitation. I have not heard, however, of his dining out since the Crown descended upon him. Perhaps it is better, great as the honour would have been, that I did not know that he would have conferred it; for there are such feelings in the minds of some, notwithstanding all the prayers they offer up to be delivered therefrom, as feelings of malice, hatred, envy, and uncharitableness.’

‘June 25th, 1824. Friday.

‘Yesterday the Duke of Wellington’s dinner. Did not get there till past eight—all the turtle gone, alas! Ditto, all the fish. Very splendid; not comfortable; open window on my left side—got a cold thereby. In the

the evening hundreds came—one in fifty was as many as I knew. The King went in great state with an escort of horse. I think that job, and prorogation to-day, will lay him up.

At dinner yesterday, 1. The King. 2. Duke of York. 3. The Lady! 4, 5. Duke and Duchess of Wellington. 6, 7. Count Lieven and Lady. 8. Prince Polignac. 9. Dutch Ambassador. 10. Chancellor. 11. Marquis Conyngham. 12. His son. 13. His daughter. 14. Liverpool. 15. Bathurst. 16. Melville. 17, 18. Lord and Lady Warwick. 19, 20. Lord and Lady Gwydir. 21. Lord Glenlyon. 22. Mr. Canning. 23. Mr. Robinson. 24. Lord Maryborough. 25. Lord Westmoreland. 26. Mr. Peel. And two more, I forget who.'

Lord Eldon, in his Anecdote Book, states distinctly that the Duke of York made his famous Anti-Catholic declaration on the 25th April, 1825, without any previous consultation whatever either with the King or with the Chancellor. To his daughter he says:—

'In speaking of what his father endured upon this question he was deeply affected, and deeply affected all who heard him.' He concluded by laying his hand upon his heart, and declaring that he ever had, and ever should, in any situation in which he might be placed, oppose these claims of the Roman Catholics: so help him God!—The K. thinks he might have left out the words "in whatever situation he might be," because he, the K., does not intend soon to quit one, in which he, the D. of Y., may be. But he says it with perfect good humour. The D. of Y. is at Newmarket. It is to be regretted that, in his highly important and lofty situation, he spends so many days with blacklegs, and so many nights at cards.'

'Then comes a letter (May 18th), headed 'Victory—bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 48;' and then—

'May 23rd, 1825; Monday.

'We had a most sumptuous and splendid set-out at the Duke of York's on Saturday—twenty-four rejoicing Protestants round the table. We drank the 48, the year 1688, and the glorious and immortal memory of William III.—but without noise or riot.

'I forgot to tell you that we have got a new favourite toast. Lady Warwick and Lady Braybrook (I think that is her name) would not let their husbands go to the House to vote for the Catholics: so we Protestants drink daily, as our favourite toast, "The ladies who locked up their husbands."—vol. ii. p. 553.

According to Mr. Twiss's information, it was at last settled in the summer of 1826 that Lord Eldon should retire;—Lord Gifford, then Master of the Rolls and Deputy Speaker in the Lords, succeeding him as Chancellor. To the deep distress of Lord Eldon and of all who knew him in private or were capable of appreciating him in his public capacities, Lord Gifford was cut off suddenly, in the prime vigour of life, in the beginning of

September; and Mr. Twiss states that the inconvenience likely to result from appointing two new Equity Judges at the same time weighed so with Lord Liverpool and with the King, that Lord Eldon was urged once more to defer his resignation, and very reluctantly consented.

We are not quite convinced that his resignation had been definitely resolved in 1826:—but, whether or not, his official career was now near its close. The death of the Duke of York—itsself a heavy blow to the Protestant cause—was rapidly followed (Feb., 1827) by the illness of Lord Liverpool, whose tact, temper, moderation, and candour had for so many years enabled him to hold together a Cabinet, within which there had all along been a decided difference of opinion on the Roman Catholic question, and which latterly, moreover, contained not a few elements of personal jealousy, mistrust, and aversion. The instant that its premier was known to be permanently disabled, it fell to pieces; but if any still adhere to the belief that the most important resignations which followed on the announcement of Mr. Canning's headship were preconcerted, this book will convince them that such was not the fact: that the Chancellor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Home Secretary, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, acted each as an individual, and each one of them took ground more or less peculiar to himself. Some letters to Lord Eldon, here printed, are among the most interesting documents we have read; but we must leave them to be studied in connexion with the other materials of a very curious chapter.

Among the tidings that at this epoch astonished Lord Eldon was that of a patent of precedence granted to the *quondam* Attorney-General of Queen Caroline. When the new Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, communicated this to his predecessor, the old Earl remarked, quietly, that he hoped the King would not now object to let Mr. Brougham be informed that he, Lord Eldon, had repeatedly during a long series of years urged on his Majesty the propriety of giving him a silk gown—that the withholding it was unjust to Mr. Brougham—injurious to the Bar—and unworthy of his Majesty's magnanimity. The King could not but permit the explanation thus suggested: and Mr. Brougham soon afterwards took an opportunity of expressing his regret that it came so late.

Mr. Twiss prints also some very valuable papers with reference to the short administration of Lord Goderich; but these do not much concern the ex-chancellor, nor is there any new light thrown on the formation of the Wellington cabinet in January, 1828. It was already well known that Lord Eldon had expected to be invited on that occasion to resume a place in the cabinet—the

the office he had anticipated was, it seems, that of President of the Council. Mr. Twiss drops not the slightest hint that any arrangement had been made, or even contemplated, for retaining him as a cabinet minister, had his retirement from the woolsack taken place in 1826. This increases our doubts about the resignation story;—for how painfully he felt the exclusion of 1828, is abundantly shown by his letters, of which it is sufficient for us to copy one. It is addressed to his daughter.

‘ *London, March 3rd, 1828.*

‘ Dear Fanny,—I begin to think that what the D. of W. said to me (that my opinions and principles were so fixed upon certain points, that it was somewhat impracticable to form an Administration with sentiments conformable with those opinions and principles) may be correctly true. He told me that P. would not accept office without Huskisson; and *report* uniformly represents that Huskisson would not accept office, if Lord Eldon was to be in office. This may be a clue to the truth: for if Peel would not accept office, the D. of W., I am sure, could not form an Administration, that could begin work in the Commons. But then I say we old ones should have met Parliament *out of office*—all of us—and a very little time would have ensured the country against that sad evil, “a coalition Ministry:” of that I have no doubt—and I am as much of an old fox in these matters as Mr. Tierney. As to office, I would not step across the street to be placed in it on my *own* account. I could get *nothing* by it—its emoluments, *as such*, are not worth my having—for my pension is larger than those of any office that I could have accepted; and from the pension the emoluments of office would be to be deducted. But then they might have given me an opportunity of offering my services to the country, and relieving it from the pension, to the extent of the emoluments of office. It is not because office was not offered me that I complain—it is because those with whom I have so long acted and served did not, candidly and unreservedly, explain themselves and their difficulties to me. And they were not mine adversaries that did me this dishonour, but mine own familiar friends, with whom I had, for so many years, taken sweet counsel together.’

The following fragments can need no explanation:—

‘ *April, 1828.*

‘ The Dissenters Bill is to be debated on the 17th,—we, who oppose, shall fight respectably and honourably; but victory cannot be ours. What is most calamitous of all is, that the Archbishops and several Bishops are against us. What they can mean, they best know, for nobody else can tell—and, sooner or later,—perhaps in this very year—*almost certainly in the next*,—the concessions to the Dissenters must be followed by the like concessions to the Roman Catholics.’

‘ *July 9th, 1828.*

‘ Nothing is talked of now, which interests any body the least in the world, except the election of Mr. O’Connell [for Clare], and the mischief that it will produce among debaters in the House of Commons,

and the more serious mischief which it will, in all human probability, excite in Ireland. . . . At all events, this business must bring the Roman Catholic question, which has been so often discussed, to a crisis and a conclusion. The nature of that conclusion I don't think likely to be favourable to Protestantism.'

' *August, 1828.*

'The King gives a grand dinner on the 12th at Windsor Castle. He has not, as one of his guests, invited a person of whom I can be bold enough to say, that the K. is more indebted to him, than he is to any other subject he ever had in a civil department, adding, by way of showing a little modesty, the old expression, "though I say it who should not say it."'

We now approach the 'crisis and conclusion' which Lord Eldon foresaw clearly as at hand in July, 1828—but which, in fact, this book proves him to have apprehended as ultimately inevitable from a much remoter date. The Speech at the opening of the Session of 1829 announced that the day was come. Twice, however, after that decisive hour, Lord Eldon obtained audience of the King for the purpose of presenting addresses against the ministerial measure; and Mr. Twiss produces a long memorandum, minuted by the Earl himself, descriptive of these interviews—a document drawn up in a diffuse, clumsy style of language certainly, but which, nevertheless, to use the biographer's own words, 'portrays very graphically the fluctuations in the mind of George IV., and exhibits in a striking point of view the contrast between his character and that of his father.' The first visit was on the 28th of March; and then the memorandum reports his Majesty to have said:—

'That at the time the Administration was formed, no reason was given him to suppose that any measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics were intended or thought of by Ministers: that he had frequently himself suggested the absolute necessity of putting down the Roman Catholic Association—of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act to destroy the powers of the most seditious and rebellious proceedings of the members of it, and particularly at the time that Lawless made his march: that instead of following what he had so strongly recommended, after some time, not a very long time before the present Session, he was applied to, to allow his Ministers to propose to him, as an united Cabinet, the opening the Parliament, by sending such a message as his Speech contained:—that, after much struggling against it, and after the measure had been strongly pressed upon him as of absolute necessity, he had consented that the Protestant members of his Cabinet, if they could so persuade themselves to act, might join in such a representation to him, *but that he would not then, nor in his recommendation to Parliament, pledge himself to any thing.*—He repeatedly mentioned that he represented to his Ministers the infinite pain it gave him to consent even so far as that.

' Hc

‘He complained that he had never seen the bills—that the condition of Ireland had not been taken into consideration—that the Association Bill had been passed through both Houses before he had seen it—that it was a very inefficient measure compared to those which he had in vain, himself, recommended—that the other proposed measures gave him the greatest possible pain and uneasiness—that he was in the state of a person with a pistol presented to his breast—that he had nothing to fall back upon—that his Ministers had threatened (I think he said twice, at the time of my seeing him) to resign, if the measures were not proceeded in, and that he had said to them “Go on,” when he knew not how to relieve himself from the state in which he was placed:—and that in one of those meetings, when resignation was threatened, he was urged to the sort of consent he gave by what passed in the interview between him and his Ministers, till the interview and the talk had brought him into such a state, that he hardly knew what he was about when he, after several hours, said “Go on.”—He then repeatedly expressed himself as in a state of the greatest misery, repeatedly saying “What can I do? I have nothing to fall back upon:” and musing for some time, and then again repeating the same expression.

‘In this day’s audience his Majesty did not show me many papers that he showed me in the second.—I collected from what passed in the second, that his consent to go on was in writings then shown to me. After a great deal of time spent (still in the first interview), in which his Majesty was sometimes silent—apparently uneasy—occasionally stating his distress—the hard usage he had received—his wish to extricate himself—that he had not what to look to—what to fall back upon—that he was miserable beyond what he could express;—I asked him whether his Majesty, so frequently thus expressing himself, meant either to enjoin me, or to forbid, considering or trying whether any thing could be found or arranged, upon which he *could* fall back. He said, “I neither enjoin you to do so, nor forbid you to do so; but, for God’s sake, take care that I am not exposed to the humiliation of being again placed in such circumstances, that I must submit again to pray of my present Ministers that they will remain with me.”—He appeared to me to be exceedingly miserable, and intimated that he would see me again.

‘I was not sent for afterwards, but went on Thursday, the 9th April, with more addresses. In the second interview, the King repeatedly, and with some minutes interposed between his such repeated declarations, musing in silence in the interim, expressed his anguish, and pain, and misery, that the measure had ever been thought of, and as often declared that he had been most harshly and cruelly treated—that he had been treated as a man, whose consent had been asked with a pistol pointed to his breast, or as obliged, if he did not give it, to leap down from a five pair of stairs window—What could he do? What had he to fall back upon?

‘I told him that his late Majesty, when he did not mean that a measure proposed to him should pass, expressed his determination in the most early stage of the business:—if it seemed to himself necessary to dissent, he asked no advice without dismissing his Ministers: he made

made that his own act—he trusted to what he had to hope from his subjects, who—when he had placed himself in such circumstances, and, protected them from the violence of party—if party, meaning to be violent, should get uppermost, could not leave him unsupported—that on the other hand, there could not but be great difficulties in finding persons willing to embark in office, when matters had proceeded to the extent to which the present measures had been carried,—as was supposed, and had been *represented, after full explanation of them to his Majesty,**—and he had so far assented.

‘This led to his mentioning again what he had to say as to his assent. In the former interview it had been represented that, after much conversation *twice* with his Ministers or such as had come down, he had said, “Go on;” and upon the latter of *those two* occasions, after many hours’ fatigue, and exhausted by the fatigue of conversation, he had said, “Go on.” He now produced two papers, which he represented as copies of what he had written to them, in which he assents to their proceeding and going on with the bill, adding certainly in each, as he read them, *very strong expressions of the pain and misery the proceedings gave him.* It struck me at the time that I should, if I had been in office, have felt considerable difficulty about going on after reading such expressions; but whatever might be fair observation as to giving, or not, effect to those expressions, *I told his Majesty it was impossible to maintain that his assent had not been expressed, or to cure the evils which were consequential, after the bill, in such circumstances, had been read a second time, and in the Lords’ House with a majority of 105.* This led him to much conversation upon that fact—that he had, he said, been deserted by an aristocracy that had supported his father—that, instead of forty-five against the measure, there were twice that number of Peers for it—that every thing was revolutionary—every thing was tending to revolution—and the Peers and the aristocracy were giving way to it. They (he said more than once or twice more) supported his father; but see what they had done to *him.* I took the liberty to say that I agreed that matters were rapidly tending to revolution—that I had long thought that this measure of Catholic emancipation was meant to be and would certainly be a step towards producing it—that it was avowed as such with the Radicals in 1794, 5, and 6:—that many of the Catholic Association were understood to have been engaged in all the transactions in Ireland in 1798—and what had they not been threatening to do if this measure was not carried, and even if it was carried? But I thought it only just to some of the Peers who voted for the bill to suppose that they had been led, or misled, to believe that his Majesty had agreed and consented to it.

‘He then began to talk about the Coronation oath. On that I could only repeat what I had before said, if his Majesty meant me to say any thing upon the subject. Understanding that he did so wish, I repeated that, as far as his oath was concerned, it was matter between him, God, and his conscience, whether giving his Royal Assent to this

* The italics in this memorandum are, we take it for granted, those of Lord Eldon’s autograph.

measure was "supporting, to the utmost of his power, the Protestant reformed religion." That it was not my opinion, nor the opinions of Archbishops, Bishops, or Lay Peers (*all which he must know, as well the opinions in favour of the measure, as those against it*) that were to guide and govern him; but he was to act according to his own conscientious view of the obligations under which such an oath placed him.

'Little more passed—except occasional bursts of expression,—
"What can I do? What can I now fall back upon? What can I fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched, my situation is dreadful; nobody about me to advise with. If I do give my assent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover: I'll return no more to England—I'll make no Roman Catholic Peers—I will not do what this bill will enable me to do—I'll return no more—let them get a Catholic King in Clarence." I think he also mentioned Sussex. "The people will see that I did not wish this."

'There were the strongest appearances certainly of misery. He, more than once, stopped my leaving him. When the time came that I was to go, he threw his arms round my neck and expressed great misery. I left him about twenty minutes or a quarter before five.

'I certainly thought, when I left him, that he would express great difficulty, when the Bill was proposed for the Royal Assent (great, but which would be overcome), about giving it. I fear that it seemed to be given as matter of course.'

The following extracts are from letters to his daughter, Lady F. Bankes:—

'April 14th, 1829.

'The fatal Bills received the Royal Assent yesterday afternoon. After all I had heard in my visits, not a day's delay! God bless us, and His Church!'

'April 30th, 1829.

'I went to the levee in consequence of a communication that it was much desired that I should do so by the King. I was grieved that my visit was a visit of duty to a Sovereign whose supremacy is shared by that Italian priest, as Shakespeare calls the Pope. But I heard that he much wished it, and I understood that it would be a relief if I would go. I was certainly received with a very marked attention. I followed those who are in the high places of office, to whom one bow was made. When I was about to pass, expecting the same slight notice, he took me by the hand and shook it heartily, speaking with great kindness.'

Once after this George IV. sent requesting Lord Eldon to call on him—but whatever he had designed to say, he merely spoke a few civil words: his embarrassment was very obvious. No wonder—yet Lord Eldon—who so shrewdly estimated the probable influence even on the masculine mind of George III. of the recollection that the subject had witnessed the weakness of the sovereign—appears to have been not a little surprised and hurt, on finding that George IV. could never forget the humiliating interviews of March and April, 1829.

Some

Some weeks later (May, 1829) he says to Lady Frances—

‘I fought as well as I could, but I am not what I was; and I never was what a statesman—an accomplished statesman—ought to be. Indeed a lawyer hardly can be both learned in his profession and accomplished in political science. The country will feel—deeply feel—the evils arising from this late measure. Not that those evils will be felt in its immediate effects. Those in whose favour the measure has taken place are too wary—far too wary—to give an alarm immediately; but few years will pass before its direful effects will be made manifest in the ruin of some of our most sacred, and most reverend, and most useful establishments.’

He was far enough from foreseeing the course of events, or the way in which the measure of 1829 was to influence that course. His biographer comes in the very next chapter to the French revolution of July; and as soon as Lord Eldon learned in what spirit that revolution was commented on by the most influential English newspapers, and how some of the ablest orators of the Whig party ‘fanned the sacred flame,’ he is found writing to Lord Stowell:—‘It will require a master-head, such as Pitt had, and nobody now has in this country, to allay what is brewing—a storm for changes here, especially for reform in Parliament.’ Yet when parliament met—a new parliament elected while that French fever was raging—Lord Eldon and his immediate friends acted, it must now be sorrowfully admitted, as if it were their more urgent duty to revenge the emancipation, than to oppose the coming ‘storm.’ Mr. Twiss says:—‘The Catholic Emancipation had riven the Conservative body asunder; and through that chasm this *mischief** forced its way.’ One hostile vote of the High Tories in the new House of Commons induced the resignation of the Emancipating Cabinet: and the instant their successors were named, Lord Eldon and the other Anti-Catholic leaders clearly perceived the fatal folly of that one vote. But elsewhere than within the House of Commons the same passionate resentment still prevailed—and the influence of this extra-parliamentary feeling is not omitted—though we doubt if it has exactly its right place assigned it—in Mr. Twiss’s eloquent enumeration of the concurrent influences which hurried England into a revolution far more serious than that which had just placed the son of Egalité on the throne of Louis XVI.—‘a revolution,’ in Mr. Twiss’s words, ‘not aiming at the mere change of a dynasty, but dissolving the entire frame of the British constitution.’

‘It was on the 1st of March, 1831, that Lord John Russell propounded

* Did Mr. Twiss, when he used this word, remember a certain remarkable letter of Gibbon, in 1792, wherein the historian discusses Mr. Grey’s early motion for reform, and tells his correspondent, Lord Sheffield, ‘Surely such men as * * * have talents for *mischief*!’—*Life and Correspondence, Milman’s edition*, p. 350.

the original Reform Bill to the House of Commons. The plan of it appeared, to most of his hearers on that night, too extravagant to have been intended seriously; and it was a pretty general opinion in the House that the Whigs, having little hope of retaining office themselves, started this invention with a view of so unsettling the popular mind as to make the government untenable by any other ministers. But when, on the following day, the public learned through the newspapers what it was, that the King's servants were willing to do, and the King to sanction, it became instantly obvious that nothing was too excessive for the appetite of the time. The whole country took fire at once. The working people expected that they were to change places with their employers; the middle classes believed that, by breaking down the parliamentary influence of the Peers, they should get the governing power of the state into their own hands: and the Ministers, the contrivers of the design, persuaded themselves that the people, out of sheer gratitude, would make the rule of the Whigs perpetual. If, to all these interested hopes, we add the jealousy of the vulgar at all privileges not shared by themselves—the resentment of the majority of the nation at the disregard of their sentiments respecting the Roman Catholic Bill—and the superficial notion that the direct representation of numbers is the principle of the elective franchise,—we shall have a tolerably correct conception of the motives of a revolution which, while it has trebled the corruption of the electors, has debased the tone and character of the House of Commons, and come already to be scouted as a cheat by all classes of the nation—which, by shutting the doors of parliament against the variety of interests and intelligences formerly returned through the close boroughs irrespectively of local connexion, has resolved all other objects into a fierce engrossing struggle between the only two forces now left in the representation, the land and the towns—which has narrowed the Sovereign's choice of the public servants in the parliamentary offices of state to the very small circle of the persons having seats at their own command—which has wasted weeks and months of each session in harangues, delivered for no other purpose than to show the mob-constituencies that their Members are astir—which has choked the progress of all practical business, and left still unsolved, after twelve years of trial, the great problem propounded by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Peers,—“But, my Lords, how is the King's Government to be carried on?”—vol. iii. p. 122-124.

From Mr. Twiss's book no one can expect new light as to the *dessous des cartes* of the Reform Bill. We get some, however, and curious light it is, from Part III. of Lord Brougham's ‘Political Philosophy,’ which has reached us as we write. Earl Grey's Chancellor here (p. 307) says, ‘The Government carried the Bill through the Lords by the power which his late Majesty had conferred upon us, of an unlimited creation of Peers at any stage of the measure. It was fortunate for the constitution that the patriotism of the Peers prevented us from having recourse to a measure

a measure so full of peril.' This is candid—but what is to be said as to his Lordship's revelations in the next page?

'I have often since asked myself the question, whether, if no secession had taken place, and the Peers had persisted in really opposing the most important provisions of the Bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Twelve years have now rolled over my head since the crisis of 1832: I speak very calmly on this as on every political question whatever; and I cannot, with any confidence, answer it in the affirmative. . . . Such was my deep sense of the consequences of the act, that I much question whether I should not have preferred running the risk of the confusion that attended the loss of the Bill as it then stood: and I have a strong impression on my mind that my illustrious friend (Earl Grey) would have more than met me half way in the determination to face that risk—(and, of course, to face the clamours of the people, which would have cost us little)—rather than expose the constitution to so imminent a hazard of subversion.'—p. 308.

His Lordship says much more, which we should be glad to quote. *Inter alia* at p. 317, we find him enumerating the principal defects of the existing system of representation; and placing second on that list 'the want of close boroughs.' He is, however, far from agreeing with Lord John Russell that the Reform was a Revolution. If it had been a Revolution, says Lord Brougham, it must have brought to light some new men of high ability!

It appears, then, that the 'mischief' was, after all, consummated by means of a hoaxing threat. Lord Eldon was not, of course, one of the seceders; he stood to his post first and last—how bravely, how ably, we need not tell.

He did his duty in the midst of the severest domestic affliction—for his wife, whom he had watched over with unwearied tenderness during many years of painful malady, was taken from him when the reform mania was still at its height—and in brave contempt of innumerable personal insults, outrages, and perils, which he shared, as his Anecdote Book expresses it, 'even with the great chief to whom the English people owed the liberties they were abusing.' These vulgar injuries he soon forgot or forgave—the loss of her who had partaken in all his fortunes and all his thoughts he never entirely recovered. He continued his attendance in parliament, opposing in vain many equally absurd and baneful political innovations, the natural fruits of the 'mischief,' but opposing also, and with better effect, not a few rash and ill-considered projects of change within the department of the law. On purely legal questions his authority with the House of Lords remained to the end supreme; and, the storm once abated, his venerable presence in that assembly unquestionably contributed most essentially to the public good.

Few

Few of our readers can have forgotten the affecting scene that occurred in the theatre at Oxford after the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor (July, 1834), when, Lord Eldon being seated by his Grace as High Steward of the University, Lord Encombe was introduced as his 'Unicus Nepos,' to be admitted to an honorary degree. That scene fills a charming page in Mr. Twiss's third volume, and it is only one of many pages that will delight everybody, as proving how complete was the reconciliation between Lord Eldon and the political friends from whom he had for a time been alienated. Three years later Lord Encombe presided at the triennial celebration of Mr. Pitt's birthday; his grandfather was too feeble to be present; and the Duke, in proposing the young chairman's health, concluded with these words:—

'We have all of us the most respectful and affectionate recollections of Lord Eldon. Attachment to him, I may say, is almost a part of the constitution of the country.'

Unlike his not less illustrious brother, Lord Eldon retained to the last a complete possession of all the great and varied powers of his mind. He foresaw distinctly the near termination of a disorder under which for several years his physical strength had been gradually sinking, afforded an example of Christian resignation and endurance to the few surviving members of his affectionate family, and expired placidly in Hamilton-place on the 13th of January, 1838, anno ætatis 87. He was buried by the side of his abeth at Encombe.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry for South Wales. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.*

2. *Letters addressed to the Rate-payers in the Swansea Union.*
By J. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P. 1843.

NO quarter of the British Islands has, for a long course of years, occasioned less disquietude to its rulers, or attracted less of public attention to its internal concerns, than the principality of Wales. The inhabitants of the mountainous and agricultural districts, of which so large a part of that country consists, have been chiefly known to their English neighbours as a patient, industrious, and hard-faring race, tenacious of the traditions and customs of their forefathers, disliking change, and not easily aroused to enterprise; of a temperament somewhat sluggish and unimaginative, but warm and choleric in their feelings when excited, and capable of no small degree of pertinacity and dogged resolution in the pursuit of their objects. Far more influenced in their political

political attachments by local and hereditary associations, and a sort of feudal allegiance to particular families, than by the theories or watchwords of rival parties in the state; caring little for politics, as befits those 'whose talk is of bullocks,' they in great measure seem to have exemplified the unpopular doctrine 'that the people have no other concern with the laws but to obey them.' The spirit of obedience has indeed been manifested as well by the rarity of any political outbreak or excitement in that country, as by the very small proportion which crime has long borne to population in the Welsh counties, as compared with the average numbers on this side of the border. Empty gaols and white gloves have not unfrequently gladdened the judge of assize, pursuing his solitary circuit through those secluded districts; albeit, the scales of Justice have been less inactive than her sword, and the time saved from the criminal court has been yet more wearily consumed in unravelling the skein of some endless pedigree, or exploring the mazes of a thrice-contested will, on which the national appetite for litigation gloated only the more keenly in proportion to the insignificance of the stake.

It is not from a people formed of such materials, or addicted to such habits, that the apprehensions of statesmen are accustomed to take their rise; and accordingly it has been found that, while England, Scotland, and Ireland have successively raised spectres, affrighting cabinets from their propriety and perplexing monarchs with fear of change, no cry of 'Justice to Wales' has been echoed from Snowdon or Plinlimmon—no Cambrian Liberator has rallied his malcontent legions under the banners of peaceful tation or passive resistance against the government of the day. The iron districts, indeed, in the border county of Glamorga, have occasionally caused some disquietude; but manufactures and a newly-formed population have greatly modified in that region those native characteristics of the people to which these observations are more particularly intended to apply. Accustomed therefore, as they had been, to look for danger from any quarter rather than from the patient denizens of the principality, it was with a surprise approaching to incredulity, and with an indifference partaking of contempt, that the first intelligence of an organised resistance to the laws and violation of the public peace among the peasantry of Carmarthenshire was received by the English people. The nature and avowed objects of the movement, and the guise and mode of operations assumed by the insurgents, threw an air of the comic and ridiculous over this grotesque rebellion; and as no act of gratuitous violence or cruelty stained the earlier proceedings of the rioters, it is not too much to affirm that the public were at first inclined to wink at, if not

not to sympathise with, excesses carried on apparently in a spirit of frolic and good-humoured insubordination, and which seemed not without plausible grounds of excuse or palliation. Turnpike-gates—the unsightly obstacles to the Englishman's freedom of locomotion—the standing tax-gatherers in his path—the imposts on his pleasure and his business—were at the outset the declared and sole objects of the Welshmen's hostility: and stern must be that man's morality, and firm his abstract respect for laws, who (not being a mortgagee of tolls) could bear with strong emotions of horror and indignation that two or three toll-gates in a heavily-taxed district had been suddenly swept away, under cover of the night, by some invisible power, without further injury to property or person. So far, therefore, from any alarm being occasioned by this outbreak, the popular prejudice against turnpikes was rather flattered and regaled by the tales of the nightly feats of 'Rebecca and her daughters,' and credit was given to the Welsh genius for the novel and diverting form of insurrection which it had so appropriately devised.

The question naturally arises how or whence originated the peculiar scheme and machinery of this Cambrian crusade against turnpikes? Is any germ or feature of it to be discerned in any prevailing usage, or legend, or ancient tradition of the district? Who suggested to the mind of the plodding and unpoetical Welsh farmer the idea of the mounted Rebecca heading the charge of her sylvan chivalry, rallied in an instant from their mountain ambush, and dispersing again with the rapidity of ghosts at dawn? Surely they had never heard of the beautiful heroine of the Volscians:—

'Agmen agens equitum et florentes ære catervas
Bellatrix; non illa colo calathivæ Minervæ
Fœminas adsuctæ manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati.'

As little had they probably read of Madge Wildfire, the redoubtable assailant of the Tolbooth, as described in a scarcely less classic page.

Our researches into local customs and manners have not availed to discover anything which can be regarded as the genuine type of Rebeccaism. The curious national custom of the 'Ceffyl Pren,' or Wooden Horse, has indeed been suggested as having some features in common with the late disturbances, but the affinity does not appear to us to be very clearly made out beyond the common circumstances of tumultuary and lawless outrage, and the adoption of a quaint form of disguise. The 'Ceffyl Pren,' which has not unfrequently afforded much trouble to the local authorities, consists of a procession headed by a man wearing

wearing the disguise of a horse's head, sometimes the skeleton of a real head covered with a sheet or cloth, sometimes a head made of wood, which is placed upon the man's shoulders. Thus accoutred and attended by his rabble train, having their faces blackened, and torches in their hands, the 'Ceffyl Pren' makes his visitations by night to the houses of those who, for any domestic misconduct, such as is occasionally visited with 'rough music' in England, or from any other causes have made themselves obnoxious to popular disfavour. Houses are entered, and turned inside out, goods and furniture broken, and great uproar sometimes takes place. A very few years back, the magistrates of Cardigan felt themselves obliged to appeal to military succour against the antics of these troublesome masqueraders. The mention of this peculiar form of disguise suggests the recollection of the 'Scotch cattle' rioters, who committed a series of flagrant outrages not many years since in the iron districts of Glamorgan-shire. The breed of black Scotch cattle had recently been introduced among those hills, where the poorness of the herbage was unfit for any less hardy breed; and being a wild, hirsute, and rough-looking animal, the rioters, who commenced the outbreak on the plea of low wages, but afterwards resorted to it on any other offence or fancied grievance, assumed a name which symbolized with their own wild habits and lawless hardihood. The ringleader, or *Bull*, had a bullock's skin with horns thrown round him; the others blackened their faces, roared like cattle, and committed the most outrageous and cruel excesses; for which more than one, we believe, paid the penalty on the scaffold.

These incidents, however, though curious in themselves, do not seem to bring us much nearer to Rebecca, the destroyer of turn-pikes. Returning back to this side of the Severn, we seem to be coming nearer to a precedent. The minute and copious historian of Bristol, the Rev. S. Seyers, describes a great outbreak against toll-gates, which occurred there nearly a century ago. He says:—

'In the summer of the year 1749 turnpikes were erected, by an Act of Parliament passed for the purpose of repairing the roads ten miles round the city, which occasioned great murmurings among the country people, who clamoured against the toll as a mighty grievance, especially the colliers at Kingswood. About a fortnight after the erection of the gates the Ashton pike was destroyed in the night, and, soon after, the Bitton pike was blown up by gunpowder in the night. The commissioners offered 100*l.* reward on conviction of the offenders, and again set up the gates which had been destroyed. But, in some few days, the Bitton pike was cut down; and three persons present, coming into the city afterwards, were taken and committed to Newgate, which so enraged the Somersetshire men that they threatened they would come and release

release the prisoners. And, accordingly, on the day appointed, August 1st, they came in a very great body, 500 or 600, in open day, armed with clubs, pikes, hay-knives, and some guns, displaying ensigns, and drums beating, and three were mounted on horseback as commanders. They first destroyed the Ashton pike, and then proceeded to Bedminster, where they continued in a body till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, while they were there, entirely pulled down the house of one Durbin, an officer of the peace. They then advanced to Redcliffe Hill, and Redcliffe gate being shut, they went through Pile Street to Totterdown, where they presently destroyed the Brislington and Whitchurch turnpikes, amidst a numerous party of spectators in the fields.'

The civil force was overawed, and the mob would have returned triumphant, but a bold citizen, John Brickdale by name, headed a party of townsfolk and sailors armed with cutlasses, who drove the rioters before them, taking twenty or thirty prisoners. Two of these were tried at Taunton and executed:—the others were tried at Salisbury—

'But notwithstanding,' says the historian, 'that the fact was notoriously proved against several of them, the jury, being country-people, would not find one of them guilty.—The colliers of Kingswood also rose, and destroyed the Gloucestershire pikes and houses, and continued ravaging the country for a week or more, extorting money from travellers, and living at free quarter among the farmers. Several trifling particulars of these riots and of the battles fought at the turnpikes between the country-people and the gentry are still remembered, as related by the actors themselves. Notwithstanding which riots and the demolition of the gates, it appears that turnpike gates have been maintained ever since.'—*Seyers' History of Bristol*, p. 595.

It appears, however, that many years later, towards the close of the last century, similar riots again broke out in Bristol, and some gates near the city were destroyed. The Hereford militia were called out, and ordered to fire upon the mob. Their discharge led to a tragical occurrence. A Quaker traveller, accidentally standing near the door of an inn, was shot dead, which occasioned much excitement in the city and among the fraternity to which he belonged. We have been informed that on this latter occasion some of the rioters wore female attire—but Mr. Seyers's history does not assist us at this period.

To return to Rebecca, or, as it is more familiarly abbreviated, 'Becca,' the origin and meaning of that name as applied to designate a Welsh insurrection against toll-gates might be a perplexing question for future etymologists and antiquarians. The marked propensity of the lower classes of that country, deriving most of the scanty instruction which they possess from their religious, and chiefly Dissenting, teachers, to apply to common events and circumstances the language and allusions of the Old Testament,

Testament, furnishes a clue to this appellation. In the 24th chapter of Genesis, at the 60th verse, we read—'And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her: Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.'

The application of this passage to an Anti-Turnpike League is uncouth and farfetched enough. But 'what's in a name?' 'Rebecca,' as has been shown, 'will raise a spirit as well as Cæsar.' The peasantry, animated with a spirit of resistance to the evils which they experienced, cared little to inquire whether any more appropriate title might have been devised for their heroine. They enlisted under her banner, and the name, hatched in the brain of some village politician, or suggested by some ranter in a conventicle, speedily became so popular, that in a few months there was scarce a hamlet from Cardiff to Aberystwith in which it was not familiar as a household word; few in which it was not repeated with something like sympathy or exultation; while in those districts which were the cradle of her birth and the scene of her first exploits, the name of 'Rebecca' was a charm of power—

'One blast upon *her* bugle-horn
Was worth a thousand men.'

The plan upon which the operations of the Rebeccaïtes were conducted, and the form and mode of their attacks, indicated no small tact and address. The secret was well kept, no sign of the time and place of the meditated descent was allowed to transpire, except in some few cases when resistance was impossible and precaution needless. All was still and undisturbed in the vicinity of the doomed toll-gate, until a wild concert of horns and guns in the dead of night, and the clatter of horses' hoofs announced to the startled toll-keeper his 'occupation gone.' With soldier-like promptness and decision the work was commenced—no idle parleying, no needless proclamation of hostility wasted the time required for action, or afforded opportunity for identifying the actors—no irrelevant desire of plunder or revenge divided their attention or embroiled their proceedings. They came to destroy the turnpike—and they did it—as fast as saws and pickaxes and strong arms could accomplish the task. No elfish troop at their pranks of mischief ever worked more deftly beneath the moonlight. Stroke after stroke was plied unceasingly until, in a space which might be reckoned by minutes from the time when the first wild notes of their rebel music had heralded the attack, the stalwart oak posts were sawn asunder at their base, the strong gate was in billets, and the substantial little dwelling, in
which

which not half an hour before the collector and his family were quietly slumbering, had become a shapeless pile of stones or brick-bats at the way-side. The ejected lessee himself, more frightened than hurt, and almost doubting whether he had seen a reality or the nightmare, stood shivering and disconsolate among his household goods, which the compassion of the rioters had allowed him to extricate from the wreck. Meantime all the movements of the assailants had been directed by a leader mounted and disguised, like his body-guard, in female attire, or with a shirt thrown over the clothes, and having, like them, his face blackened and shaded by a bonnet, or by flowing curls or other head-gear. The work being now completed, a sudden explosion of horns and guns, with, perhaps, a few emphatic words of warning to the toll-keeper against repeating the offence of obstructing the Queen's highway, precedes the departure of the mysterious visitants: in a moment they are vanished as they came, and all is still. Day comes, and the face of the country wears its accustomed aspect; the ordinary occupations of society go on as usual; nothing on the surface indicates to the passing observer the disturbed spirit of the country. Nobody, of course, has the least idea who the parties concerned in the riots can be, and but for the incontrovertible evidence of dismantled turnpikes the very existence of Rebecca might be a matter of scepticism.

But unbelief being now impossible, Rebecca being 'a great fact' and not a mere fiction of the 'accident-makers' of the press, the question of her identity was asked and discussed with universal curiosity. Conjecture revelled in improbabilities. A 'disappointed provincial barrister' was first complimented with the imputation—a dangerous class, no doubt, and well-fitted 'for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' But the idea of the movement was evidently not *lawyer-like*—a barrister would have been more likely to make use of 'John Doe' than 'Rebecca' in an 'ejectment' against turnpikes. Chartism next shared the honour of originating the outbreak, and dark hints were dropped and mysterious stories told of strangers seen here and there, and men in gigs, of suspicious appearance and without ostensible business, who were beyond all doubt connected with the movement. A worthy magistrate near Cardigan, who gave evidence before the Commissioners of Inquiry, is of this faith. Speaking of the destruction of a salmon-weir in that neighbourhood, he says—

'I was told that a stranger came into that neighbourhood, and located himself at one of the houses in the parish of Mount;—and soon after that the people took down the weir.—Have you any idea who he is?—No, I have not; I saw him in the town, and marked him, but of course I could do nothing. The morning after the New Inn turn-

pike-gate was taken down he went off, and the Monday night following the other gate was taken down. He used generally to go into the blacksmith's shop, or any place of that kind, and talk of the people's grievances. He said they ought to have more for their labour, and other things; he was a remarkably well-dressed man. I saw him in church, and asked who he was, and they said he is lodging with So-and-so: I did not think much of it at the time, and I saw him again, and then I asked who he was, and they said he walks about the sea-shore a good deal. I have not the slightest doubt that he organized this party hereabouts: he was in Cardigan for some time, and the very next morning after the attack upon the gates I saw him in a regular blackguard dress; he wore one of those loose velvet jackets, and his boots were of the commonest description, nailed and laced, and dirty, as if he had been at some work: he went that week from Cardigan, and was traced up the road to the New Jan.'—*Evidence*, p. 224.

One feature in this portraiture of Rebecca cannot fail to afford satisfaction to the reader. Though a 'regular blackguard' in her dress on working days, she is a good church-goer on Sundays, and has at least so much decency of feeling as to appear on such occasions 'remarkably well dressed.' We must extract one other testimony favourable to the 'Great Unknown.' Mr. Bullin, one of the principal lessees of tolls in South Wales, and doubtless a chief sufferer from Rebeccaism, vouches for that heroine in a manner most creditable to his candour. Having informed the Commissioners that 'the person who took the lead was called Becca,' he is asked—

'Who was that person?—I do not know. *I have no doubt it was some respectable man* in that part of the country, but I do not know who it was.'—*Evidence*, p. 378.

There has been manifested a great disposition to personify and fix on some individual agent the spirit which prompted and organized the various enterprises. But the supposed sole chief and director of such a campaign must have been gifted with ubiquity, for Rebecca was in three or four counties at the same moment:

'Methinks there be *ten* Richmonds in the field!'

With one hand she smote an obnoxious toll-gate in Radnorshire, and with the other she cleared a free passage for the traveller to the wild sea-coast of Pembroke. It is likely enough that in any single district where the riots prevailed, there may have been some influential ringleader who arranged and organized the performances of the night, who assumed for the time a sort of chieftainship over his associates, and was known among them by the title of Rebecca. But the nature of the movements themselves, breaking out simultaneously in widely-separated districts, similar, indeed, in their form, but evidently unconnected with each other,

other, and often traceable to distinct local causes, precludes the belief of any unity of direction or common centre of action. We believe, indeed, that few popular commotions have ever been more purely local in their origin, or more spontaneous and unpremeditated in the successive stages of their progress. The course of events by which Rebeccaism ceased to be a jest and became a serious and alarming conspiracy is perfectly intelligible and consistent with former experience, implying no previous national organization or deliberate revolt against the principles of social order. To the predisposing causes in which this singular epidemic originated we shall presently recur more fully, after a slight sketch has been given of the course and succession of the leading events and most remarkable features of the disorders.

With respect to the first overt act and manifestation of Rebeccaism most witnesses who were examined before the Commissioners are agreed. We give the circumstances in the words of the Report:—

‘In the year 1839,’ says Mr. Baugh Allen, ‘some people from England, for the first time, gave intimation that if certain new gates were erected on roads where considerable lime and culm traffic passed, they might be induced to farm the tolls at a higher rate than that which had been previously obtained. Their proposition was accepted; the tolls were let to Mr. Bullin, an extensive toll-contractor, and four new gates were erected. But the country people, thinking it wrong that the trustees should take tolls where they had incurred no expenditure, assembled “in the midst of summer, at about six o’clock in the afternoon, and those gates were pulled down amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity, and were destroyed without the interference of anybody. “I do not think,” says Mr. W. Evans, the clerk of this Trust, “they were a week standing.”’

‘The trustees gave notice of their intention to re-erect the gates. A meeting was held for the purpose at St. Glear’s, but at that meeting a number (from thirty to forty, as it is said) of the leading magistrates of the county of Carmarthen qualified to act as trustees, and they decided, by a large majority, that the gates should not be re-erected.

“This act of the magistrates,” says a very intelligent witness, “gave satisfaction to the country for a time, but it strengthened the hands of the discontented, and, in some measure, prepared them for further violence.”—*Report*, p. 3.

The spark however, thus kindled, remained for a long time dormant and smouldering. It was not till the early part of the year 1843 that public attention began to be strongly excited towards South Wales. The proceedings of the gate-breakers commencing in Caermarthenshire, and extending from thence through the adjacent counties of Pembroke and Cardigan, were characterised by remarkable vigour and alacrity. Gate after

gate was swept down 'with its appurtenances,' and almost every other day's newspaper recorded some new feat of demolition. The Commissioners in their Report describe some of the Trusts as 'interlacing' each other, and forming, with their multitudinous gates and bars, 'a sort of network' around the villages. But through this 'network' Rebecca broke as easily as Samson burst the green withes of the Philistines. The catalogue of demolished gates in one county alone (Caermarthenshire), as we gather it from the evidence appended to the Report, reads like a fiction. In the Whitland Trust, in which, before the riots, stood eleven gates and bars, were destroyed—*all*. In the Three Commotts Trust, out of twenty-one gates and bars—*all but two*. In the Brechfa Trust, five gates and bars—*all*. In the Tivey-side Trust, nine gates and bars—*all*. In the Llandilo Rhywns Bridge Trust, two gates and bars—*both*. In the *Main* Trust, out of twenty-six gates and bars—*seven*. In the Llangadock Trust, out of thirteen gates and bars—*nine*. In the Newcastle Trust, out of nine gates and bars—*six*. In the Llandilo and Llandebie Trust, out of seven gates and bars—*four*. In the Llandovery and Lampeter Trust, out of thirteen gates and bars—*four gates and all the bars*. Of these also many had been again and again prostrated until the trustees grew tired of re-erecting them.

Success so rapid and unbroken, with its pleasant fruits of passing along the highways untaxed, and the complete impunity which attended the rioters, the local authorities being quite unable to cope with assailants so numerous and determined, produced its natural effects. Other districts caught the contagion: the mode of warfare and disguise adopted by these new guerrillas, equally grotesque and well adapted to its object, seized the popular fancy: and the daughters of Rebecca grew and multiplied, till, flushed with success and the consciousness of their strength, they conceived the idea that the people had other grievances besides high tolls to complain of, and that the machinery which had produced such fruits in one case might be employed with equal efficiency in others. Thenceforth the heroine of the toll-gates set herself up as the general reformer and rectifier of all the social ills that affected the community, and the old *cheval de bataille* of the turnpike-gates gave place to a sort of budget of popular maladies and discontents, familiarly styled 'grievances.' Meetings were held in remote and secluded spots, penetrated with difficulty by the indefatigable agents of the press, at which the various ills which the race of farmers and small occupiers is heir to were discussed, Rebecca herself being probably not seldom a leading spokesman. The following most curious summary of the popular complaints, evidently a very imperfect translation from the

the aboriginal dialect, emanated from one of these mountain synods, and shows the extent and variety of their now emboldened demands:—

‘To the conductors of the Convention appointed to be held at Cwm Ivor, in the parish of Llandi, in the county of Carmarthen, on Thursday the 20th day of July, in the first year of Rebecca’s exploits, A.D. 1843.

‘To concur and inquire into the grievances complained of by the people, and to adopt the best method of avoiding the surprising deprivations that exist, and the eternal vigilance of our superintendents, which is the price of our liberty.

‘We wish to reduce the prices [qu. taxes?] and secure our blessings. An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot.

‘Power usurped is weak when opposed. The public interest depends upon our compliance to examine the cause of the calamity, and unveil the corruptions to Rebecca.

‘The following resolutions agreed, and intend to recommend to your future aspect by us whose names are here subscribed at foot, being householders within the above heretofore-mentioned parish.

‘1. To levelling all petty gates and gate-posts connected with bye-ways and bridle-roads, or any roads repaired by the parishioners. Also coals, lime, and grains taken to market, be exempted from tolls.

‘2. The motive is the abolition of heavy tithe and rent-charge in lieu of tithe.

‘3. The abolition of Church-rates.

‘4. A total alteration of the present Poor-law.

‘5. An equitable adjustment of landlord’s rent.

‘6. Not to allow or grant any Englishman to have the privilege of a steward or governor in South Wales.

‘7. If any man rents his neighbour’s sahn treacherously, we must acquaint the Lady, and endeavour to encourage her exertions wherever she wishes for us to execute our phenomena and combat.

‘8. To request the farmers not to borrow any money on purpose to pay unlawful demands; and if the result be that some person or persons will annoy any one by plundering and sacrifice their goods in respect to such charge, we must protect them and diminish their exploits of onism.

‘9. That a Committee of Privy Council must be held when necessary, and no persons under the age of eighteen years are not admitted into it. Neither women nor any of the female sex shall be introduced into this selected assembly, except Rebecca and Miss Cromwell.’

It will be seen from the above *précis* that Rebecca had made no small strides since she levelled the first turnpike on the Whitland Trust. She now stepped forward as the mediatrix in questions of private right, and even the delicate subject of rents and tenures was not too sacred for her interference. Previously, however, to the date of the Convention of Cwm Ivor, an event took place which indicated the attainment of a new stage in the movement.

movement. On the 10th of June, in the said 'first year of Rebecca's exploits,' a '*demonstration*' took place: a very numerous body of the insurgents marched in open day into the town of Caermarthen. They were headed by a band of music, and most of them carried staves, others brooms, indicating their intention to sweep away the Toll-houses and Unions: the leading body consisted of many thousands of persons on foot, made up doubtless in great part of the rabble of the town and suburbs, with the usual complement of women and children. A man in disguise appeared to represent Rebecca, and the rear was brought up by a body of about 300 farmers on horseback. The procession defiled through the streets, hooting the magistracy as they passed. The Union Workhouse appeared to be the main object of their visit, and but for the arrival of a party of dragoons, who galloped in with horses blown and spurs reeking, just in time to raise the siege, that unpopular edifice must have shared the fate of the toll-houses. Several of the rioters who had scaled the gates and walls of the court-yard were captured within the enclosure; some of whom were afterwards tried and convicted.

On another occasion the increased temerity of the insurgents was exemplified at the Pontardulais gate on the confines of Glamorgan and Caermarthen. In a field near the gate were concealed eight policemen under Captain Napier, the superintendent of the constabulary force of the former county. Towards midnight a strong body, including about 100 horsemen, attacked a blacksmith's shop, and then the gate, which they destroyed. When they had finished the gate the police advanced, the object being to secure the ringleaders *flagrante delicto*; but, instead of desisting, the rioters fired a volley at them. The police were ordered to draw their pistols and fire; which they did twice, wounding several of the gang, and shooting the horse of the leader. A regular battle took place for a short time, which ended in six prisoners being captured by the police, three of whom were wounded, two severely. The rioters attempted a rescue, but were repulsed; and some soldiers coming up, they fled. One of the men captured in this affair was a young farmer, by name John Hughes, who was afterwards tried at the Special Commission at Cardiff, and sentenced to transportation for life.

But even these daring outrages and open conflicts with the civil force were not yet the worst. In this, as in every crusade against the laws, the more violent counsels by degrees gained the ascendant, and more nefarious means were employed by the bold men who usurped the lead of the movement. Letters, threatening fire and slaughter, and bearing the signature of 'Becca,' whose broad name covered the designs of every desperado

perado who had an end to gain or an enmity to gratify, were sent in great numbers to tithe-owners, turnpike-commissioners, magistrates, and all who, whether as landlords or tenants, had presumed to disobey certain rules for the tenure and occupation of *fasmas* which these agrarian legislators had prescribed. Colonel Rice Trevor, the Vice-Lieutenant of Carmarthenshire, was informed through one of these ferocious missives that a grave had been dug for him in his father's (Lord Dynevor's) park, and that his body would be laid in it before a day named. Many similar notices were sent to other parties. The tale told to the Commissioners of Inquiry by the Rev. Eleazar Evans, the vicar of two small rural parishes on the coast of Cardiganshire, reads like an incident of an anti-tithe war in Tipperary:—

‘What do you wish to state to the Commissioners?—I merely wish to state that I have been exceedingly annoyed, and my life threatened in the parish, for a long time; I cannot conceive for what cause; merely because I wished to demand what has been my due. I have letters in my pocket which I have received, most shameful letters, and my life has been really miserable for months past, and if I am not protected of course I must leave.

‘Where do you reside?—At Llangranog, and there is no residence at Llandusillogo; and I have a curate who was nearly murdered by a party disguised.’

He tells the Commissioners of some letters which had been sent to him:—

‘Will you read the threatening letters you have received?—This is dated the 19th of June of this year. It is in Welsh: “Reverend Sir,—I, with one of my daughters, have lately been on a journey to Aberarvon, and amongst other things have heard many things respecting you, namely, that you have built a school-room in the upper part of the parish, and that you have been very dishonest in the erection of it, and that you promised a free school for the people, but that you have converted it into a church, and that you get 80*l.* by the year for serving it. Now if this is true, you may give the money back, every halfpenny of it; otherwise if you do not, I with 500 or 600 of my daughters will come and visit you, and destroy your property five times to the value of it, and make you a subject of scorn and reproach throughout the whole neighbourhood. You know that I care nothing about the gates, and you shall be like them exactly, because I am overzealous to every tyranny and oppression.” That is signed “Rebecca and her daughters.”

‘Are the other letters which you received in the same handwriting?—No.

‘What is the purport of the letter which you now hold in your hand?—This is upon a different subject, it is signed “Becca,” and dated “August 5th, 1843.” It is not very intelligible, it is in very bad Welsh: “I send you this letter in Welsh that you may understand it in the language in which you were born.” They request me to send back the

the advance in tithes and the law expenses by such a day, and that Becca and her daughters are sure to take notice of me if I do not do so; that Becca had found a place for my body, and they desired me to find a place for my soul, and the place for my body was to be at the end of the National Whore, that is at the end of the Established Church, that is the title they give to it; and that I have been a great oppressor since I have been in office; and then they refer me to the 6th chapter of the book of Judges, and the 27th and 28th verses, which is the account of "Gideon taking ten men of his father's house and throwing down the altar of Baal, and because he was afraid to do it by day he did it by night, and when people got up in the morning the altar of Baal was cast down and the grove was cut down that was by it, and the second bullock was offered upon the altar that was built." The meaning I suppose was, that the men were coming to destroy my house, and I was intended for the second bullock, because my curate had been attacked; and they desired me to read much of the Old Testament, to see whether my conduct was like that of Pharaoh, and that I had doubled the tasks of the people. "Do not you suppose that I am an idle old woman. I have not been brought up in idleness, nor do I bring up my daughters in idleness, and I am determined to have justice done, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil," signed "Becca." That is the substance of it, and then at the bottom it is addressed, "To the Minister of the National Whore." I also received an English letter between those two letters, which is in the possession of the Inspector-General of the Post-Office.—*Evidence*, p. 255.

Mr. Evans proceeds to state that his share of the tithe in the parish of Llangranog was 110*l.* a-year, but that during the preceding six years he had lost at least 6*s.* in the 1*l.* by long credit; that the people had before neglected, but now openly refused, to pay—many, however, alleged that they did so under compulsion of fear, and some had paid their dues to him under a charge of secrecy. He then gives an account of his other parish of Llandisilio, which is interesting in reference to the existing state of the Church Establishment in South Wales:—

'What number of persons attend your church on the Sunday?—We have generally the richest and the poorest; I am sorry to say that most of the farmers in this country are Dissenters. My churches are crowded; they contain perhaps 300 or 400 each.

'What is the population of your parishes?—Llangranog nearly 1000, and Llandisilio-gogo nearly 1500. The parish of Llandisilio-gogo contains 11,000 acres of land.

'Do many receive the sacrament?—Yes; I have sixty communicants at Llandisilio-gogo.

'Do any receive the sacrament at the church who are in the habit of attending dissenting chapels?—Those who are members of the Dissenters do not; and more than that, since I came to the parish we never received a stipend for burying or baptizing, either from the rich or the poor, though we are often called to the houses five or six miles off to baptize a child.

'Is the tithe the whole value of the living?—There is the glebe, independently of the tithe; the glebe is assessed at 40*l.* a-year in the rates; perhaps it may be worth 50*l.* a-year. Llandilio-gogo is commuted at 360*l.*; only 30*l.* of that is my share. I suppose I never netted more than 5*l.* a-year. I have private property, or of course I could not continue.

'Have you any family?—I have a wife; no family. My wife has been brought nearly to the grave by these disturbances. *We never go to bed without having a wardrobe moved to the window as a protection against fire-arms.*'—p. 257.

In more cases than one guns were fired into the windows of obnoxious persons, and those within narrowly escaped with life. Incendiarism also was not spared. Mr. W. Chambers, jun., an active magistrate of Llanelly, in Caermarthenshire, informed the Commissioners that there had been five fires in one week upon his father's property, and a horse shot, and he had twice had machinery broken and thrown into a pit. It afterwards transpired, from the confession of one John Jones, better known by his Welsh sobriquet of 'Scybor Fawr,' and finally sentenced to transportation for the outrages in which he had been largely concerned, that the insurgents had solemnly resolved to assassinate Mr. Chambers—who appears, however, to have been obnoxious on no other grounds than his activity as a magistrate. Mr. W. Chambers's evidence is very curious. He states that this Scybor Fawr and other leaders were in the habit of levying compulsory contributions, or 'black mail,' upon the farmers implicated in the riots, whom they had thus got under their power, and afterwards lived at free quarters upon them, ruling them with a rod of iron. They were compelled to find the money for the labourers employed in breaking the gates, who received 2*s.* 6*d.* each from 'the Rebecca of the night' for that service. Thus made tributary to their own ringleaders, the luckless Welshmen found too late that they had only exchanged the toll-gates for a still more oppressive exaction.

The first victim who stained Rebecca with the guilt of murder was an aged woman, upwards of seventy years of age, who kept a toll-bar called the Hendy gates, between Llanelly and Pontardulais. It is said that she had received frequent notices that if she did not leave the gate, her house would be burnt down. About three o'clock one Sunday morning a party of ruffians set fire to the thatch of the toll-house. The woman, on being awakened, ran to the cottage within twenty yards, shouting to the people to 'help her, for God's sake, to put out the fire.' The occupier pleaded fear, and refused to do so. She returned back across the road to save her furniture, and, while doing so, was fired

fired at. She staggered as far as the neighbouring cottage-door, and immediately fell down dead.

'Scybor Fawr,' in the confession made subsequent to his conviction, asserted strongly that the shot which penetrated this unhappy creature's bosom was the random act of a lad who accompanied the party, and was fired without any previous or deliberate intention to take her life. As the same confession stated facts which aggravated the conduct of the insurgents in other cases as much as it extenuated this—as the author of it had nothing then to gain from a false statement—and, moreover, as so gratuitous a piece of cruelty was an exception from the general conduct of the rioters, who in their other attacks on toll-gates had spared many more obnoxious victims, we are disposed to give credit to the assertion, and to acquit the slayer of this poor aged creature of the full guilt of deliberate murder. But what shall we say—what can one who regards the honour of South Wales say—in palliation of the proceedings that followed this cruel tragedy? A coroner's inquest was held, and a Caermarthenshire jury—with the pierced and reeking corpse before their eyes, and after hearing ample evidence of the facts, including medical evidence, which was scarcely needed, of the fatal nature of the wound—returned this verdict:—

'That the deceased died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation; but from what cause, is to this jury unknown.'

The jury who, in defiance of their oaths and consciences, of their senses and their reason, pronounced such a verdict, became, in just moral contemplation, accessories after the fact to homicide, and added perjury to the account. They were not trying, be it remembered, the question of any man's guilt or innocence; the means by which the deceased came to her death was the sole and simple fact which they so unblushingly ignored. In this transaction, however, apart from its peculiar infamy, we see exemplified one of the most discreditable features of the Welsh character,—the light esteem in which judicial oaths are held; and the frequency, as any judge or barrister who has travelled a Welsh circuit can testify, with which the verdicts of juries are perverted by favour or prejudice, and marked by a shameless disregard of the evidence on which they should have been based. We know that in other parts of the kingdom besides Wales the jury-box has been occasionally invaded in times of high political excitement by the prevailing tide of popular feeling: such cases when they occur form a serious drawback to the benefits of an excellent institution, but the delirium of a transient fever is to be distinguished from the deranged

deranged action of inveterate disease. In some parts of Wales there exists, unless the inhabitants are greatly belied, a notorious practice of tampering beforehand with the persons who are likely to be selected as jurors in a particular case, and prepossessing their minds with statements and impressions which the sworn evidence at the trial, the exertions of counsel, and the most emphatic directions of judges, are insufficient to countervail. Strange that a people professing a strict tone of religious morality, and fluent in citing Scripture for their particular occasions, should overlook in their own case so gross a breach of the one and so audacious a contempt of the sanctions of the other!

It would occupy much space to recount the various excesses, principally in the three counties more remote from the English border, during the summer and early autumn of 1843. By this time, as we have seen, the mischievous outburst which took place 'on a summer's afternoon' in 1839, 'amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity,' had swelled into a formidable insurrection, overawing the law, invading the most sacred rights of property and person, issuing its behests with despotic effrontery, and enforcing them by the detestable agency of terror, incendiarism, and bloodshed. The proceedings of the rioters whose first onslaught against turnpike-gates had been leniently winked at, perhaps secretly applauded, by many sober and peaceable subjects, were now regarded with very different eyes. All men perceived that a decided effort had become necessary to repress disorders which tended to the dissolution of society. Rebecca, who had laughed at justices' warrants, and scattered special constables like chaff before the wind, suddenly found herself confronted with the War-Office, and 'the Great Captain of the age' at its head.

The country was now 'interlaced' to some purpose, and with a 'network' far more stringent than that of bars and toll-gates. In each of the suspected villages was picketed a small party of soldiers; troops of cavalry were quartered in the principal towns, and, with the military, were interspersed select knots of the redoubted *A* division of London police. Yet, though any act of open violence was thus rendered impossible, even these precautions did not avail to stop gate-breaking. Rebecca still marshalled her myrmidons under the very noses of the queen's soldiers; and gates were levelled, posts sawed fairly in twain, and the assailants dispersed to their lair some minutes before the startled outpost at the nearest hamlet could hurry to the rescue. False rumours of intended attacks were sometimes circulated, and the harassed troopers sent spurring over glen and moor at midnight to protect houses or turnpike-gates in an opposite direction

tion from that in which the descent was really meditated. The more penetrating researches of the police were equally frustrated by the barrier of the Welsh language, and by that plausible cunning under the mask of simplicity which is the ready resource of an uneducated peasantry against a superior force.

In the mean time the Government, desiring to combine with the forcible repression of outrages an investigation into the causes of complaint to which those outrages were referred, appointed a Commission of Inquiry to proceed into Wales to examine and report upon the alleged grievances of the people. This judicious step produced an almost immediately sedative effect. The Commissioners—the Right Hon. T. Frankland Lewis, the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P., and Mr. Cripps, M.P.—set forth on their mission in October last, and opening their proceedings at Caermarthen with a temperate and conciliatory address from the chief commissioner, proceeded to invite all who had wrongs or grievances to allege to bring them before the authorized tribunal. The answer to this liberal invitation is contained in the 400 or 500 pages of letter-press which have been laid before Parliament in the volume that forms the text of this article. That it will be attentively read in the country from which it emanates is very probable; but, taking into account the prevailing aversion to thick folio volumes in general, and to blue-bound Parliamentary Reports in particular, the number of English readers will probably be but small who will sit down with any craving of appetite to this bulky budget of Welsh grievances. To such, however, as may venture to undertake the task, we venture to promise some interest, even some amusement, at least to that class who are fond of studying the peculiarities of national character, of noting the impulses of uncultivated minds, or investigating the philosophy of popular commotions. ‘Complaint,’ says the splenetic dean of St. Patrick’s, ‘is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotions.’ It formed, it is needless to say, the largest tribute to the Commissioners, but, though doubtless earnest and sincere, it would seem that the complainants who unrolled their budgets of grievances before the Queen’s representatives, manifested but very little excitement in the narration, and scarcely any trace at all of angry or vindictive feeling. It is probable that the most capable and intelligent individuals were selected as the spokesmen of the several districts; but we have certainly been struck with the mental qualities exhibited by some of the humbler class of witnesses, showing that, though the soil may be uncultivated, it is at least not naturally unfertile: much native shrewdness and sagacity, an intelligent perception of the real point at issue,

issue, candour and fairness in conceding untenable positions, and, generally speaking, a forbearance to suggest useless or impracticable remedies. 'Catus quantumvis rusticus' is the characteristic of a large class, whereof we may point to John Rees of Pansod as no bad specimen. He thus sums up the catalogue of Welsh grievances:—

'Have you anything else to say?—About the rents. There is a great deal of petitions sent from Caermarthen to London to the Queen. A great many of them look very foolish. They desire our gracious Queen Victoria to compel the landowners to reduce the rents. I think that is a thing between the landowner and the tenant only. Every landowner would like to have the highest price for his land; and suppose the Queen compelled every gentleman in the kingdom to let their farms so and so, that would be as great a grievance as can be. And suppose, on the other side, they compel us to give so and so rent to the landlords, the people would not like it. I look upon that petition as very foolish. I think the parliament and the queen have nothing to do with the rent. But the parliament and the queen have something to do about the tithes and to fix 2s. in the pound, and to do away the church-rate. We expect to have redress from four quarters. First, from the trustees of the roads. I think if the trustees did as they have done in Aberystwith, they could do it without troubling the parliament or the queen about it. But in the second place, we expect to have some redress from the government. I have spoken about the malt; and another thing is about the stamps.

'You mean the expense of stamps in borrowing money?—Yes; 3s. 6d. for 100*l.* for a stamp note, and 4s. for 200*l.*; and if I want 50*l.* I cannot get it for 1s. 9d. Those things are for the parliament only. And in the third place, about the tithes. That can be done between us and the tithe-owner, if the tithe-owner be reasonable; the country are willing to pay 2s. in the pound; and, if the minister is willing to take it, that will be done. And in the fourth place, about the rent to the land-owner; the parliament has nothing to do with that.'—*Evidence*, p. 59.

John Rees holds some heterodox notions about tithes, and possibly about other matters also, but his ideas are evidently better packed and assorted in his head than those of many persons who have had much more commerce with the schoolmaster.

It was a royalist, a minister of State, and a firm supporter of authority, the Duc de Sully, who has recorded this impression of the *causes* of popular eruptions—'Pour la populace, ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.' It was an orator, a popular advocate, and a zealous asserter of the rights of the many, John Philpot Curran, who has borne this testimony to their *effects*.—'Tumults and insurrections have made many rich men poor, but have never made any poor men rich.' It is by no means impossible that exceptions may be found

to

to the truth of either of these political maxims, yet, coming as they do from such men with the force of *admissions*, they carry with them no small weight of wisdom and experience, and are well entitled, the one to be pondered by rulers, the other to be digested by subjects. We shall not be suspected of justifying the excesses which we have already strongly reprobated, when we refer to the evils and embarrassments under which the people of South Wales laboured before they took the law into their own hands; not as *excusing* lawless violence and outrage, God forbid! but as furnishing some explanation of the phenomenon of a people heretofore peaceful, patient, orderly, even sluggish, bursting out suddenly into insurrection, and trampling the laws to which they had long lived in tranquil subjection, under foot. Nothing can be more clear, we think, than that the nature of the outbreak was such as has been already described, not stimulated from without, nor caught by contagion from other quarters, but local, self-originated, and gradually developed by the unforeseen agency of time and circumstances. As little was the complexion of the movement *political*—a war of principles—a national league and covenant for professed objects—or a struggle to produce specific changes in the commonwealth.

The Commissioners of Inquiry found the heart of the country sound, though deeds of violence and outrage, even arson and bloodshed, were brought under their notice. In the very outset of their Report they have recorded this impression; they say,—

‘It is matter of great satisfaction to state our belief that the disturbances of the country, though so widely extended, were not connected with political causes; and that nothing like a general spirit of disaffection, or organised hostility to the laws, pervaded the community. The excitement having been first stimulated by a sense of local grievances, gradually spread to other districts in which similar complaints existed, and the spirit, once roused, was perverted in some instances by evil disposed persons to aggressions of a more extensive and systematic kind.’
—*Report*, p. 1.

What then were the ‘local grievances’ and the ‘complaints’ here adverted to, which roused this wild-fire that so suddenly lit up the whole country into a blaze? The first symptom and overt act of the disorders was a turnpike-riot, and the pressure of turnpike-tolls was beyond all doubt the proximate and exciting cause of what afterwards took place. At the same time it is equally certain that this comparatively petty grievance is not the whole of a derangement so serious and extended: the real cause lay deeper in the condition and circumstances of the people. In ordinary times the exactions of the toll-gates, vexatious as they might

might be, would not have roused a sedate and passive community into rebellion. But the distress and stagnation which the whole kingdom experienced had been severely felt in South Wales. We again cite the testimony of the Commissioners :—

‘As in the district we were examining, the system of collecting tolls for the improvement and maintenance of the turnpike-roads had long been in operation, and had been acquiesced in here as well as elsewhere, we were anxious to ascertain what the circumstances were which had induced the country people suddenly to rise and endeavour to shake off the burthen. All persons acquainted with the condition of the country concurred in stating that a succession of wet and unproductive harvests had very much reduced the capital of the farmers. They had been forced, during successive years, to buy the bread consumed in their families; and the money they obtained by the sale of stock, and the other produce of their farms, scarcely enabled them to make good various payments to which they were liable.

‘Concurrently with these difficulties, the price of sheep, cattle, and butter had fallen much below the average of preceding years, though, at the same time (as it is said), all rates, tithes, and taxes had increased, the rent of land still remaining, generally, undiminished.

‘The Welsh farmers are, at all times, a frugal, cautious race, but by the pressure of the circumstances we have described, they were rendered more than usually anxious to release themselves from even the smallest payments.’—*Report*, p. 1.

The conclusion here expressed, with reference to the distress of the country, is certainly well based upon statistical details.

Mr. Vivian, M.P. for Swansea, in a series of sensible letters, addressed to the rate-payers of the Swansea Union, enters into a minute examination of the returns of poor-rates for South Wales, for the year 1842, as an index of the state of the country. He cites the following result for the six counties, as exhibiting ‘an enormous increase of poverty:’—

‘PAUPERS RELIEVED.			
	In-door.	Out-door.	Total.
Year ending Lady-day, 1841,	1,799	33,471	35 270
1842,	3,049	38,623	41,672
Increase . . .	1,250	5,152	6,402
	69·49 per cent.	15·39 per cent.	18·15 per cent.’

The counties upon which the increase had been in the highest ratio are those of Glamorgan, the seat of the iron-works, Caermarthen, and Brecknock. Mr. Vivian proceeds to show, from the same sources, that a large and sudden additional burthen had been thrown upon the agricultural districts by reason of the great influx of people thrown out of work by the depression of the coal and

and iron trades, who thereby became chargeable upon the rural parishes to which they belonged :—

‘The foregoing statistical facts lead me to the conclusion, that the immediate source of the late disturbances in the neighbouring agricultural counties, is to be found in the depressed state of the iron and coal trades of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, which has produced the double effect of diminished demand for agricultural produce in the manufacturing districts, and increased burthens on the agricultural counties. The inseparable connexion and unity of interests of the agricultural and manufacturing communities is here strongly illustrated. It is my belief, that, if the farmer had found a ready market for his produce, as heretofore, he would have struggled on, have met his rent, paid his tithes, and his turnpikes, as of old; but when, from the pressure of the times, he encountered a slackness of demand for his produce, a reduction in prices, probably far beyond what he had contemplated as possible when he took his farm, and when, as we have seen from the official returns, even the able-bodied were thrown upon their parishes for relief, thus entailing on the farmer (in many cases himself but little above the class of a farm labourer) the charge of maintaining persons but little worse off than himself, it is not perhaps so much to be wondered at as to be lamented, that, not considering how such lawless proceedings must injure instead of improving his condition, an attack was commenced on that which he had long felt to be a daily annoyance, but which had now become a grievance amounting to a serious deduction from his daily bread—namely, the multiplicity of toll-bars; and his first efforts having been attended with success, that, unchecked, he continued his nightly attacks, and that thus the excitement spread, and was maintained throughout the land.’—p. 10.

Concurrently with the depression produced by the causes here adverted to, the burthens of local taxation, and the outgoings of the farmer, would appear practically to have been growing heavier. Whatever may be the general benefits attending those great legislative changes, which have been introduced of late years, such as the Poor-Law Amendment and Tithe Commutation Acts, such, at all events, was the working of the previously existing systems in South Wales, that the incontestable effect of the change has been an additional drain upon the pocket of the farmer. The Welsh tithe-owner, heretofore, took just as much of his tithe as he could get, very often greatly less than his due, but the occupier had the power of setting it out in kind, and the collection being in some districts a matter of extreme difficulty, he could dictate his own terms. This is now changed, and it is well that it should be so: but what has been the immediate effect? Necessarily a larger call upon the cultivator of the soil. So too with respect to poor-rates. ‘Under the lax and irregular system which formerly prevailed,’ as the Report tells us, the farmer paid his poor-rate, not in cash, but in corn, or in ‘any other commodity more convenient at the time

to

to part with than money,' and the overseer paid the paupers in the same manner; a practice no doubt pregnant with abuse, 'jobbing, and inequality. But a more regular, and abstractedly much juster, practice is introduced, and what is the result?—

'In this instance again,' say the Commissioners, 'the enforcement of a definite pecuniary impost in lieu of the cheaper and more indulgent system of composition heretofore allowed, has fallen with the weight of a new tax on the occupier of the land.'—p. 29.

Now let us conceive the petty Welsh farmer, with capital always of the smallest, but now reduced by successive bad harvests and falling markets, with his rent to make up, his rates to discharge, no longer in barley or in bacon, but in hard cash,—his title a fixed rent-charge, and subject to be levied by distress,—stinted to the hardest fare for himself and his family, and at his wits' end where to put his hand upon a shilling;—conceive such a man, on his way to market, or to fetch lime, crossed and circumvented, hedged in and entangled by 'a network' of chains, posts and bars—obliged to run the gauntlet of three or four 'interlacing' trusts in as many miles, each toll-collector being equally obdurate against allowing even a week's credit;—is it not in such a case a matter 'more to be lamented than wondered at,' to borrow again the words of Mr. Vivian, that the idea of reducing the pressure of his burthens by the strong-hand should have first occurred to his mind in reference to the most obnoxious, the most harassing in its demands, and the most easy to assail of them all? If this be so, is it necessary to look farther for the true solution of the mystery of Rebeccaism?

Upon the details of the turnpike system, as it has existed in South Wales, and as it is depicted with great amplitude of illustration in the printed evidence before us, we have little desire to enlarge. The complexity of the subject renders it particularly distasteful to the majority, and its inherent aridity and repulsiveness have made it almost a bye-word. As a topic of conversation it is carefully eschewed by every man who has the least regard for his social reputation. In parliament, if any one wishes to designate the very type of negligent and perfunctory legislation, no illustration is so apposite as a turnpike-bill. '*Hinc ille lacrymæ.*' It is simply because parliament has in past times recked nothing of turnpike-bills, has let anybody have one who wanted it, and suffered interested parties to legislate as best suited their own convenience—delegating to irresponsible bodies the dangerous power of taxation, and omitting all control over a system peculiarly liable to abuse—that the manifold confusions of the system have arisen. The oppressions, the vexations, the iniquities, of the turnpike-laws, the dearness of tolls, and the badness of roads,

eight millions of debt in England, Rebecca and her Daughters in Wales, are the legitimate results of this general default and oversight of the Legislature in respect of the great national interests of its public roads. We are not now arraigning the system on the ground of its local administration, or as the advocates of centralized powers: it is enough to say that, such as it has hitherto existed, it has been left utterly destitute of those checks from which no delegated powers ought ultimately to be exempted, and that it has been regulated by no principles of equality or consistency, but private interest and haphazard have been the main elements of its origin and constitution.

The terms now used will not be considered exaggerated by those who may adventure an examination into the history of the South Wales Trusts. We will take an instance. The county of Caermarthen contains twelve Trusts, varying from one to eighty miles in length. Now when the legislature sanctioned the creation of so many distinct, independent, tax-levying corporations, two things obviously required to be guarded by stringent securities; first, the due and legal exercise of the powers reposed in each Trust, individually; secondly, such an adjustment and regulation of the functions and powers of the several Trusts, *inter se*, as might obviate any collision or competition injurious to the public. We will not now enter into the inquiry how far the first of these objects has been attained, which would involve the discussion of an infinite amount of details. We will only observe that many of the worst evils and greatest abuses of management of particular Trusts in South Wales appear to us to be rightly ascribed by the Commissioners rather to the system than to individuals; and that the instances of actual corrupt conduct, or malversation of funds, which they adduce, are neither many nor recent. The management of the roads and tolls in some Trusts appears to have been good enough, in others irregular and variable; in some few grossly negligent and outrageously illegal. Situation, local circumstances, the personal character of particular Trustees, the accident of good or bad officers, and other causes more allied to chance than to principle or system, will account for this variety. But it is in reference to the second point, above referred to, that the greatest amount of complaint has arisen, both in South Wales and elsewhere, viz. the number and relative position of the Trusts, their reciprocal action, and aggregate oppressiveness. We cannot state the case more strongly than in the words of the Commissioners' Report:—

'We know no reason why the Trustees should not, if they thought fit, in virtue of the large and lavish powers committed to them, establish a gate, and demand a toll at intervals of 100 yards each throughout the county

county of Caermarthen. *In the creation of each one of these Trusts, Parliament has paid no apparent regard to the existence of any other Trust, and though the Trustees have been somewhat unwilling to establish too frequent tolls within the limits of their respective districts, they have had no scruple in placing a gate or bar at the confines of their own Trust, however near it might be to the gate of an adjoining one.* In Caermarthenshire the Kidwelly and the Three Commotts Trusts, and some others, *interlace each other in a sort of net-work*, and the frequency of payments, which has been so violently complained of, and resisted, has chiefly arisen from that circumstance; and, whilst each Trust retains the powers which have been given to it by the legislature, there is no mode of enforcing a remedy for this evil.

‘The perplexity and pressure which are produced by the entanglement of these Trusts have been still further aggravated by the relative position of other contiguous Trusts. There are, for instance, five different Trusts leading into the town of Caermarthen, and it was stated by the clerk of one of these, that any one passing through the town in a particular direction would have to pay at three turnpike-gates in a distance of three miles. It would be easy for us to multiply instances of a like frequency of payment.’—p. 4.

Established with competing interests, and independent powers, the natural object of each Trust is to enrich itself, and to out-flank its neighbour. ‘Every one for itself, and the public for us all!’ is their maxim, and between so many competitors the unhappy wayfarer gets fairly ‘cleaned out;’ and finds, perchance, ere he has accomplished his journey, that the tolls of which he has been lightened exceed the value of the load for which he has paid such repeated tribute to the licensed depredators of the high-

If the system which worked so ill for the payers of tolls worked well for the recipients, if the Trusts had thriven and grown fat on such full diet, and if their finances, after providing amply and even fastidiously for the repair of their roads, had exhibited a handsome balance of income over expenditure at the year’s end, it would have afforded, if not a compensation to the aggrieved traveller, at least some cloak of apology for the system. But widely different has been the result. To say that every Trust, without exception, is largely burthened with debt, is to say little; since to be in debt appears so far the natural condition and constitutional habit of a Turnpike-Trust, that the discharge of their mortgages seems to be as little contemplated in the great majority of these concerns as the payment of the national debt itself. In Brecknockshire, indeed, where all the county roads are comprised in one Trust, and where, though the rate of toll is much too high, the exertions of Colonel Wood and other gentlemen have given efficiency to the system, a sinking-fund has been established, which

in course of years will extinguish the debt. But this is a rare instance of prosperous finance. In the great majority of cases the Trust debt is a frightful incubus upon the concern: in some eating up the entire proceeds of the tolls in order to pay interest to the creditors, and throwing the whole burthen of repairs upon the twice-taxed occupiers of the district. There are yet worse cases of hopeless and admitted insolvency. Huge arrears of unpaid interest have, in some Trusts, far out-swelled the principal of the debt, and the beggared Trustees can neither keep their engagements with their creditors, lay a stone upon their roads, nor perform any of the functions for which they were called into existence. Some of these broken-down and bankrupt concerns are to be met with in each of the six counties, except Brecknock and Cardigan. The debt of the Newmill Trust, in Glamorganshire, exceeds 6000*l*.—its tolls are not worth 20*l*. a year—the road has been indicted, and is still impassable, and the salaries to the clerk and surveyor, of only 5*l*. each, have never been paid to either. This, of course, is an extreme case, but it illustrates the system.

Such a state of things, putting Rebeccaism and the dangers of popular resistance and insurrection out of the question, is surely one which it would not be desirable if it were possible, nor possible even if it were desirable, to maintain longer upon its present footing. But what remedy, or what substitute, can now be devised which will meet the emergency? Irrespectively of the debt, it would not be difficult to suggest a system of road-management much more advantageous than the present; but the pressure of existing engagements is in this case very formidable—'*Nec mala nec remedia pati possumus.*' A grant of public money to pay off the whole turnpike debt of South Wales, amounting to nearly 300,000*l*., is of course an obvious suggestion, and one which has not failed to occur to some whose estimate of the liberality of parliament is less indicative of discernment than of their patriotic regard to the interests of the Principality. On the other hand, no one out of *Pennsylvania* would propose a measure so abhorrent to good faith and common honesty as the repudiation of the debts, and abandonment of the creditors to their fate. Yet, with the whole burthen of the debt, bearing interest for the most part at five per cent., to sustain, we do not see our way to such a reduction of tolls, and relief from the most glaring evils of the present system, as the well-being of the country seems to demand.

In this dilemma the Commissioners have proposed a measure not exempt from difficulties, nor impregnable to objections, but which promises, at all events, if it can be carried out, to clear away the greatest impediment. They conceive that the nominal amount

amount of the existing debt may be fairly capable of considerable abatement, if the tender of immediate payment were made to the creditors. Some portions of the debt are of questionable origin and validity; some consist of interest long unclaimed, and probably abandoned; some have been actually bought and sold in the market at a rate considerably lower than the nominal amount. It is proposed, therefore, that an inquiry should take place, and an estimate be formed of the fair marketable and redeemable value of all the debts which may be proved against the several Trusts; that the Government should advance the sum required to pay off such estimated value by way of loan, at the lowest remunerative rate of interest; and that such loan and interest combined, in the shape of a terminable annuity, should be charged in the first place upon the tolls; or, if they should prove inadequate, upon the rateable property of each county, according to the proportion of its debt. The effect, of course, would be at once a diminished charge in respect of the debt so redeemed and converted, and a certain prospect of its ultimate extinction upon the expiration of the annuity.

The debt thus dealt with, and placed in course of liquidation, the remaining stages of the required reform seem accessible and almost easy by comparison. Consolidation of Trusts, the long-desired but rarely-attained object of all who have spoken, written, or theorised on the turnpike-laws, is the next great step to be effected; and equal and moderate rates of toll, gates to clear one another at fixed distances, reduction of salaries of officers, improved economy in repairs, and more careful and responsible administration of funds—benefits which have been so signally realised in the Metropolitan and in other consolidated Trusts—may be expected to follow in its train. The Commissioners propose that the amalgamation of Trusts should be made coextensive with each county, and that all the turnpike-roads therein comprised should be placed under a central county administration and control; subordinate boards, for local management and repair of roads, being constituted in the several districts. The only other feature of their plan which it seems important to notice here, is the appointment for South Wales of an engineer officer, in connexion with the Government or Board of Ordnance, to overlook and check the management of roads and application of funds, and to be the channel of that control over the powers of the local boards, which it is proposed hereafter to vest in the Secretary of State.

It has lately been announced that a measure, founded mainly upon the suggestions which we have now cursorily noticed, will be submitted to the legislature by Government during the present session. Whatever modification the plan which we have now
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passed in review may receive—and very possibly it may derive much improvement in its transit through parliament—we earnestly hope that no pressure of other business, no concession to clamour, should such be raised—above all, no interested opposition—may disappoint the just and reasonable expectations of the people of South Wales, of this or some other redress for the well-investigated, proved, and incontestable grievance under which they have suffered. The country is now quiet and peaceable, tolls are again collected, the police and soldiery have been removed: nevertheless things cannot go on as they are. We do not speak as distrusting the sincerity of those by whom the promised measure of relief is to be proposed, but we are alive to the difficulties of the question, and bear in remembrance the repeated delays and failures experienced by those who have attempted to introduce reforms of a similar character with respect to the Turnpike-Trusts in England. In the system now in operation in this country may be found, we have no doubt, instances of mismanagement, of oppressive tolls, of funds wasted or misapplied, and of dilapidated finances, which nothing in South Wales can surpass; while the immense and yearly accumulating arrear of debt, stated in the Parliamentary Return for 1842 at about eight millions and a quarter of money, seems to urge a resistless argument for legislative interference with a system which has produced such ruinous results. Yet Commissioners have reported and Committees sat in vain, and, session after session, the resistance of vested interests, and the combined and powerful influence of those who derive profit or power from the existing constitution of the Trusts, have proved effectual to stifle every measure which has been proposed for their correction. We trust, however, that recent events in South Wales, and the feeling which they have excited in the public mind, will, with the influence of the Government, aided by the representatives of that country in the Legislature, whose patriotism may be honourably exerted in this cause, prove strong enough to counteract any efforts which may be interposed to shield the Welsh turnpike system, so justly convicted and condemned, from an effectual reformation.

We have left ourselves too scanty a space to discuss, except in the briefest manner, the remaining articles in the budget of Welsh complaints, and upon some we have already commented incidentally. The effect of the Tithe Commutation Act is one of the most important: this, the Commissioners argue, and we think justly, is a landlord and tenant's question, and that where the rent charge now fixed upon the land exceeds the value of the tithe formerly paid, the lessee has an equitable claim upon his lessor in respect of the new burthen superadded by the act or bargain of the

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the latter, or, at all events, by operation of law, upon the original terms of their contract. It is quite clear that the rent-charge, though payable by the occupier, is virtually a charge upon the land; and it may be hoped that the just and liberal feeling of the Welsh landholders, coinciding in this case with an enlightened regard to their own true interest, as identified with that of the cultivators of their lands, will induce them to adopt the course necessary to indemnify those who have been made liable to an unforeseen and additional burthen by the effects of the Commutation. With respect to the latter class, the shrewdness and sagacity for which they have already had credit may be well exercised in finding the solution to that curious fallacy which some puzzle-headed persons have disseminated, and which the Commissioners have taken much pains to confute; that the system of averages established by the Act operates with special injustice towards the Principality. Finally, to all parties we would suggest, as the wisest course, that they should learn to make the best of the measure as it now stands, inasmuch as the *Tithe Question* is one, they may be well assured, which no prudent Government would suffer to be unsettled more than once in a century.

Of all subjects, scarcely excepting the tolls, on which the Commissioners were appealed to, none excited more soreness, none certainly elicited more unanimous condemnation, than the bastardy clauses of the Poor Law Amendment Act. The injustice involved, as the popular notion conceives, in throwing the whole burthen of the consequences resulting from an act of joint criminality upon the weaker sex (for the remedy held out by law against the male offender proved a practical nullity), 'outraged,' says the Report, 'the moral feeling, and provoked the indignation of the people to a degree that can hardly be described.' '*Interdum vulgus rectum videt.*' A Bill, however, has been brought in and is now before parliament, to undo what we cannot but regard as a false step in legislation, based on a fond theory, disproved by general experience, but especially inapplicable to Wales, where the peculiar relation of the sexes and prevailing habits of the country produced a wide exception to that state of things which led to, and was supposed to justify, the alteration of the law in England. But of this unwise and unmanly innovation we trust we may now speak as virtually repealed.

To the increase of the burthen of poor-rates, and to the causes which have mainly tended to produce it, we have already adverted. Attempts have been made to throw all the odium arising from this source upon the new Poor Law Act; but those who will be at the pains to investigate the evidence and returns upon this subject may satisfy themselves that the increase has much more connexion with

with the general distress which the country has suffered during the recent period, than with the machinery employed for its relief. To that dawning re-action which already, we trust, after so protracted a depression, sheds the light of improved prosperity upon the empire, and more especially to the revival of that important branch of trade which is the staple manufacture of South Wales, and the great field for the industry of its population, the struggling middle classes of that country may now hopefully look, not only for a mitigation of this peculiar burthen, but also for a recovery from that decline of profits, and continued exhaustion of means which have made them unwontedly sensitive to the pressure of every demand. Legislation may relieve from some vexatious enactments, or may lessen the friction of unavoidable burthens, but the heavier portion of the evils which have afflicted South Wales, the stagnation of trade, the deficient harvests, and the general impoverishment, which have increased poor-rates and made tolls intolerable, are incurable by Parliament :

‘O passi graviora ! dabit Deus his quoque finem.’

The exorbitant amount of the fees paid to magistrates' clerks for the transaction of the ordinary business at petty sessions seems to have been another very general, and in some cases, vehement complaint. This again is not a Welsh grievance merely, but one which applies to the whole kingdom, and it has recently attracted a good deal of public attention. The evils of the present system, its oppressive consequences, and injurious moral effect, are, we think, beyond controversy, and it is one which clearly falls within the scope of legislative remedy. The Commissioners suggest the payment of the clerks by salary out of the county-rate, instead of the present uncertain and unequal remuneration by fees; and they suppose that the adoption of such a measure would produce a very slight, if any, increase of charge to the counties, which would get the benefit of the larger fines that would be imposed if there were no costs, and that at the same time it would ensure the services of a class of persons better qualified for their duties than some of the present functionaries. This suggestion is well worth considering, and we trust that this grievance, which is both a real and remediable one, may not be suffered to sleep.

We have now done with the catalogue of Rebecca's complaints, and have only to advert in conclusion to one or two less popular, but not less interesting topics—which have called forth some remarks from the Commissioners, with reference to the general condition and prospects of the country with which their lengthened inquiries must have made them so intimate. One of these is the extensive prevalence of the Welsh language, the exclusive use of which the Commissioners justly regard as constituting a serious drawback

of the doctrine that 'the law of the Church is one and unchangeable;' but they assert and complain that the doctrine has been pushed and used so as to have the effect of a fraud. They complain that the priests of Rome have multiplied the unchangeable laws to an extent which they know it is impossible to maintain, in order that they may obtain money for dispensations to break them. They complain, too, that this particular law against vernacular prayers *has been* relaxed elsewhere—but not for them. In France the people commonly use a prayer-book called the 'Paroissien,' which has the Latin service and the French translation in parallel columns; but such a work is prohibited in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all countries where the power of the Church is absolute. In the North of Germany and the Tyrol they use a German mass-book, but it is rarely to be met with in Austria, Bohemia, or Styria. Nor let it not be supposed that this is a question affecting the laity only; a large majority of the priests in these regions are as ignorant of the meaning of the Latin which they chaunt, as the Jews are of the Hebrew which they read in the synagogue. Jews and Romish priests learnt to read Hebrew and Latin, but they do not learn to understand it; even in the towns, to say nothing of the country parishes, very many priests understand no more of Latin than the people: and hence the importance, even as respects the clergy, of this first point for which they are contending.

On the second point, the custom of the Church of Rome is for none but the celebrants to partake of the chalice: the expression, therefore, 'refusing the cup to the laity,' so common at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, is not correct; priests are as much refused as laymen if they present themselves to receive the blessed Sacrament: but they seldom present themselves, because each one ought to say mass himself every day, and therefore he would not go a second time to receive it. It is certainly remarkable that of the two elements, the one of which it is specially said 'Drink ye ALL of it,' should be that one which is refused to all.

With the third point commences our difficulty, and one before which we confess ourselves compelled to yield: we are precluded from the possibility of proving our position, and we must state at once our conclusion, which is this—that if it had been the intention of any body of men to corrupt the morals of the human race, to habituate children of both sexes to impurity, filth, and profligacy, it would have been impossible to have devised a scheme more completely adapted to produce that effect than the practice of the confessional, as it is now carried on in the Church of Rome. The common sense of mankind, the ordinary feelings of morality, would have made it impossible to carry into practice such

a project, unless it had assumed the mask of religious duty to God; and when the sense of morality is so far deadened, as that any persons should suppose that burning alive can be well pleasing to God, it is not difficult for such to imagine that obscenity in thought and language should be so likewise. Whilst it is obvious that it is impossible here to prove our assertion, we will at least furnish the means by which any one who is so inclined may satisfy himself; we recommend such an one to read the ordinary English Roman Catholic prayer-book, called '*The Garden of the Soul*,' at the parts which relate to self-examination in order to confession: next, the books which are written to instruct the priests to extort from reluctant females in the confession things which no pure-minded woman has ever imagined; e.g., '*La Méthode pour la direction des âmes dans le tribunal de la Pénitence, et pour le gouvernement des Paroisses, Paris, 1834*;' '*Il Confessore diretto per le confessioni della gente di campagna, Bologna, 1824*;' '*Le Rituel de Toulon*;' or any similar books which make in all countries the stock in trade of a priest, and some or other of which are to be found in all their houses; and then let them read any work of *Theologia Moralis* on the confessional and the seventh commandment.

This subject in Protestant countries is merely either a matter of speculation and theory, or a handle for controversialists wherewith to attack papists—a task for which, it must be confessed, the heroes of 'discussion meetings' are singularly ill qualified. But with the honest ecclesiastics of Germany, the Tyrol, German Switzerland, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, these things are no speculations and theories, but sad and painful realities. They know that corruption of the youthful mind is the natural and almost invariable result; and some are determined that the fruits of this system shall not be hid in a corner any more; but, let the consequences be what they may, the secret recesses of infamy shall be exposed, and the system be put an end to.

It is impossible in the very nature of things that a young female, or almost any female, can have such a burden on her conscience as can make her desire often to resort to special and private confession to a priest; and certainly it ought not to be tolerated that she should have indecent thoughts suggested to her, even at the early age of seven years old; for at this period do they begin to insinuate their filth in the convents in which girls are commonly educated. The heads of the Church themselves admit the liability of abuse through the confessional, and frequent exhortations are published desiring all women who have improper solicitations made to them there to denounce the confessor; but a moment's consideration will show the inutility of
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this exhortation; and one instance which we will give must suffice for all. An Italian gentleman of our acquaintance removed with his family from the place of his nativity to a town in another state; soon after their arrival the wife went to the confessional in the parish church, where improper proposals were made to her; she ran home and acquainted her husband: he made a formal complaint to the proper authorities in her name: a day was appointed for the examination of the charge: and when the time arrived the lady naturally declined to appear. It is obvious that just in proportion as the person offended is delicate, and the offence gross, there will be the greater difficulty of inducing the complainant to come forward. Scarcely any woman could be found who would go into the presence of several strange men and repeat the expressions by which her ears had been insulted. The result, however, was, that the priest had his licence for hearing confessions taken from him; and neither husband nor wife have ever gone to the confessional since that period. The authorities at Rome do all that in them lies to repress these disorders: the licences for hearing confessions are renewed from year to year, and always refused where well-grounded complaints have been made: but in country parishes there are no means of redress: the curé and his vicaire are the only priests in it, and the people are completely in their power. Knowing this blot in their system, the Mendicant orders turn it to their own profit. Two Capuchins, the one a priest, the other a lay brother, make a tour through a country district. The former goes into the church and receives the confessions of those who for various reasons do not choose to confess to the secular priest: whilst the lay brother, with his donkey and hampers, goes round from house to house to collect the contributions of the faithful for the benefit of the community. The system cannot be improved—*Delenda est.*

The effect of the system upon the minds of the people is obvious: and Sir George Smythe might have given a much fuller defence of the term 'beastly,' which he applied to Maynooth (*see his pamphlet, published at Chelmsford*), than that which he has done, if he had been more fully acquainted with the subject. The immediate object, however, of bringing forward this point at the present time is not so much with reference to its effect upon the laity, as to its effect upon the priests themselves: and whoever intends to take the trouble of consulting the works to which allusion has above been made, should remember that these books are the private and secret studies of those who from their earliest years have taken vows of celibacy upon them; who live alone, shut up in their own solitary chamber, apart from all the world,

world, for many hours every day. Such persons require a peculiar absence from all demoralizing words and thoughts; it ought to be their unremitting labour to banish every imagination, even the most transient, upon details of vice: whereas, to sit alone and study all the forms and varieties of impurity on which Spanish and French casuists have written, analysing and classifying every variety of crime which the most brutal and sensual of mankind have ever perpetrated, as in the works of *Sanchez, Escobar, Sa, Facundez, Gobat, &c. &c.*, is the sure and certain method to make the vows a nullity.

That such is the fact of the case is known but too well to all whose duty and station compel them to be informed. We will confine ourselves at present to two dioceses in France, and two in Germany—in each of which we have ourselves resided. In each of the former, on a certain fixed day, a very excellent prelate assembles all the clergy of his see in the cathedral, where with closed doors, and in secret, they celebrate together the holiest mysteries of their faith. Mass being ended, the bishop proceeds to address a *convio ad clerum*, in which he enumerates all the cases of immorality which have occurred amongst the clergy in the course of the last year, with the sentences which have been passed by the ecclesiastical tribunals. The names of the parties are carefully concealed; some are known to priests resident in the immediate neighbourhood—but the greater part have escaped even local notoriety; many have become known only through the confessional: the *participes criminis* have perhaps been removed into other parishes and then revealed to new confessors that which would otherwise have remained secret, and which has thus come round to the ears of the prelate in whose diocese the culprit resided. Sometimes the weight of sin can be no longer borne on the conscience, and voluntary confessions have been made. A thrill of horror pervaded the assembly on one occasion when the good bishop had finished his recital; and then, with many tears, at the head, and in the name of the whole body of his clergy, he confessed the sin of the priests and people, and implored forgiveness.

Such is the practice in two different dioceses in France: probably of more; and certainly in all some measures are taken by the bishops of the present time to repress the outbreaks of vice amongst the clergy. These things, however, are most anxiously concealed from the laity; indeed, scarce a Roman Catholic layman of any rank, or of whatever general intelligence, has the smallest information upon any subject connected with the priests. Nor do we wonder that even pure and worthy digni-
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tarics should shrink from the tremendous hazard of overthrowing what yet lingers in France of the old veneration for the priests. They may be forgiven for dreading a reform which should begin by loosening the already too weak bands that bind religion in any way on the people: for being anxious rather to discover some means of giving a strength and vigour to the good that remains, in order that the diseased parts may be sloughed off through increasing health.

In the German dioceses to which we referred the same assemblies of the clergy indeed do not take place; but the bishop's court sits twice every week, being exclusively employed in trying complaints made against ecclesiastics. So great and so incessant are the horrors here brought to light, that the excellent prelate who presides over one see more immediately under our eye, passes the whole night afterwards in fasting and tears of penitence for the things which have come before him. The extent of immorality is so great that it is considered a good sign of a priest if he is known to keep a mistress without causing any public scandal, and no notice is taken of him. If however she lies in at the parsonage, or if they quarrel so that a disturbance is produced in the village, then he is removed to another parish; if the same thing occurs a second time, the same treatment is pursued; if it is repeated a third time, he is degraded, all employment and means of livelihood are taken from him; and many such are to be seen throughout Germany breaking stones on the road, or serving as privates in the army. These, however, are not the immoralities which produce upon the minds of Bishops such effects as have been above described. They are such as cannot be put upon paper: hideous, unnameable crimes—committed in the most holy places, because supposed to be the most secure from the eye of man, regardless of the eye of God. In Italy such offences, when not screened by some powerful patron, are punished by incarceration in a convent, with starving and repeated flagellation, which frequently terminate in death. But in Germany no such power exists; more liberal, but less cruel; more tolerant both of good and evil. The example of the court in the neighbourhood of the place to which we are now referring, tended not many years ago to sanction some of the worst of the crimes above alluded to; and though it is now mended, the effects of past days are not worn out.

This state of morals is not peculiar to the clergy of these four dioceses, but they have been selected exclusively because we would refer to nothing with which we were not personally acquainted. The German ecclesiastics who are now resolved to bring these things to light have no wish for writing libellous accusations against their

their brethren:—but they will bring them forward as proofs, damning proofs, of the effects of the practice of the confessional, of the necessary studies of the priests, and of the vows of celibacy, upon the morals of the clergy: and they will draw their proofs not from one diocese here and another diocese there, but from all dioceses; not from the last years only, but from the uninterrupted course of the last century. It is a remarkable feature in the case that all the profligate clergy are strong in favour of the continuance of the law of celibacy, whilst all the moral clergy are for abolishing it. The Protestants in these dioceses generally say that that is in order that they may continue their flagitious courses in a way which it would be more difficult to do if they were married, but that is not the real ground of their resistance. They resist it because they know that it is popular at headquarters to resist it; and they take the side of the authorities at Rome in order to make friends to themselves of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that they may be in their turn befriended.

It is quite a mistake of the Protestants to suppose that the heads of the Church of Rome are indifferent to priestly enormities; nothing can be farther from the truth. The Court of Rome uses every means in its power to punish such things—save where the offenders are supported by powerful patrons;—in those cases it is indeed tolerant and corrupt: but in all other cases its severity is very great and even cruel. The Court of Rome would very willingly see the manners of the clergy decorous everywhere; but it resists all reform through the means of public exposure: for, *that* once countenanced, where would it stop? It was this fear of exposure which paralyzed many efforts for internal reform in Italy itself prior to the age of Luther. It is this same fear that will at least strain every nerve to paralyze the efforts of the German ecclesiastics who now avow their zeal for amending what is evil; and it is the fear, not of an individual, but of a perpetual *Ecclesiastical Bureaucratic*. The movers of reform say that the four points towards which their efforts are directed are mere matters of discipline, and within the power of the Pope to correct at any moment he pleases; but some of them at least well know that practically the Pope is as much a cipher in the church as the Emperor of Austria is in Germany, or as the most constitutional king in his own dominions.

No Pope, we believe, ever ascended the Chair with better intentions than the present one; but he was elected, as has long been the rule, when old and enfeebled, and proved accordingly unfit to make any effectual struggle against the inveterate *malaria* of the system about him. Without doubt there is much genuine piety and virtue in Rome; but there is also a great deal of wickedness

wickedness' and infidelity, and these are only the more pernicious by reason of the hypocrisy which does and must result from the composition of a society in which the most prominent persons are at once professed courtiers or place-hunters, and ecclesiastics. Their priestly attire does not make a thousand busy place-hunters internally much different from those who follow similar objects in lay dresses at Vienna, Paris, or London; but it compels superficial pretence; and men trained in such a school, accustomed to breathe such an atmosphere, constitute a ruling caste far more likely to produce stern despotic avengers of indiscretion dangerous to its own *prestige*,* than zealous reformers of widespread, long-inherited abuses, which strike at the essentials of character throughout Rome and Italy, and all Papal Europe. Come anything rather than a general searching exposure of any class of facts involving the priesthood as a class! Anything rather than such an exposure as must end in convincing Lay Romanists that the Holy See has for centuries upheld, as part and parcel of the Divine Law, a regulation necessitating the habitual violation of the plainest precepts of religion and morality on the part of an order claiming exclusive reverence and submission as the delegates of heaven.

The 'Epistola Encyclica' of 1832, already quoted, reasserts accordingly in the fullest and even fiercest terms the determination of the Court of Rome, that nothing shall be listened to from any quarter on the subject of that grand radical evil—the enforced celibacy of the clergy.

'Cum autem, ut Tridentinorum Patrum verbis utamur, constet ecclesiam eruditum fuisse a Christo Jesu ejusque Apostolis, atque a Spiritu Sancto illi omnem veritatem in dies suggerente edoceri, absurdum plane est ac maxime in eum injuriosum, *restauratorem ac regenerationem* quamdam obtrudi, quasi necessariam, ut ejus incolumitati et incremento consulatur, perinde ac si censi ipsa possit vel defectui, vel obscuracioni, vel aliis hujusmodi incommodis obnoxia. . . .

'Hic autem vestram volumus excitant pro religione constantiam adversus foedissimam in clericalem coelibatum conjurationem, quam *nostis effervesce in dies latius*, connitentibus cum perditissimis nostri ævi philosophis nonnullis etiam ex ipso ecclesiastico ordine, qui personæ

* Men's tongues are silent, because every one is afraid to speak. Relations even are often in ignorance of what happens to each other. We know the case of a priest who, for speaking disrespectfully to his bishop, was suddenly taken away from the little village in which he lived, and wherein his brother was one of the principal proprietors, and yet none either knew or thought of inquiring what had become of him: at last it turned out that he had been taken to the prison of the Santo Uffizio, sixty miles off, kept nine months in a cage, in which he could not stand upright, and when he returned to his family at the expiration of his sentence, he was in a condition which need not be described. for he had had no opportunity all that time of washing or cleaning himself, shaving, or cutting his hair or nails. Yet to this day some of his relations do not know of his ever having been in prison at all.

obliti munerisque sni, ac blanditiis abrepti voluptatum, eo licentiæ proruperunt, ut *publicas etiam atque iteratas aliquibus in locis ausi sint adhibere principibus postulationes ad disciplinam illam sanctissimam perfringendum.* Sed piget de turpissimis hisce conatibus longo vos sermone distinnere, vestræque potius religioni fidentes committimus, ut legem maximi momenti, in quam lascivientium tela undique sunt intenta, sartam tectam custodiri, vindicari, defendi, ex sacrorum canonum præscripto, omni ope contendatis.’

That movement in Bavaria and Western Germany, which at this moment excites the well-founded alarm of the Roman Court, may be traced principally to the zeal and abilities of the late Bishop Sailer; and hence the importance of the speech of the King of Bavaria upon the appointment of Bishop Riedel, which ended with the expression of his Majesty’s hope that he should find in him a worthy successor of Bishop Sailer. The pamphlet, therefore, named at the head of these remarks is properly and truly an answer to the question, ‘Who was Sailer, and what were his principles?’

Bishop Sailer died in 1832. In one of his last works he says,—

‘He that knows anything of that unsteady thing the human heart, now pressed into despondency and now uplifted in presumption, will not cease to cry aloud these three things :—1st, What the authorities in the Church *ought* to do? 2nd, What those under authority *may* do? 3rd, What the providence of God *shall* do?’

‘1. To you ye noble and venerable heads and fathers belongs the task of amending and improving the ritual and liturgy of the Church where they are defective; to introduce what is suitable and appropriate to the present times and circumstances of the Church; to reform what *in the houses of the priests* (especially in Germany) calls aloud for amendment; and to spread around blessings and contentment among all parts of the Church.

‘2. To you, my brethren, whose hands are tied from introducing voluntary changes, belongs the noble task of breathing into the existing formularies of the Church all the life they are capable of containing: and is not that a noble field for you?—of setting before your flock the light of a holy example, and so blessing all the families of your charge.

‘3. But if neither those in authority nor those under authority will fulfil their duties, then will Nemesis appear, and the providence of God will clear a place for new plantings of the Holy Ghost; it may be after this fashion, it may be after another, it may be here, it may be elsewhere.

‘The word that links the spirit of improvement on to the spirit of obedience, the responsibility of man to the providence of God, stands not in vain there where it is written, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”’

• Bishop Sailer had been preceded by some men of great piety
and

Schism in the Papacy.

and intelligence—Boos, Lindel, Gosner, and others; but he was distinguished not only by a degree of mental power superior to any of them, but also by a prudence and caution in which some of them were very deficient. It is not therefore wonderful that the movement should be identified more peculiarly with his name. Those in favour of it are now generally styled ‘Disciples of Sailer;’ and the King of Bavaria, it is obvious, has no objection to share the designation. But they have received another title from the many bystanders who sympathize little either with them or their antagonists. They are called ‘Jesus worshippers,’ the others ‘Mary worshippers’ (*Mariudiensten*); and these *sobriquets* clearly indicate another great practical abuse of the papacy, as to which the two parties have already come into open collision. We say *practical*—for, however, clearly educated Romanists may see the demarcation between *douleia* and *latreia*—however sincerely they may protest against injustice when charged with giving to a dead woman the honour and worship due only to God—the fact is entirely undeniable that in Roman Catholic countries thousands and tens of thousands live and die in habitual reliance on the intercession and mediation, not of the Saviour, but of the Virgin and other Saints departed.

Those worthy men who are labouring at the reformation and purifying of the Roman Catholic Church will be opposed by the rulers at Rome—for any acknowledgment of error would be a confession that they have not been infallibly right in all they have said and done on every occasion, in every age. They will also be opposed by the radical party in Rome, because they are not seeking to overthrow the state, or revolutionize, or even dismember it, as O’Connell is doing. Their only chance of not being speedily crushed is from the increasing disunion in the papal councils. The doctrines of Lamennais have made great progress; and Padre Ventura, who was silenced because of the countenance which he gave the French abbé when at Rome, is again in favour, and preached the Quadresimal sermons this year. Hence the O’Connellite faction in Rome, which has always been opposed by Father Routham, the general of the Jesuits, as being against all government alike in church and state, whilst assuming the mask of attacking only the supremacy of an heretical Church, has gained much support. That O’Connellite faction, we grieve to say, has been taken up by all the English Roman Catholics resident in Rome; and the admirers of Lamennais are talking more composedly, and with less alarm, of the possibility of their throwing off all connexion with governments everywhere, and placing themselves at the head of the revolutionists throughout Europe. Some such desperate plunge seems, indeed, the natural death

death of a system so mighty, and with so much vitality, as the papal system still possesses: it cannot die the way of all flesh, and expire like a candle burnt down into the socket, with a bright, perhaps, but momentary glare; it must die in a convulsion, and in such a convulsion as will shake all Europe to its very foundation.*

The great respectability of the bishops in France and Germany has alone kept the thing together for a long time past. In the former country several were soldiers under Napoleon, and a few also have been military men in the latter; but all are men of a certain age, well educated, and have seen much of the world. In Germany also the Pope has always been obliged to be more measured in his dealings than in other countries, for the old northern spirit has ever brooked but ill a submission to an Italian Cæsar, be he imperial or ecclesiastical.

Having said so much upon the real grounds of the movement in Bavaria, we must add our extreme disappointment at the inadequacy of the arms which are wielded in the conflict. The advocates for filth, sin, superstition, and worship of dead men and women, have long been supported by a very powerful Journal—one fully equal in ability to the ‘Dublin Review.’ It does not hesitate to denounce the followers of Sauler as ‘*Astermystische*,’ and it must be confessed that the tendency of part of their system is to produce religious twaddle, and to generate a race of Madame Guions, as the school of Fenelon did in France. The first numbers of the ‘*Wahrheitsfreund*,’ a Journal undertaken by the friends of right principle, are full of instances of this kind. Their enemies, however, have done one piece of service by occupying the ground before them: they have taken from the court of Rome the power to apply for the suppression of this Journal, on the ground that it is contrary to the discipline of the Church for anything to be published by an ecclesiastic without the express authority and sanction of his bishop; and it has received the approbation of the bishop. They must, however, give their Journal a very different cast and tone. It is idle for them to waste their time by appeals to the fathers and councils; such a proceeding will only make a *logomachia*, and multiply quibbles upon quibbles. Let them appeal to principles which all acknowledge, and to morals which all pretend to respect. Let them publish fully and truly the result of the trials in the ecclesiastical courts; and they may rest assured that they must be successful in

* The press, too, is becoming more ingenious in disseminating its productions. A recent tragedy, lately printed at Florence in defiance of the authorities, entitled ‘*Arnaldo da Breccia*,’ by Nicolin, a tolerably good poet, is sought after with avidity, and circulates largely, though everywhere prohibited. It has a list of that reformer, with many historical documents appended; and the whole volume is full of bold expressions against priestcraft and arbitrary rule, stated with much power of language.

urging every right-minded man to join with them against the sin denounced in Scripture, of 'forbidding to marry.'

The speech of the King of Bavaria, which has been the occasion of the pamphlet whose title is placed at the head of this article, is most important. His majesty not only mentions Sailer with praise, but recommends his example as a model to be followed—Sailer the friend of Stolberg, Haller, and Schlegel—Sailer the despised of the despised by the Ultramontane party. The king no doubt feels that, in labouring at the civilization of his people, his chief endeavour must be to deliver the clergy from the vices of heathenism. Let him stand resolutely by those whom he has here recommended to follow Sailer, and the followers of Sailer will soon cleanse that Augean stable which the secular arm alone can never do. The priests are too crafty for any layman, even for a king. The common saying at Rome is, that they—the priests—'have the promise of God for their support, even to the end of the world, which no kings have : ' a position into which we shall not now enter further than to observe how characteristic the sentiment is of that grand usurper of whom it is written that she says, 'I sit as a queen, and shall see no sorrow.'

The movement in Bavaria has already created much stir throughout Germany; and the Austrian government, concluding that all who feel disgusted at popish abuses must verge towards Protestantism, has lately issued a proclamation, reminding its subjects of an old law which punishes with banishment any Roman Catholic who turns Protestant. It is possible, indeed, that the Protestants in Hungary may be generally more opposed to the Austrian maxims of government than the Roman Catholics; but it is certain that the leaders in the Diet are of ancient Roman Catholic families, and Roman Catholics themselves. Into the Hungarian part of the question, however, we shall not at this time enter.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Monumens des Arts du Dessin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes. Recueillis par Vivant Denon, pour servir à l'histoire des Arts; décrits et expliqués par Amaury Duval.* Paris, 1829. Folio. 4 vols.
2. *Illuminated Ornaments, drawn from Ancient Manuscripts.* By Henry Shaw; with Descriptions by Sir Frederick Madden. London, 1833. Quarto.
3. *Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the British Museum* (with plates engraved and coloured by Henry Shaw). London, 1834. Folio.
4. *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli XIV., XV., XVI.*
Publicato

- Publicato ed illustrato con documenti pure inediti dal D. Gio. Gaye. Firenze, 1839. 8vo. 3 vols.*
5. *The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments.... Illustrated with many hundred Woodcuts. London, 1839. Quarto. 4 vols.*
 6. *Paléographie Universelle: Collection de fac-similes d'Écritures de tous les peuples et de tous les temps, tirés des plus authentiques documents de l'art graphique, chartes, et manuscrits.... publiée d'après les modèles écrits, dessinés et peints sur les lieux mêmes, par M. Silvestre, et accompagnés d'explications historiques et descriptives par MM. Champollion-Figeac et Aimé Champollion fils. Paris, 1840-1842. Folio. 4 vols.*
 7. *The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels. Edinburgh and London, 1842-1844. Royal 8vo. Nos. 1-56.*
 8. *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Shaw, F.S.A. London, 1842-3. Imperial 8vo. Parts 1-16.*
 9. *The Keepsake. 1843. 8vo.*
 10. *The Illustrated London News. Folio. 1843.*
 11. *The Pictorial Times. Folio. 1843.*
 12. *London: by Charles Knight. 6 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1843.*

AMONGST the characteristics of the literature of the present age there is one which, if neither the most striking from its novelty nor the most important in its tendency, is certainly the most familiar to us all, and silently exercises no little influence upon society; we allude to the rage for ornamented, or as they are now termed, 'Illustrated' or 'Pictorial' editions of books. Be the books what they may, sacred or profane, old or new; good, bad, or indifferent—destined to remain as monuments to their authors, more durable than brass, or to pass away and be forgotten like the first year's Annuals—still all must be adorned with whatever the arts of engraving and fine printing can supply, to form what our Gallic neighbours call 'Éditions de luxe'—or else, for the most part, be condemned to small type, and, perhaps, double columns, as 'Éditions for the people.' Nearly forty years since, when 'Illustrated' books were of comparatively rare occurrence, Professor Christian* querulously remarked, 'we do not grow wiser than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations.' How would the professor lament over the 'Illustrations' of the present day!

* 'Vindication of the Right of the Universities of Great Britain to a Copy of every New Publication.'

The skill of the engraver has indeed been singularly assisted by modern discoveries in science and in art: the Forunschneiders and the Intagliatori of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would start with surprise at the stereotyped woodcuts and the electrotyped engravings of the present day. Maso Finiguerra and Albert Durer, Melchior Plintzing, and Raimondi (Marc António) would, perhaps, be less astonished at the steam-engine and its wonders, than at the reproduction *ad infinitum* of their most laboured and most finished efforts; their own handiwork remaining the while unsoiled by ink, uninjured by the press, and serving only to produce metallic copies for the printers' use.

Five lustres since and a few hundreds only of impressions could be taken from a copper-plate engraving without its delicacy being materially injured; a 'retouching'—almost amounting to a re-engraving—was necessary to produce some few copies of inferior beauty and debased value. Now the 'Art Union' can supply its twelve thousand subscribers with impressions from an engraving, of which the last shall be scarcely, if at all, inferior to the first, and could do the same were its numbers tenfold what they are. Five lustres since, and a few small woodcuts, mostly of very questionable design and execution—the works of Bewick and two or three others being the alone exceptions—were with difficulty 'inked' with 'balls' and 'worked' by hand: the price of any book being materially enhanced by the pains and labour necessarily incurred in the printing of its woodcut 'embellishments'—for such was then the term. In Johnson's '*Typographia*,' published in 1824, is a detailed account of the difficulties experienced in finding either a printing-press of sufficient power, or proper ink, or the requisite skill to print a few copies of 'the very elaborate and most extraordinary engraving on wood, executed by Mr. William Harvey, of the Assassination of L. S. Dentatus, from a celebrated painting by Mr. B. R. Haydon.' This engraving was composed of eleven pieces of wood, 'through which passed four strong iron bolts with nuts at each end,' and measured fifteen inches by eleven and a half inches. We may now smile at this difficulty, but the worthy typographer might then boast of his success in achieving such a task with the means at his command. A few months ago the 'Illustrated London News' circulated to its twenty or thirty or forty thousand subscribers a well-executed and well-printed view of London measuring four feet by two feet, having a superficies about six and a half times that of the Haydonian Dentatus; and, more lately, the 'Pictorial Times' put forth a wood-cut of Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' of the same size with Burnet's line-engraving!

To produce great numbers of large engravings in cameo, whether

ther in wood or metal, steam-power is of course employed; for smaller editions of works of less magnitude the Stanhope or Colombian (Clymer's) presses worked by hand are still used, and although 'balls' also are even now employed by some printers for 'fine work' and for delicate engravings of small size, yet the greater beauty of impression of the numerous 'illustrated' books of the present day, as compared with those printed at the beginning of the present century, is mainly due to the almost universal substitution of Mr. Cowper's inking rollers for the 'balls' which, until the year 1816, had remained unimproved from the time of Fust and Schoeffer; from the middle of the fifteenth century to the time of Bulmer and Bensley. This simple but most important invention was, we believe, patented, but the patent was as generally and as unblushingly infringed as in the case of the kaleidoscope invented about the same time by Sir David Brewster—'Sic vos non vobis.' It is a very singular but well attested fact that, incalculable as have been the effects produced by the invention of printing (for who can estimate them?) no improvement was made in the mechanical means employed by the early printers, neither by the Manuzj or Giunta, nor the Estiennes, Plantins, or Elzevirs, until the late Earl Stanhope invented the press which bears his name, and Mr. Cowper the rollers which do not bear his. Can we wonder that the Mazarine Bible, the first complete book printed (certainly before 1455) has not been excelled, if even it has been equalled, in all that constitutes beauty in a printer's eyes by any printed production of a later date? But to return to our subject.

Five lustres since, and, with the exception of Bewick's works, scarcely twenty books of modern date could be named having woodcut embellishments with any pretensions to merit. Amongst the few were a small Shakspeare in seven volumes, with designs by Thurston; an edition of Fairfax's translation of Tasso; and especially Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*, with designs of exquisite beauty by Stothard.* The number of works with cuts steadily increased; but without doubt the greatest impulse was given by the publication of the 'Penny Magazine' of the Society for the Diffusion of *Useful Knowledge*—followed, '*hand passibus aequis*,' it must be confessed, by the 'Saturday Magazine' of the Society for Promoting *Christian Knowledge*. The first still continues, we believe, in its original course; the second has been long since cast off by the Society which originated it, although it still bears a stamp resembling, in outward appearance, that Society's distinctive mark. There is no doubt that these two

* Mr. Rogers, as it might be expected, has preserved some of these in the recent more elaborately ornamented editions of his Poems. We, however, prefer the wood to the copper.

publications, each with many woodcuts weekly, have been the pioneers in the present march of woodcut illustration.

The improvements in the art of wood-cutting, or of embellishment in relief, have been followed by their natural consequence—a great increase in the demand, greater means of supply, a lower price for ‘the article,’ and a corresponding increase in the ‘factories,’ some masters employing from twenty to thirty, or even more hands. If the present taste continues to exist, and shall spread, as is not by any means improbable, we may well anticipate that mechanical means will be found necessary, and something like a Brunel’s block-machinery in miniature be adapted to the xylographic process, to aid the engraver in his suburban garret, as the larger machinery does the rigger in Portsmouth-yard.

A natural effect of all this is, that those means, which at first were called in to aid, now bid fair to supersede much of descriptive writing: certainly they render the text of many books subsidiary to their so-called illustrations. In this partial return to baby literature—to a second childhood of learning—the eye is often appealed to instead of the understanding, not so much on the ground that

‘*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*’

nor from an acute and accurate perception of beauty of design, as from a low utilitarian wish to give and receive the greatest possible amount of knowledge at the least possible expense of time, trouble, money, and, we may add, of intellect. Verily it is a superficial knowledge which now pervades the country from Berwick to the Land’s-End—from Maidenkirke to John O’Groats—wherever the English language is known, and where it is not known: we have seen the ‘Penny Magazine’ in Polish.

One publisher has put forth a ‘Pictorial Bible,’ a ‘Pictorial Shakspere,’ and a ‘Pictorial’ History of England. The Napoleon Museum is advertised as an ‘Illustrated’ History of Europe. The boards in the streets are placarded with puffs of some refuse of American literature (?) called Peter Parley’s ‘Illustrated’ Histories, written, we suppose, by ‘drab-coloured’ Philadelphians, and savouring of democracy and repudiation of honest debts. We have a Weekly ‘Illustrated News,’ and a ‘Pictorial Times;’ besides scores and scores of baser newspapers ‘illustrated’ but unstamped. In all these cases it will be seen that the adjective is more prominent than the substantive. We do not know that it would be fair to say the same of ‘Punch.’ Mr. Punch has pens of no common mark at his orders, as well as pencils—very clever writers (we are sorry to see not so good-humoured

humoured as they were at the start); yet George Cruikshank and his fellows are real artists, and to their grotesque fertility this most diverting paper owes at all events half of its attraction.

Five lustres since, and 'Illustration' had a quite different meaning from that which now obtains. A book was then called 'Illustrated' which was crammed, like a candidate for honours, with all that related to all that the book contained. To this end, every portrait, in every state,—etching, proof 'before letters,' finished proof, and reverses,—of every person, every view of every place, was if possible procured; and where engravings did not exist, drawings were made, until the artist's skill and the collector's purse were alike exhausted. The germ of this system of illustration existed as early as the time of Charles I. The pious but ascetic Nicholas Ferrar had bought, says Dr. Peckard,* during his travels on the Continent,

'A very great number of prints engraved by the best masters of that time, all relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments: indeed, he let nothing of this sort that was valuable escape him.'

These prints Ferrar employed in ornamenting various compilations from the Scriptures; amongst others,

'He composed a full harmony, or concordance, of the four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters.'

The history of this 'illustrated' book, the first we believe of its kind, is curious:

'In May, 1633, his Majesty set out upon his journey to Scotland, and in his progress he stepped a little out of his road to view Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, which by the common people was called the *Protestant Nunnery*. The family having notice, met his Majesty at the extremity of the parish, at a place called from this event the King's Close, and in the form of their solemn processions, conducted him to their church, which he viewed with great pleasure. He inquired into, and was informed of the particulars of their public and domestic economy; but it does not appear that at this time he made any considerable stay. The following summer his Majesty and the Queen passed two nights at Apthorpe in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. From thence he sent one of his gentlemen to *intreat* (his Majesty's own word) a sight of *The Concordance*, which, he had heard, was sometime since done at Gidding, with assurance that in a few days, when he had perused it, he would send it back again. Mr. N. Ferrar was then in London, and the family made some little demur, not thinking it worthy to be put into his Majesty's hands, but at length they delivered it to the messenger. But it was not returned in a few days, or weeks: some months were elapsed when the gentleman brought it back from the king, who was then at London. He said he had many things to deliver to the family from his

* In Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, ed. 1839, vol. iv. p. 189.

master:—first, to yield the king's hearty thanks to them all for the sight of the book, which passed the report he had heard of it; then to signify his approbation of it in all respects; next, to excuse him in two points, the first for not returning it so soon as he had promised, the other, for that he had in many places of the margin written notes in it with his own hand; and “(which I know will please you), said the gentleman, you will find an instance of my master's humility in one of the margins. The place I mean is where he had written something with his own hand, and then put it out again, acknowledging that he was mistaken in that particular.” Certainly this was an act of great humility in the king, and worthy to be noted; and the book itself is much graced by it. The gentleman further told them that the king took such delight in it, that he passed some part of every day in perusing it. And lastly, he said, “to show you how true this is, and that what I have declared is no court compliment, I am expressly commanded by my master earnestly to request of you, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and of the young ladies, that you would make him one of these books for his own use; and if you will please to undertake it, his Majesty says you will do him a most acceptable service.”

Mr. Ferrar and the young ladies returned their most humble duty, and immediately set about what the king desired. In about a year's time it was finished, and it was sent to London to be presented to his Majesty by Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Cosins, one of the king's chaplains. This book was bound entirely by Mary Collet (one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces), all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion. The king, after long and serious looking it over, said, “This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects worthy to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth, for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of an harmony, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be greatly indebted to the family for this jewel, and whatever is in my power, I shall at any time be ready to do for any of them.”

King Charles's statues, pictures, jewels, and curiosities were sold and dispersed by the regicide powers: from this fate, happily, the royal collection of manuscripts and books was preserved; neither was it, like the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, doled out, piecemeal, to Hugh Peters and his brother fanatics. This good service was mainly owing to Bulstrode Whitelocke.* When the British Museum was founded, King George II. presented to it the whole of the royal library; and Ferrar's Concordance, with another similarly illustrated compilation by him, is there preserved in safety. The Reverend Thomas Bowdler of Sydenham, the re-

* Jun. 18, 1647. The manuscripts and books in Whitehall, because of soldiers being there, were ordered to be removed to St. James's house, and placed there, which I furthered in order to the preservation of those rare monuments of learning and antiquity which were in that library.—*Memorials*, p. 298, ed. 1732.

presentative of the last baronet of the Cotton family, the founders of the Cottonian Library, possesses another of the Ferrar volumes. Of those which were presented by Ferrar to George Herbert and Dr. Jackson no record remains.

The system of which we now speak was not fully developed until the publication of Granger's 'Biographical History of England.' Something may be said in favour of those who, with gentle dulness and patient industry, haunted the printsellers' shops to collect all the engraved portraits which Granger had enumerated. There is a charm in the human face divine, although it must needs be powerful to call forth—as it does—twenty, or thirty, or fifty guineas from a collector's pocket for a coarsely executed cut of some Meg Merrilies, some Tom of Bedlam, or some condemned criminal, of which the only value is being 'mentioned by Granger.' However, the dross is always the dearest portion of a collector's treasure, be it in books or prints. Strutt's 'Dictionary of Engravers,' to be completely 'illustrated' in a collector's eyes, should contain every work of every engraver mentioned in it (Hollar alone would cost 10,000*l.*, could a set of his works be procured): yet this has been attempted, and so has Rees' 'Cyclopædia!' The copy of Pennant's 'History of London' which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowle cost that gentleman 7000*l.*; and the 'Illustrated' Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, of Gower Street, and continued by his widow, who has munificently presented it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of 12,000*l.* This, perhaps the richest 'pictorial' history which exists, or is likely to exist, deserves more than a passing notice. It contains nearly nineteen thousand prints and drawings: there are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles I., five hundred and eighteen of Charles II., three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James II., and four hundred and twenty of William III. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes. Forty years were spent in this pursuit. The Catalogue of the 'Illustrations,' of which a few copies only were printed for distribution as presents by Mrs. Sutherland, fills two large quarto volumes. In mere numbers, however, Mr. Sutherland was surpassed by the foreign ecclesiastic who is said to have amassed twelve thousand 'portraits' of the Virgin Mary! We know of copies of Byron's works, and Scott's works, each 'illustrated' with many thousands of prints and drawings, and each increasing almost daily.

The venerable bibliophile and bibliographer, M. Brunet, says, in his '*Manuel du Libraire*,' art. Strutt, of a copy of the Dictionary formerly belonging to Messrs. Longman, and valued by them at 2000*l.*:—

' Cette

'Cette manie de faire des livres précieux me rappelle la réponse que me fit un capitaliste à qui je montrais un volume d'une valeur considérable. "Tenez!" me dit-il froidement, en me présentant un portefeuille rempli de billets de banque, "voilà un volume encore plus précieux que le vôtre." Ce mot me paraît sans réplique, et je ne crois pas qu'il y ait dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne un curieux qui pût montrer une *illustrated copie* plus précieuse qu'un pareil portefeuille. Au surplus, ne disputons pas des goûts, mais croyons que celui de l'amateur de billets de banque serait celui de bien des gens.'

This system of 'illustration' has, however, had its day: it required time, money and, moreover, knowledge and taste. Illustrations are now wanted ready-made for the million.

Five lustres since and manuscripts were things which were rarely seen, and still more rarely understood. The opportunities for seeing them were indeed but few: the British Museum was in comparative infancy; its reading-room frequented by tens, not as now by hundreds of daily students. The libraries of Oxford and Cambridge offered little facility of access to their treasures, and scarcely any means existed of making generally known the various splendid manuscripts to be found in other libraries, public and private. Catalogues of collections of manuscripts were compiled with a view to the subject-matter of each volume, rather than to the accidental qualities of calligraphy and illumination: even when the characters of a manuscript were criticised it was chiefly with the intent to judge thereby of its age and the country where it was written; but little criticism respecting the illuminations of manuscripts is to be found in those most conversant with them, in Mabillon, Maffei, Baring, Kopp, Walther, Trombelli, and the Benedictine authors of the '*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*.' This last work, to great learning and very little judgment, adds so much quackery that, upon adding together the various classes into which the authors divide the modes of writing found in Latin MSS. alone, we find that they enumerate classes, divisions, sub-divisions, genera, and species, containing one hundred and eighty-nine species of majuscule writing, one hundred and seven species of uncial writing, ninety-three species of demi-uncial writing, and two hundred and thirteen species of writing in minuscules; to say nothing of the different species into which they divide cursive or running hand. It may well be a question how many schools of illumination they would distinguish.

Sometimes, it is true, the words '*cum picturis*' were added to the description of a volume, but to those who had not actually handled manuscripts the words conveyed little meaning, and the few engravings from such '*picturæ*' which here and there occurred in catalogues, or elsewhere, excited no wish in the mind of the reader to see the originals. The engravings to be met with in
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the bulky tomes of Montfaucon, Ducange, Papebroch, Kollar, and others, were not generally known, nor were those which were published by the Society of Antiquaries, of the Cottonian Manuscript of Genesis, extensively circulated. The illuminated service books of the Roman Catholic Church, which, of whatever nature, breviary or plenarium, antiphonar or gradual, hours or psalter, processional or benedictional, were, and still too often are, confounded under the generic term of 'missal,' afforded, by their more frequent occurrence, the chief means of information.

The first who in this country used, to any extent, illuminations as a source whence to 'illustrate' the manners and customs, the dresses and sports, of former ages was the laborious Joseph Strutt, whose engravings, though always coarse, and often inaccurate, have supplied the small learning of many a self-styled antiquary. A few years afterwards the late Thomas Johnes of Harod put forth his translations of Froissart's and Monstrelet's 'Chronicles,' with engravings in outline from some finely illuminated MSS. of those authors. Mr. Johnes's books form an epoch in the history of illustration, as they first made apparent to the general reader the beauty to be discerned in manuscripts.* In 1814 Mr. Utterson published an edition of the romance of 'Arthur of Little Britain,' with outline engravings, in the style of those to Johnes's translations. This was another step, for although Strutt had slightly tinted or daubed some of his plates, Mr. Utterson had some of the large paper copies of his book well coloured, so as to imitate the originals. This however raised a quarto volume, with only twenty-five small plates, to the price of fifteen guineas! The great price of coloured plates prevented the increase of publications of this kind, and but little was done until the year 1833, when Mr. Shaw published his 'Illuminated Ornaments.' To this work unquestionably the public taste is much indebted; it first united good judgment in the choice of subjects, minute accuracy of detail, beauty of execution, and comparative cheapness of price. Each plate was accompanied with a description by Sir Frederic Madden, who added a preface, which, though very short, is almost the only history of 'illuminations,' to use what is now become a technical term for small paintings in gold and colours. Mr. Shaw had scarcely begun this work when his services were called for by the trustees of the British Museum to 'illustrate' the catalogue of the Arundel collection of MSS., and their liberality enabled Mr. Shaw to produce some plates which are as yet unrivalled, save by the work

* Some MSS. of Froissart are very beautiful. There have been published very lately some coloured facsimiles, by Mr. Humphreys, from a remarkably fine illuminated copy of Froissart (now in the British Museum), which, from the arms in it (gu. a chevron or between three escallops arg. a bordure of the second, quartering arg. on a chief gu. three eaglets displayed or), may perhaps have belonged to the historian De Comines.

undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, under the auspices of the French Government. The taste was now well excited in England, where public patronage is ever found the best.

By the aid of the French Government MM. Silvestre, Champollion-Figéac and Aimé Champollion, *fils*, have completed a large work, the largest as yet on such subjects, which we have named at the head of this article: it contains about 300 plates, mostly coloured, comprising specimens of writing as well as of drawings or illuminations. As might be expected in a work so large, the execution is unequal, and many of the subjects are unworthy of the preference given to them over others. It is a vast storehouse, and although, from its price, it is to the general reader as inaccessible as manuscripts themselves, yet we must call it an expensive, not a dear book. In Messrs. Bossange's catalogue it is marked at the price of 80*l*. "In point of artistic feeling, and also of accuracy, it is inferior to Mr. Shaw's work.

The coloured plates of illuminated MSS., which are found in the large work of Sommerard, *De l'Art au Moyen Age*, are little better than caricatures.

The first number of a humble imitation of M. Silvestre's book, from which indeed some of its specimens are taken, is now on our table: the chief merit is its cheapness—five plates, printed in gold (Dutch gold) and colours, by Mr. Owen Jones, for eight shillings! Were they better drawn, little more could be desired. A Mr. J. O. Westwood, who compiles the descriptions, writes himself 'F.L.S.' and indeed he 'speaks in Karl Linneus' vein': thus, when describing a 'Codex purpureo-argenteus,' of remote antiquity, he says:—

'I have introduced the last two lines of the 5th, and the first line of the 7th verses, to show that not only the words are broken in two at the end of the lines, without any connecting marks, but that the paragraphs were also undivided into verses. They are, however, separated by *alineæ*, here appearing simply in the first letter being written rather beyond the perpendicular edge of the other lines, but scarcely larger than the other letters. The rounded E, the acutely-angled first stroke of the A, the elongated Y and P with the extremity obliquely truncated, the rounded part of the latter scarcely reaching below half the width of the lines, the acute-angled M with three of its strokes thickened, and the Δ with the basal stroke elongated beyond the triangle, and knobbed at each end, are peculiarities evidencing the most remote antiquity, in all of which respects it will bear comparison with the most famous codices"!!

He appears to confound 'verses' with *τίτλοι* and *κεφάλαια*; could he possibly have expected to find 'verses' in a MS. believed to be of the fifth century?

His first specimen is taken from a copy of the Gospels, in
VOL. LXXIV. NO. CXLVII. N Latin,

Latin, which there is little doubt was sent over to Æthelstan by his brother-in-law the Emperor Otho, between the years 936 and 940, and which was given by Æthelstan to the metropolitan church of Canterbury,* as appears from a coeval inscription in the volume. Mr. Westwood says:—

‘The first page of the volume contains a large illuminated frontispiece: in the centre of which is a youthful king, crowned and kneeling in a church, with two courtiers behind him, and in front a figure of Christ, naked, and wounded on the side: The former has been supposed to represent King Richard II.; but it appears to me to be unquestionably intended for the youthful Henry VI., being, in fact, precisely similar to the miniatures of that king, contained in his psalter in the same library (Cotton, Donitian xvii.). In the upper part of the illumination is an aged crowned king, kneeling in the open country, with the devil at his back. There are also eight coats of arms in various parts of the page, and on a blue slab are inscribed the following lines:—

Saxonidum dux atque decus, primumque monarcham,
Inclitus, Ælfridum qui numeravit avum,
Imperii primas quoties meditantur habenas,
Me voluit sacrum regibus esse librum.

This illumination is evidently of the early part of the fifteenth century, and the verses above quoted record the tradition that Athelstan (the grandson of Alfred), by whom the English monarchy was consolidated, and raised to so much importance in the eyes of Europe, had devoted this volume to the service of the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings.’

This leaf, of which the writer of the above comprehends neither the meaning nor the importance, was inserted by Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., and widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; therefore its date is after 1477. The arms of Burgundy impaling England are at the foot of the page, with the letters C and M, and their motto ‘*Bien en advienne*,’ the whole surrounded with daisies (*Maignérites*). The figure of the king, therefore, is *not* ‘unquestionably intended’ for Henry VI. of Lancaster, the mortal enemy of Margaret of York. The other seven coats of arms are those attributed to, or borne by, the several dynasties of England prior to Margaret’s time: being respectively (we spare our readers the heraldic jargon) those of Athelstan—*Edward the Confessor* for the Saxon kings—*Denmark* for Canute—

* The words are ‘*Dorobernensis cathedre primatui, &c.*,’ which by several writers who have mentioned this volume are supposed to signify the church of Dover, instead of Canterbury. Their mistake has evidently been caused by school reminiscences of the *High Latin Grammar*, wherein the same error occurs, in the example to the second rule of the Second Concord in Syntaxis—‘*Audito, it being heard, regem, that the king, proficisci, was set out, Doroberniam, for Dover.*’ We commend this to Dr. Hawtrey’s notice.

Normandy for William I. and II., and Henry I.—*England* for Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I. and II.—*Ancient France* (first assumed by Edward III.)—and *Ancient France and England* quarterly for Edward III. and Richard II.

The fact that the sister of one of our kings should, at such an early period, thus have perpetuated the history of the volume takes away all reasonable ground for doubt. Sir Henry Ellis has printed a letter * from Sir S. D'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville, which shows that this MS. was used at the coronation of Charles I. At that time it belonged to Sir Robert Cotton, who was personally in attendance with it upon the sovereign. Not the least remarkable circumstance attending its history is, that, having been given by Æthelstan to Christ Church, Canterbury, the property of it should now, after the lapse of 900 years, be partly vested in the archbishop of that see, as principal trustee of the British Museum. But this interesting volume, the only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England, has drawn us from our subject.

Of a very different nature from the books which we have just mentioned is that which, under the auspices, and chiefly at the expense of the French Government, is undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, brother of the late Comte de Bastard, a President of the Cour de Cassation, and Vice-President of the Chambre des Pairs de France. We ourselves have seen this splendid work,—the '*Peintures et Ornemens des Manuscrits*,'—but it is probable that many of our readers will never have the like advantage, for we believe that there are not two copies in England of this costly book. *Costly* we may, indeed, well call it, for the seventeen livraisons of the first of the three sections into which the '*Partie Française*' alone is divided, are published at the price of 1800 francs, or seventy-two sterling pounds, each—so that this first portion, only forming, at the most, three volumes '*grand in folio Jésus*' (who but Frenchmen would ever so profane the name?), will cost 30,600 francs, or 1226*l.* sterling (we have Count Bastard's handwriting now before us) being at the rate of 10*l.* and upwards for each coloured plate! The '*Partie Française*' is to consist of three sections, which, if of equal size, will amount to 3678*l.*! The conditions of subscription mention that '*à partir du 1^{er} Juillet, 1840, il paraîtra, chaque année, de quatre à six livraisons, qui seront payées, argent comptant, à Paris, au domicile de l'éditeur, rue Saint Dominique, No. 93, Faubourg St. Germain. . . . Comme garantie du travail, les planches portent tous ces mots, Le Comte Auguste de Bastard a dirigé, et un timbre sec aux armes de l'éditeur.*' We fear that

* Original Letters, first series, vol. i. p. 214.

neither our announcement, nor the Count's guarantee, will procure him many subscribers. Of the great accuracy as well as unrivalled splendour of this book there can be no doubt; nor would we insinuate anything tending to depreciate its high merits as a work of art, or 'illustrated book,' but we openly express our opinion that the vast cost is not compensated by the result obtained. MSS. themselves would be as accessible as this book, which would represent only a small portion of a few. If Count Auguste de Bastard's work should comprise only two other parts of equal extent with the French, the cost of a single copy will be upwards of *eleven thousand pounds!* a sum which, if well managed, would produce an entire edition of a work of high character and great beauty. The 'Antiquities of Mexico,' a magnificent work put forth at the sole expense of a young Irish nobleman, the late Viscount Kingsborough, cost his lordship, we believe, about 30,000*l.*; but for this sum a whole edition of a book in seven volumes in large folio, with very numerous coloured plates, was obtained,* and, in relation to its bulk and necessary price, copies were extensively circulated. However, be the cost of the Count's work what it may, the French Government cannot be taxed with want of liberality, for it has subscribed for sixty copies (including that of the editor, and the four required by the 'Copyright Act' of France), out of the one hundred copies printed. This subscription, for the first section of the first part alone, amounts to 73,560*l.*, or, for the 'Partie Française,' to 220,680*l.*, and, should the whole be completed, on the least proposed scale, to 668,040*l.*, or, in francs, to 16,032,960! Of this enormous sum, we believe that the French Chambers have already paid no little portion. At this rate 'Illustrated Books' become of great national importance, and the length of our notice of the Count's work is amply justified.

To enter fully into the history and mystery of illuminated MSS., from which the books we have just mentioned draw their materials, would lead us too far from our subject, and would not be of much interest to those, by far the greater part of our readers, who never have had, perhaps never will have, an opportunity of examining such works of bygone times, and will know of them only by the books just mentioned and their more humble copyists. One thing we must premise, however, that whatever may be the age of the MS.—of the seventh or of the fifteenth century; whatever its school, whether of Byzantine or Flemish, Italian or Anglo-Saxon whatever its subject, whether the holy Scriptures or a ro-

* * Of this splendid book two copies were printed on vellum, which, when illuminated and bound, were estimated to cost 2000*l.* each. Lord Kingsborough presented one to the British Museum, the second to the Bodleian Library.

mance, a chronicle or a book of devotions; in short, whatever its matter, whether prose or poetry—the illuminations may be generally taken to represent the arts, manners, customs, and especially the dresses of the age and country in which the MS. itself was written and ‘illuminated.’ Thus we may trace many of the customs and dresses of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in a psalter which belonged to Canute, and many early English sports and pastimes in another psalter of the thirteenth century (which at a later period belonged to Queen Mary), and which also affords a very curious specimen of the bizarrerie of the early artists. At the foot of the pages of this MS., amongst the numerous grotesques with which they are ornamented, is a complete series of illustrations to—what do our readers suppose?—the romance of Reynard the Fox! and figures of the same kind with those to be found in the *misericordes* or *misereres* of our cathedral stalls. The late amiable and lamented Gage Rokewood has given, in the *Vetusta Monumenta* of the Society of Antiquaries, a number of early carriages and dresses from the Lutterel Psalter. Mr. Shaw has given figures of ‘Spanish warriors’ of the twelfth century, which are copied from the ‘illustrations’ to a Commentary on the Apocalypse,* written at Burgos in 1109, and which strongly resemble some of the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry; yet the first are intended for the ‘horsemen’ seen by the holy apostle in his prophetic vision, the second for the Norman cavalry at the battle of Hastings. The MSS. of Quintus Curtius, Valerius Flaccus, Statius, and others give us representations of the warriors and arms of the times of our Edwards and Henrys. of Froissart and Commines; we have now before our eyes an illumination representing part of

‘The tale of Troy divine,’

in which cannon are planted against the towers, and archers, armed cap-à-pie in such armour as Dr. Meyrick would assign to the year 1450, are scaling walls which, though pierced for cross-bows, are but about half their own height, whilst cavalry are advancing to gates which, though machicolated and porteculissed, do not reach to the middle of the warriors’ lances. Even the Hebrew MSS. are not exempt from this unfailing characteristic. We have seen a MS. of the fifteenth century of the

* It is difficult to say with truth of any volume that it is unique; we, however, believe this to be so, except a rival to its strange mixture of styles of art exist in the dark unfathomed caves of Spanish libraries. It was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum from the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), for whom, whilst in Spain, it was not improbably abstracted from the Escorial or from the Archiepiscopal Library of Toledo. There is none like it in any collection which we have seen, nor was there before in the British Museum, neither is there, we have good reason to think, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Only one other copy of the text of the work is known, viz. in the Royal Library of Turin.

Haggada, that Rabbinical office for the first two evenings at the Passover, in which is embodied the legend of *this is the stick which beat the dog, which bit the cat, which ate the kid, which my father bought for two-pence,* accompanied with figures in Spanish dresses of the artist's time;—and a roll of the book of Esther, of the seventeenth century, in which Haman and Mordecai are depicted as Dutch Jews in trunk hose, and king Ahasuerus as a burgo-master with his gold chain. Sundry critics have expatiated with lofty contempt on the violation of all rules of propriety and keeping by these early illuminators. There is no defending them against the charge—but it so happens that it does not apply to them alone, for most of the great painters are equally obnoxious to it. We need only walk through the Louvre or our own National Gallery to observe every kind of extravagance; nor, to apply another test, does the most outrageous performance of any illuminator surpass the practical absurdity of Garrick playing Julius Cæsar or Macbeth in an English general's uniform of his own time, or (what many of our own readers have witnessed) the performance of Terence's comedies by the young gentlemen of Westminster School attired as modern dandies and powdered lacqueys. These and such like absurdities we do not now commit; but St. Paul's Cathedral is still deformed by Dr. Johnson—in a Roman toga! and Westminster Abbey by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, as a Roman warrior, with an inscription as offensive to Christianity and right feeling as the monument itself is to good taste. The one rule to which, with all their faults, the illuminators of ancient times adhered is now of great use to us their descendants, who want to know their modes of life in all their tenses; their arms, costumes, architecture, and furniture are thus become familiar to us. The costumes of the middle ages are now well understood; and Mr. Albert Way, we doubt not, could satisfactorily inform us of the fashions of any particular period, a knowledge which often serves to fix the epoch of a work of art. At Her Majesty's fancy ball last year, a royal duchess appeared as Anne of Bretagne, in costume historically correct; the Duchess of A. as a lady of the highest rank of the fourteenth century, faithfully copied from an illumination of—the Queen of Sheba!—from a magnificent Bible history of the time; whilst the Marchioness of E. was in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century, copied, aptly enough, from one of the Virtues, as blazoned in gold tissue and ermine, among the illuminations to Henry VII.'s copy of the Poems of Charles of Orléans (father of Louis XII.), who was taken prisoner at Agincourt.

To give a full account of the rise and progress of illuminated or 'illustrated' MSS. would oblige us greatly to exceed the limits
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of a review, but we cannot altogether pass over the subject. Its history has yet to be written, and great difficulties will attend the composition, as regards the productions of the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The extraordinarily early dates assigned by some writers to the celebrated MSS. of Virgil and Terence, in the Vatican, are altogether conjectural, and destitute of any foundation in sound criticism. The first has been referred to the same century in which Virgil lived, the other to the time of Constantine! If these dates be true, ought we any longer to doubt that St. Mark's Library possesses, as it once boasted of doing, the autograph of that evangelist, or that the Alexandrian MS. was written by Thecla in the time of St. Paul? The late amiable and accomplished but credulous Mr. Otley has published, in the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries, an elaborate dissertation to *prove* that a MS. in the British Museum, containing an 'illustrated' copy of Cicero's version of Aratus, is of the like early date. We have known Mr. Otley discover vestiges of early Roman art in the illuminations of a work written by Convenevole da Prato, the tutor of Petrarch, and addressed to Louis of Anjou, King of Naples! That the MSS. which we have named, and many others which we could name, are of great antiquity is true; but we unhesitatingly assert that it is impossible, without better criteria than we now possess, to assign them, as is so confidently done by sciolists, to any particular century.

In our own country the arts of illumination flourished at a very remote period of time: perhaps no nobler monument of its kind is possessed by any nation than the 'Book of St. Cuthbert,' or 'Durham Book,' now in the British Museum. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written, at the end of the seventh century, by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died A.D. 721, and illuminated by Æthelwald, the succeeding bishop. It was then clothed in a binding of gold, inlaid with precious stones, by Bilfrith, a monk of the same establishment; and a Dano-Saxon version was interlined by a priest named Aldred. The old chronicler, Turgot, or Simon of Durham, gravely narrates how, by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and of those who, in his honour, had written and adorned the book, it was miraculously preserved when the Danes ravaged Lindisfarne. Simon says, 'Erat enim aurificii arte præcipuus.' Its golden and gemmed binding is gone, but its intrinsic beauty is preserved, as may be seen by Mr. Shaw's facsimile.

MSS. of this remote date are rare; still rarer are those which at all approach in beauty to the Durham Book. In the time of Charlemagne greater progress was made, and the art of writing in gold became more practised. The Codex Aureus, for which Lord Treasurer Harley gave 500*l.*, is of this time, and so is the

volume well known as the 'Hours' of Charlemagne. The Bible which is said to have been written by Alcuin for Charlemagne, and which was purchased for the National Library at the cost of 750*l.*, is more probably of the time of Charles the Bald; for whom another splendid Bible, now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, is believed to have been written, of which a portion is in the Harleian Library. In this rapid sketch we cannot particularise many things; we shall name only a few of sacred subjects. We have already mentioned the Gospels belonging to Æthelstan, and we notice of the same century the Menologium in the Vatican, with illuminations which have been engraved under the auspices of Cardinal Albani, and the Benedictional belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was written for S. Æthelwold Bishop of Winchester, and which is fully described by the late Mr. Gage Rokewood in the *Archæologia*. These are worthy of comparison. The Psalter of St. Louis is in the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal, and the very splendid Bible of the Anti-Pope Clement VII. (Robert of Geneva) is in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The identical copy of Guair des Moulis's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of John king of France at the battle of Poitiers, is in the British Museum, and also the copy which belonged to his son the Duke of Berry. The 'Hours' of this Duke of Berry are in the Bibliothèque du Roi. Sir John Tobin, of Liverpool, possesses the famous 'Bedford Missal,' for which he gave 1100*l.* It was written for the Regent Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V. The same gentleman also purchased for 500 guineas, at Mr. Hurd's sale in 1832, the Breviary which was presented to Isabella of Castille by Fernando de Rojas.* The beautiful Psalter of Henry VI. is in the British Museum; and that which belonged to his father-in-law, René of Anjou, and is said, but on what appear to us insufficient grounds, to have been illuminated by René himself, is in the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal at Paris.

* Amongst its many ornaments this MS. contains the arms of the Roxas or Rojas family (or, five *etioles* of eight rays, *saltire* *rose*, *azure*), with the inscription (we give it in full) 'Dominæ Elizabethæ Hispaniarum et Siciliæ reginæ christianissimæ potentissimæ semper augustæ, supremæ Dominæ suæ clementissimæ Franciscus de Itolas, ejusdem majestatis humillimus servus ac creatura, optime de se meritâ hoc breviarium ex obsequio obtulit.' Dr. Dibdin, who describes this volume (*Bibl. Decameron*, i. pp. clxiii.-clxvii.), mistakes the arms of Rojas for those of France!—'wherein we observe the arms of France quartered on a blue ground'—and reads, or rather prints the latter part of the inscription thus:—'*H... mari... ex obsequio obtulit.*' Dr. Dibdin fairly gives up the interpretation. Not so the compiler of Mr. Hind's Catalogue, who thinks 'it may safely be affirmed they conveyed a compliment to Isabella's patronage of Columbus's expedition. King Ferdinand having refused any assistance, Isabella generously supplied the greater part of the outfit. The mutilated words *H... mari... ex obsequio obtulit* furnish the key. The hiatus may probably be filled up nearly thus:—'*H [is] [Trans] marii, [ex] [F.],* that is, *Hispaniæ Transmarinæ expeditionis Fautici ex obsequio obtulit*!'¹ This equals Jonathan Oldbuck's A.D.L.L. *Agruola Ducavit Libens Lubens*.
The

The 'Hours' which belonged to René, and afterwards to Henry VII., are in this country. One of the finest volumes of this kind, the 'Hours' of Anne of Bretagne, is in the Bibliothèque du Roi; its exquisite illuminations are most faithfully and coarsely copied in Sommerard's work. Another, certainly by the same hand, and which now is in Mr. Holford's library, formerly belonged to Christoforo Madruzzi, Cardinal Bishop of Trent, who is believed to have originated the memorable council held there. The Duke of Devonshire possesses the Missal of Henry VII. The Psalter of Henry VIII. is in the British Museum. The 'Hours' of Charles V. are at Vienna. We might extend this list fifty-fold. We cannot, however, pass over the Sherborne Breviary, in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Sion House; the Missal (now in the British Museum) of the Croÿ family, that family so familiarised to us by Walter Scott's *Isabelle*—a volume richly adorned with miniatures and with a profusion of blazonry quite sufficient to have gratified the vanity of Countess Hameline;—nor two beautiful Missals of Italian art belonging to the Queen, which are valuable not only for their intrinsic merits, but also as tokens of gratitude from the last of the Stuarts—the Cardinal of York—to King George IV.

The names of those who executed the beautiful works which we have mentioned, and others of like nature, have in very few instances been handed down to us. We have already mentioned Bishop Æthelwald. Oderisi d'Agobbio, and Franco of Bologna, are immortalized by Dante;* of Silvestro degli Angeli little more than his name is known. Francesco Veronese and Girolamo dei Libri are known only by the beautiful missal which they adorned for one of the cardinals of the Della Rovere family; and we have not many particulars of the life of Don Giulio Clovio, who, although one of the latest, is yet confessedly the chief amongst all of his art. One testimony to his celebrity is the ready attribution by sciolists of any manuscript, having any pretensions to beauty, to his hand. A small volume, which the Strawberry Hill catalogue said was his work, produced under the auctioneer's hammer about 400*l*. His undoubted works are few. A commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, which he adorned for Cardinal Grimani, is in the museum of Sir John Soane. Mr. Grenville possesses the victories of Charles V., painted by Clovio for Philip II.;

* 'O, diss' io lui, non sei tu Oderisi,
L'onor d'Agobbio, e l'onor di quell' arte
Che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi?
Frate, diss' egli, più ridon lo carte
Che penelleggia Franco Bolognese:
L'onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.'

Purg. xi. 79.

and a missal by his hand belongs to Mr. Townley of Townley, the head of the ancient Roman Catholic family of that name. It is not known where the volume which he painted for the King of Portugal, and which is elaborately described in William Bonde's work, exists at this time, if indeed it be existing. The splendid but unfinished genealogy of the Kings of Portugal, lately added by the trustees of the British Museum to the National Collection, has been by some persons attributed to him, but there is more reason to believe the paintings to have been done, at least in part, by Simon of Bruges for the Infant Don Fernando. Our readers may judge of the value of such productions by the fact that this genealogy, consisting of eleven leaves, is thought to have been cheaply purchased for the sum of 600*l*. Mr. Grenville's Giulio Clodio cost him, we believe, 500 guineas.

We have scarcely space to mention another class of manuscripts: the Venetian Ducali, or codes of instructions given by the senate or *pregadij* in the name of the Doge to those nobles who were deputed to preside over the various possessions of the seignory. These volumes were generally adorned in a manner according with the rank of the doge and the patrician governor. Three of these ducali were brought from Italy by Mr. Edwards, and attributed by him to Titian, Tintoretto, and Battista Gelotti respectively. They formed part of his library sold in London in 1815. We know not who now possesses them. When we consider the numerous volumes of this kind which, during a long series of years, were adorned for the numerous governors of the numerous dependencies of the Venetian republic, their great rarity is only to be accounted for by the system of secrecy observed by that government. It is probable that these volumes were restored by the various *podestàs* and *capitani* at their return from their offices to the archives of the seignory, and there destroyed. It is certain that they were not sold, like our own Exchequer documents, to a fishmonger by the ton weight. On this supposition only can we account for the fact that not more than fifty, between the years 1360 and 1700, so far as we can learn, are known to exist—yet the state archives have been brought to the light of day, the great families have been ruined, and their libraries dispersed. Count Daru mentions only fifteen. The British Museum possesses twenty-eight, the *Bibliothèque du Roi* (according to Daru and Professor Marsani) thirteen, Sir Thomas Phillipps six, Mr. Grenville one. We know of one only at Cambridge, and we do not think that the Bodleian possesses more than two or three.

Before noticing the more modern illustrations, we must not omit to mention one mode (and that but little known to us moderns) of conveying information by pictorial representations on walls.

walls. We cannot undertake to particularise all these modes, but they well deserve a more enlarged space than we can afford to give here. We will allude to one subject only, that of geography; to the painted maps described by Eumenius,* the Peutinger Tables (which we know only by a comparatively modern copy), the maps in the king's chamber at Westminster, the Hereford map, and the paintings to illustrate the voyages of the fratelli Zeni in the Sala dello Scudo at Venice. This taste, perhaps the necessity for its indulgence, has gone by; we do not expect to see Parry's voyages or Burnes's travels depicted in Her Majesty's robing room, in the new Houses of Parliament.

It is quite foreign to our purpose to enter at length into the origin and history of engraving, or to discuss the priority of this or that woodcut, or the relative authority or credulity of Papillon, Heineken, or Ottley. With regard to the woodcuts 'illustrative' of the History of Alexander, and said by Papillon to have been executed in the year 1286 by a twin brother and sister of the name of Cunio, we cannot but agree (in spite of all that has been urged by Ottley and Zani) with Heineken and those who believe the whole to be a fable. Were it not for the fact that Papillon had been insane, we should not hesitate to call it an impudent forgery. It is certain, however, that engravings of some sort, or illustrations, were not merely coeval with printing, but even preceded it:—the block books, as they are termed, being amongst the first. The 'Biblia Pauperum,' whose every leaf is now worth a bank note, was the Pictorial Bible of the middle of the fifteenth century; and the 'Speculum Sacerdotum,' which purported to be a help to 'pauperes predicatores,' may be considered typical of 'Simeon's Skeletons of Sermons,' intended for the same *useful* purpose. The history of the art of cutting in wood and copper has its interest—but that interest is not general.

It is equally foreign to our purpose, and far beyond the limits of a review, to enumerate the individual books which have been put forth with illustrations during the four centuries wherein the arts of printing and engraving have flourished conjointly. Neither are the various epochs of improvement, it indeed improvement there be to any great extent, so marked as to enable us to point out to our readers those signs or instances by which they may be

* Videat præterea in illis porticibus iuventus et quotidie spectet omnes terras, et cuncta maria, et quicquid invictissimi principes urbium, gentium, nationum aut pietate restituerunt, aut virtute conficiunt, aut terrore devinciunt. Siquidem illic, ut ipse vidisti, credo, instruendæ pueritiæ causâ, quo manifestius oculis discerentur quæ difficiliter percipiuntur auditu, omnium cum nominibus suis locorum situs, spatia, intervalla descripta sunt, quicquid ubique fluminum oritur, et conditur, quacumque se litorum sinus sicutunt, quæ vel ambitu cingit orbem vel impetu numpit oceanus.'—*Firmenii Adlaniensis Oratio pro instituendis scholis Medaniensis*, cap. xx. ed. Arntzenii, tom. i. p. 225.

judged of. Our chief boast may be the great facility with which tens of thousands of copies are produced in cases where a few hundreds only in the earlier times were either made or needed. We have said that no modern printer has excelled the Mazarine Bible. Has any woodcutter excelled Albert Durer? Have any 'Illustrations' to Dante yet appeared which, save Flaxman's outlines, excel those by Botticelli or Baldini in the Florence Dante of 1481? Yet this is the second book published with engravings. Can a higher tribute have been paid to the illustrations of a book than that, from their great beauty, they should for a long time and by many writers have been attributed to Raffaele, and that this opinion can be refuted only by the fact of Raffaele's youth at the time when the book was published? What modern designer, what modern engraver but would feel flattered were such work his own? Yet this book—the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilo*, by Francesco Colonna—was published in 1499, when Raffaele was but sixteen years of age.* If profusion be a test of modern excellence, what work can be said to excel the 'Perils and adventures of the famous hero and knight Tewdranneths,' printed in Nuremberg in 1517?† In modern 'illustrated books' we have often recognised designs and engravings as having come under our observation before; having appeared on the table as 'pièces de résistance,' we have met with them hashed up in an annual or in some *rivue*, peppered highly to excite the languid appetite of the cloyed literary public. Even here, even in the abuse of art, our forefathers excelled us. We copy even their faults. Jonathan Oldbuck says,

'I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typo-

* From this we must except maps and charts, which down to a surprisingly late period remained of very rude and inaccurate design and execution. Compare any *isolario* of the Mediterranean formed in the eighteenth century with that fine specimen of marine surveying, the map of the North Sea, published by the Admiralty, under the care of Capt. Beaufort, from the surveys of the lamented Capt. Hewitt, finished after his death by Capt. Washington.

† This work is an allegorical poem on the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian I. (*Tewdranneths*, or 'Noble Thoughts') with the Princess Maria of Burgundy (*Elenreich*, or 'Rich in Honour'); it is dedicated to Charles V., by Melchior Plintzing, chaplain to the emperor, who declares that he witnessed all the marvellous deeds narrated, and who is generally believed to be the author, though some writers have ascribed it to the emperor himself. The volume is a most splendid specimen of the art of printing, 'par rapport aux caractères extraordinaires avec lesquels le texte y est imprimé; caractères ornés de traits hardis entrelacés les uns dans les autres, et qui figurent d'une manière merveilleuse une belle écriture allemande.' It was long a matter of question whether the work were printed from metal types or from wooden blocks, but from accurate collations it is now proved that types were used. The woodcuts are of extraordinary beauty, and were executed by Hans Schaeuflein, whose initials (with his *schs*, a baker's peel, *Schaeuflein*) are on several of the engravings. Some of them have been attributed to Hans Burgkmair, the pupil and friend of Albert Durer. Of this magnificent book the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl Spencer, and the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and some others, possess copies printed on vellum.

grapher Wolfrand Oldenbuck,* who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the "Colophon" tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter, and Sebastian Hammermaister, accomplished the printing of the "Great Chronicle" of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great *restorer of learning* is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheimach-crime—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.'

We doubt if the laird of Monkbarns would have made this boast, had our learned friend Mr. Maitland's 'Papers on Sacred Art'† appeared. He would have been startled at hearing that the 'great restorer of learning,' from whom he claimed to descend, had caused one and the same wood-cut head to represent in succession Hosea—Sadoch—Scipio Africanus the younger—Antonio de Butrio, a Bolognese jurisconsult of the fifteenth century—and Nicolò Perotti, the conclavist of Cardinal Bessarion, who by his simplicity lost his master the popedom, himself a cardinal's hat. He would find one set of features—literally speaking, one *block-head*—used for Zephaniah, Æsop, Philo Judæus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, and John Wicliff—another for Hector, Homer, Mordecai, Terence, Johannes Scotus, Francesco Filelfo, and sundry others—a third for Eli the priest, Virgil the poet, Arius the arch-heretic, &c. But books with far higher pretensions than the 'Nuremberg Chronicle' were *illustrated* with equal fidelity. In 'Fox's Martyrs,' a book having the odour of sanctity, one wood-cut represents eighteen persons burned by sixes at Brentford, Canterbury, and Colchester respectively, and serves also to depict seven who suffered at Smithfield. The *portrait* of Bishop Farrer answers as well for sundry persons of inferior note. The question whether the martyrologist's text partake or not of this system of repetition, whether the same dialogue, *mutatis mutandis*, occurs more than once or twice, forms no part of our present inquiry.

We know of more modern instances of this conventional portraiture: for example, see Houbraken's heads. The same freak, or rather imposition, has been practised in stone: thus a statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, trampling on a Turk, was called a statue of Charles II., having under his feet the usurper Cromwell, and was erected to that monarch's honour by Alderman Sir Robert Vyner, Bart. This citizen-like illustration stood on the site of the present Mansion-house. The late Mr. George Chalmers was of opinion that as features, the length or shape of the nose or chin or mouth, and the colour of the hair or eyes, were

* Antony Koberger was the real Simon Pure.

† We sincerely hope that these papers, like those on 'The Dark Ages,' will appear in a separate form.

matters capable of being described, so they were capable of being depicted, and he exemplified his belief by composing, synthetically, a *portrait* of Mary Queen of Scots!—We will not anxiously look out for very modern instances of somewhat similar deceptions; we speak with a tone of caution to those whom it may concern. It is not likely that now, as in the days of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' the same engraving will serve to represent Anglia, Troy, Toulouse, Pisa, and Ravenna; but we have *réchauffés—usque ad nauseam*.

For a long time the ornaments or illustrations of printed books were chiefly (we are far from thinking or saying, entirely) confined to representations of actual or material things, such as persons or places, existing or purporting to exist. The more imaginative portion of illustrations may, we think, be considered to arise from a taste which once obtained throughout Europe—that of EMBLEMS, as they were not always correctly termed. Few comparatively of our readers may know that these books are to be reckoned by hundreds, many of them adorned with engravings which, both as regards design and execution, would in the artistic slang of the present day be called 'Gems of Art.' What a sensation would now be made were a work advertised 'with illustrations designed by Il Parmigiano, and engraved by Giulio Bonasoni'—even though the book bore the somewhat vague title of 'Symbolicæ Questiones de Universo Genere!'* From the nature of these books, their amusing tendency, and consequent frequent destruction by use, often, we have no doubt, by the hands of children, many of them are now very scarce. They form a curious chapter in the history of literature; and we are surprised that they are not a more frequent object of collection by bibliographers and biblio-maniacs. They have their use too in personal history. Most individuals of note, by rank or merit, had their emblem or device, or *imprese*, which served them often in lieu of a name, still oftener in lieu of arms, when, in the case of ignoble birth, arms could not, as now, be 'found to any name,' by any seal-engraver. In England we had several writers of verses to emblems. Whitneys, and Withers and others are not very generally known; but who does not remember 'Quarles' Emblems,' with all the quips and quiddities, and withal—the absurdities—contained therein? Quarles owed a vast deal to the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, one of the most popular books of its class. Other subjects than religion had their emblems. Otho Vænius put forth *Emblemata Horatiana*, where Horace's text is spiritualised to absurdity, and *parva sapientia* is

* See Roscoe's account of Achilleo Bocchi, in his *Leo X.*, cap. xvii.

figured as a baby Minerva, armed *cap-a-pie*, and bearing an ægis and spear! The most complete collection which we ever saw of these books of emblems was that formed by the late Duke of Marlborough, whilst Marquess of Blandford, and living at White-nights. That collection is now dispersed. We hope some day to give our readers a separate article on 'Emblems.'

In the earlier half of the last century* some few editions of a few books, as Milton, Shake-speare, the 'Spectator,' &c., were published, having each a few plates from designs by such artists as Hayman and Wale, and others unknown to fame, and deserving none. They have this merit in common with the old illuminators, that they represent faithfully the costumes and manners of the times. Once, we believe, and once only, Hogarth designed a merely ornamental or imaginative subject for a volume. His plates to 'Kirby's Perspective' are real illustrations. In the last century, too, existed a taste of which we know few modern instances, that of books printed entirely from intaglio or from engraved plates. Such were a 'Horace,' by Pyne, and a 'Virgil,' by Justice, now only met with in the collections of the curious: the former was not devoid of merit in its illustrations. A Prayer Book was also engraved by Sturt, having no other merit than that, if it be any, which arises from the difficulty of execution. Sturt was a *painful* artist. There is in his book a portrait of George I., composed of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, and sundry Psalms. He has also reproduced the old but always ludicrous error of the 'beam' in the eye, represented as a log of wood, at the least six feet long! In the last century, too, some books were published, which may bear comparison with any of the present day. We may instance the 'Voyages Pittoresques,' particularly that of Naples and Sicily by Saint Non, a book well and splendidly illustrated, but sadly disfigured by *immondices*,† most needlessly as well as offensively introduced. In the case of our own country we may instance 'Cook's Voyages,' and the truly magnificent plates with which, by the wise liberality of the Government, they were enriched.

In the latter part of the last century a great change—a marked improvement over the Haymans and Wales, *et id genus omne*—took place. There flourished at the same time Bartolozzi and Cipriani, and—a host in himself—the late Charles Stothard, R.A.,

* We do not mean to be understood as implying that no books had plates before this time. But we are not making a catalogue. One of the most beautiful books we ever saw was a copy of the first edition of Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ,' with 'brilliant impressions in the first state' of the plates engraved by Faithorne.

† We must caution all parents against buying, without previous examination, any of the French 'illustrated' editions, even of their standard authors. The artists appear to wander willingly from their subjects in order to seek for dirt. Even their more scientific books are not free from this plague-spot.

a truly English artist—one to whom little justice is done in this respect. Even his industry was remarkable, and could we enumerate the plates engraved from his designs, the numbers would, we think, astonish our readers. Many of his designs, engraved by the elder Heath for Harrison's 'Novelist's Magazine,' are of great beauty, though but little known. This magazine is a work of twenty-three closely-printed royal octavo volumes! We cannot pretend to recount or even to know the existence of all the books which now swarmed with illustrations. Shakespeare and the 'British Classics' (here understood to mean writings originally ephemeral), and the 'British Poets' and the 'British Theatre,' were all published in an 'illustrated' form by Bell, and Cooke, and others, we believe, of whom we never heard nor care to hear. The editions, however, published by Sharpe of the 'Classics' and 'Poets,' are far beyond the others in taste and beauty—nay, we think them not equalled by any which have since appeared. The beauty of these books rendered it not beneath the dignity of any artist to engage in similar objects, and there are few who have not fleshed their pencils in 'illustrations.' The greatest, and also the most industrious, of living geniuses in art, Turner, has, we believe, allotted a space of every day for many years past to the execution of small drawings for the 'illustration' of books. He is said to receive 25 guineas for the smallest; but the booksellers often get more than that price for the drawing from a collector, after their own purpose has been served.

At last arose the rage for Annuals, and for a time Art lay prostrate at the feet of Nonsense. We cannot think of criticising the Annuals—happily they are nearly extinct. ONE MILLION STERLING has, at the least estimate, been wasted on their production. Oh, that our readers could see—as we have seen—all the Annuals which, from the rise to the decline and fall of the imbecile mania, have appeared—in one small space of, perhaps, 8 feet by 6 feet—and moralize as we have done upon the public taste! That taste has of late been venting itself in part in Art-unions, not the most objectionable of safety-valves; but this, it seems, is now closed by the fiscal hand of government. We wait to see the next direction of the pictorial energy.

'Illustration,' as now used by booksellers and printsellers, is incapable of being defined. Every engraving, every woodcut, every ornamented letter, however meaningless, however absurd, is an illustration; and provided such things are rather numerous in proportion to the extent of the work, it is forthwith dubbed 'an illustrated edition,' and the public are good-natured enough to buy it. Now a history may be well called illustrated when, as in the case of accurate views or authentic portraits,

portraits, the pictured representation conveys to the mind a more clear and accurate knowledge than any verbal description could by any possibility communicate—when a single glance of the eye will at once impress on the mind that accurate idea of form which it is impossible for a blind person to obtain. A book of natural history is defective in one of its main objects when it wants such illustrations. It appears from Pliny (xxv. 2. 4) that Greek botanical works usually had the plants copied on the margin; and we have no doubt his own book had similar ‘illustration’ when first published.* Were the rule always followed, how much of technical phraseology, compounded of a vile jargon, partly Greek, partly Latin, partly of some modern language with Latin inflections (in fact *macaronic*), partly derived from names of nobodies or noodles, would be spared, and how much more accurate would be our knowledge. We should be curious to see the best representation made by the most learned naturalist from the most laboured technical description of an object which he had never seen. A classic or ancient author of any kind may be illustrated by coins or figures of any antiquities, as nearly as possible contemporary with the writer. What imaginary figures by Prado or Villalpandus would impress us so strongly as the representations, no doubt drawn from the actual objects, on the triumphal arch of Titus, of the sacred utensils of the Temple at Jerusalem?

We altogether except against the mixture of the real with the imaginary, and calling the latter as well as the first, ‘Illustrations of the Bible.’ Why place in the same category the figures on the Arch of Titus, the views of places mentioned in Scripture, the Jewish coins—and (as in the ‘Pictorial Bible’) the Death of Sisera after N. Poussin, who with truly French taste has represented the Canaanite Captain as a Roman Centurion—the ‘repentance of Israel,’ after Canova; or ‘Prudence,’ after Sir Joshua Reynolds? All Gravelot’s, and Cochin’s, and Boudard’s Iconologies might, with equal right, have been introduced. In Westall’s Illustrations to the Bible, figures may be seen, the exact counterparts of those in his Illustrations of the ‘Lady of the Lake.’ Macklin’s edition of the Bible, on which vast sums were spent, is one mass of pictorial absurdity, unmingled with any redeeming quality of truth or probability, and where the labour of the most skilful engravers has been wasted on designs unworthy of their talents. The ‘Family Bible’ of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has ‘Illustrations,’ which are of as little use as those in Macklin’s edition, and which excel them only in being copied from better pictures—chiefly by the ancient

* See the English version of that very valuable manual of lore, and at the same time most entertaining tale, the ‘Gallus’ of Professor Becker (Lond. 1844), p. 244.

masters as they are called. We rather doubt their tendency to promote Christian knowledge. It is often very difficult to ascertain with truth the scope of a picture: thus, in the National Gallery is a picture by Claude le Lorrain, described as 'Sinon brought before Priam;' but how it could be supposed to 'illustrate' the lines—

'Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum
Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant,'

we know not. The 'pastores' are helmed warriors! the 'juvenis' between them is offering water! It has been claimed, and justly, as illustrative rather of David, at the cave of Adullam, with the three mighty men 'who brought him water out of the well of Bethlehem.' We are not about to discuss the propriety or impropriety of painting subjects from Scripture, nor generally the errors—the flagrant errors—committed by painters of such subjects—nor the merits of such paintings, old or new, by living artists or by the great masters. We speak only as to the impropriety of their introduction as 'illustrations,' which, if the term mean anything as generally used, implies something which tends to explain or throw light upon the text. So with any history: what light is thrown upon Hume's text by the magnificent nonsenses in Bowyer's edition? a book as superb and as useless, and as devoid of real beauty as Macklin's Bible. It outrages all probability, and sets at defiance all consistency in manners and costume. The 'Pictorial' History of England' has at least this merit—we say this, because we never have read, probably never shall read, the work*—that it gives very numerous, and, so far as we can judge, accurate representations of persons, and things, and that a great proportion of the cuts are real illustrations of the text. In biography how much is the interest we feel enhanced by portraits and representations of places; but even here, where the opportunities for committing absurdities appear to be so few, what instances of every kind do we not meet with? We have now on our table Clarke and M'Arthur's 'Life of Lord Nelson,' a book published with every advantage of patronage, royal and official. We pass over the questionable taste shown in many of the plates, and we will give the words of the authors themselves—*Arcades ambo*—in explanation of the *allegory* which faces the title-page of the first volume. The design—alas! for the Royal Academy—is by one of their Presidents—Benjamin West—we hope the 'description' was not also contributed by him—

'The leading point in the picture represents Victory presenting the

* We have read the same publisher's 'London'—and in it there is a great deal of interesting reading, as well as a world of apposite wood-cuts. It is a capital 'parlour-window book.'

dead body of Nelson to Britannia after the battle of Trafalgar, which is received from the arms of Neptune, with the trident of his dominions and Nelson's triumphant flag. Britannia sits in shaded gloom, as expressive of that deep regret which overwhelmed the United Kingdom at the loss of so distinguished a character. In the other parts of the picture are seen the concomitant events of his life. The Lion, under Britannia's shield, is represented fiercely grasping the tablets with beaks of ships, on which are inscribed his memorable battles; and the sons and daughters of the Union are preparing the mournful sable to his memory. At a distance on the left is represented the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." The winged boys round his body are emblematic that the influence of Nelson's genius still exists; other figurative and subordinate parts are introduced to give harmony and effect to the whole composition.*

Southey truly says, 'the daisies and dandelions of eloquence are strewn here with profusion;' we wish that we had room for the whole of his comment.*

For books of Travels of course the proper mode of illustration is obvious. We do not wish for fanciful embellishments—let us have as nearly as may be the real reflection of what the traveller sees. It would be endless to enumerate the excellent performances of our own time in this way. The designs of Mr. Brockedon for Italy and the Alps—those of the late Lord Monson for the south of France—and those of Mr. Roberts for Egypt and the Holy Land, occur to us as among the most satisfactory; but in these cases the letter-press is trifling in relation to the prints. What a pity that the beautiful drawings executed by, or at all events under the inspection of Bruce during his travels, and now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Cumming Bruce, should never have been engraved! They represent many splendid architectural remains which since that day have entirely disappeared.

In illustrating poetry or works of fiction, the artist may be as imaginative and his fancy as unbridled as the poet's own: he has only to avoid the commission of solecisms or palpable incongruities. Above all things it is necessary that he should clearly un-

* Nelson has been singularly unfortunate in his illustrators. the monument to his memory in Guildhall has been aptly described as 'a woman crying over a bad shilling;' that in St. Paul's is somewhat better, but—that in Trafalgar Square! We suppose that it is intended at some future time to perform, but we know not by what means, upon the dwarfish column the same operation as on the *Penelope* frigate—to cut it in half and to insert 30 feet of additional length in order that its proportions may be just. Even the unusual bearings granted to his family in illustration of his services might be supposed to have been designed by West and blazoned by Clarke and M^r Arthur. Read—and honour duly the Herald's College of 1805!

Or, a cross patonce sable surmounted by a bend gules, thereon another bend engrailed or, charged with three hand grenades sable, fired proper; over all a fess wavy azure, inscribed with the word "Trafalgar" in letters of gold; a chief (of augmentation) wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre a palm-tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper!!

derstand his author. Were we illnured, we could point out many ludicrous instances arising from misapprehension of the meaning of a passage; one shall suffice by way of caution. We have before us Gray's *Elegy*, and the first line of the epitaph at the end,

‘ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,’

is *illustrated* by the figure of a gentleman in full dress black lying—Lord Herbert of Cherbury fashion—(or, as Partridge would say, ‘*patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*,’) and literally ‘resting his head’ upon a sod of turf for a pillow!

Sundry new books of this class are very beautiful, abounding in engravings on copper and steel and wood, and in some instances printed in colours. Mr. Owen Jones's exquisite Arabesques from the Alhambra formed appropriate ornaments for a book of Spanish Ballads; but we have since seen the same sort of *illustrations* embroidering pages for which cartouches from the tombs of Memphis would have been quite as suitable. We daily witness abominations of this sort, and we would earnestly press upon artists the necessity of preserving congruity, of using a fit thing at a fit time for a fit object, and not to consider that the merely positive beauty of anything renders its introduction always desirable. Its relative beauty must be also considered. We would have them avoid such errors as architects, for instance, have committed in putting, as in Regent-street, the choragic monument of Lysicrates as the steeple of a church, or in St. Pancras, the Erectheium as a vestry-room, or in the ‘City’ the Temple of Ceres at Tivoli to round the corner of the Bank. The works of Moore have received, as they deserve, great variety of illustration, chiefly, and as necessarily arising from the nature of his writings, imaginative. The scenes as well as the persons and machinery of ‘*Lalla Rookh*’ and the ‘*Loves of the Angels*’ are imaginary, and the artist may indulge his fancy to the utmost in the creation of ideal beauty without fear of transgression, save in departing from the words that burn in Moore. Rogers, gifted with exquisite taste in art as in poetry, has had the singular felicity of will and power to choose the illustrations to his own poems. They are too well known and valued to want commendation from us. Byron and Scott are alike in this, that they give ample scope both for real and ideal illustration, and the opportunity has not been lost. We do not speak of all the portraits of all the Ianthes and all the Die Vernons, beautiful as many of the personifications of Byron and Scott's heroines are, any more than we do of all the Hamlets and Ophelias, all the Tom Joneses and Sophias. But is it possible to read Byron without wishing to see the scenes he describes? and if that wish be strong in our minds with regard to Byron,

whose

whose interests lie abroad—in fact are foreign—how far stronger is it in the case of Scott, whose thoughts, and words, and *scenes* come home to ourselves—to England—to Scotland; and in Scott it is not poetry only but prose which enchants; we wish to see before us not only where

‘———’ huge Ben Venue
Down to the lake his masses threw;’

not only where

‘The swan on sweet St. Mary’s lake
Floats double—swan and shadow’—

but also Bothwell Brig, where stern Balfour of Burley fought, Lochleven where Mary was confined, and Preston Pans where Colonel Gardiner was killed. It is this minute illustration, this transporting of ourselves to the actual locality of the scene that interests us, which makes us value as we do the Abbotsford edition of Scott. It is no fancy when we say that we understand him better in this edition, as the cuts—in general—we regret to say not uniformly—do really illustrate the text. How is it that a representation of the locality of the scenes of Shakespeare* does not in general so much interest us? Is it because, when reading ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ we are satisfied (let some biographers dream and say as they please) that Verona was as little known to him as ‘Sarra in the londe of Tartarie’ was to Chaucer? It has been attempted to fix the scene of the ‘Tempest’ at Lampedusa. Would it help us in any way to obtain a more accurate perception of the poet’s meaning, or quicken our own imagination, if we gazed on the best pictorial illustrations of the island? Does Savorgnano’s account of Cyprus in 1569-71, the time when Othello is feigned to have been there, help us in any degree to understand Shakespeare, or does it in any way interest us? We feel differently respecting Herne’s oak, and the Cliff at Dover.

Even new novels now-a-days come out with their ‘illustrations’—and the prints are in some cases much more meritorious than the text. We do not allude, of course, to Mr. Dickens (though some of his works have been very lucky in the adjuncts)—nor to those lively Irish drolleries (cleverly illustrated as they are) of ‘Charley O’Malley,’ ‘Tom Burke of Ours,’ &c. &c.

Five lustres since and a book, Smith’s ‘Antiquities of Westminster,’ was advertised as possessing (apparently its greatest merit then) ‘the stone plate,’ a solitary specimen of lithography.

* We are glad to see that the affectation of writing ‘Shakspeare’ is subsiding almost as rapidly as it arose groundlessly. ‘Shakspeare’ was bad enough. Mr. Charles Knight must forgive us—we think as highly as ever of much that he has done for our great poet; and wish him all success in the very useful ‘Concordance,’ of which two numbers have reached us. It seems done on a most judicious plan, and with exemplary care.

Need we say to what an extent lithography is carried now? To what perfection it is brought is evident by a comparison of the *etchings* of Otto Speckler's designs to the German edition of 'Puss in Boots,' and the lithographed drawings in the English edition. We have now before us, perhaps the only specimen of *photography*, strictly speaking, which exists; a *bank note* engraved by the action of light upon metal, and printed in our presence by the common process. Five lustres more, and in what terms may this specimen be mentioned? It opens a strange vision! Coloured and decorative printing, which we remember as existing only in the comparatively rude specimens given in Savage's work, is now brought to great excellence and is common. We have seen some specimens of a proposed work by Mr. Humphreys, on illuminated manuscripts, which have surprised us by the accuracy of their execution and the effect obtained by merely mechanical means.

ILLUSTRATION is now about to be practised on a gigantic, at least upon a national, scale. We are to have a *pictorial history* of England on the walls of the houses of parliament. In the name of all the unities we hope and trust that no gross anachronisms, no real absurdities, may be perpetrated in fresco by any youth of twenty-two, or of the maturer age of forty-two, or of the too ripe age of sixty-two. Let us at the least avoid the errors of the French Versailles.* Let us not represent the 'naked Picts' in 'painted vests.' In the very proper, most proper, wish to obtain excellence in art, let us not shock common sense. We know that we are not likely again to be presented with ceilings and walls

'Where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre;'

but we are naturally fearful that excellence of design or richness and depth of colour may be allowed to cover defects. We have, however, great confidence in some of the commission.

Some fifty, or sixty, or seventy years since, an offer was made by the members of the Royal Academy (we are not sure whether in their corporate capacity or as individuals) to paint or illustrate the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral.† The offer was declined, but we know not with certainty upon what grounds. In the fifteenth century Jean Gerson, the Chancellor of Paris, had good reason to object to the introduction of ridiculous pictures into churches; but still they existed in numbers, and of such a nature as, perhaps, to warrant the Genevese reformers in going to extremes, in wishing the destruction of the good or harmless—in fact of all—in order to ensure the destruction of the positively bad. The

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxi. p. 1.

† The inside of the dome was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and is now in a sad state of dilapidation. His original sketches are still preserved, and might, if necessary, be used in the restoration of the paintings.

Council of Trent made one good regulation on the subject—the bishops were charged with the responsibility—‘Tanta circa hæc diligentia et cura ab episcopis adhibeatur ut nihil inordinatum, aut præposterè et tumultuarie accommodatum, nihil profanum, nihilque inhonestum appareat; cum domum Dei deceat sanctitudo. Hæc ut fidelius observentur, statuit sancta Synodus nemini licere ullo in loco vel ecclesiâ, etiam quo modo libet exemptâ, ullam insolitam ponere vel ponendam curare imaginem, nisi ab Episcopo approbata fuerit.’* We wish that this rule had been so far carried into effect, even in the English Church, that no statue nor monument, even although ordered and approved and paid for by parliament, should have been introduced, as from the nature of some we presume they must have been, into St. Paul’s Cathedral, without the sanction of the bishop. We cannot avoid the expression of our wish that they might be transferred as so many ‘Illustrations’ to the new houses of parliament, unquestionably the fitter receptacle for monuments to the praise and glory of man, for such undoubtedly and properly, in their nature, they are. One more instance of ‘Illustration,’ and we close this paper. A short year since and a church, we will not name its locality, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was re-opened. Some stained windows had been added. The circular of the vicar stated, that ‘the eastern window of this church, now completed with stained glass, is designed to *illustrate* the service for Trinity Sunday. The centre opening has reference principally to the Lessons, the side openings to the Gospel and Epistle.’ The canon of the Tridentine Council might have been useful here. These are not the ‘Illustrations’ we want.

ART. VII.—*Maria Schweidler die Bernstein-herz, der interessanteste aller bisher bekannten Hexenprocesse, herausgegeben von W. Meinhold, Doctor der Theologie, und Pfarrer.*—(*Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch: the most interesting Trial for Witchcraft yet known. Edited by W. Meinhold, Doctor of Divinity and Parish Priest.*) Berlin, 1843.

IF this little work be genuine, it is undoubtedly, as it announces itself, the most interesting of all those strange trials for witchcraft, so absorbing, and sometimes so inexplicable, which occur at a certain period in almost every country in Europe; if it be a fiction, it is worthy, we can give no higher praise, of De Foe. The editor, as we understand, is or was the pastor of Coscrow, in Usedom, an island on the coast of Pomerania, separated from the mainland by

* *Sess. xxv. Decretum de invocatione, veneratione, et reliquiis Sanctorum et sacris imaginibus.*

a channel of no great width. Dr. Meinhold professes to have found the manuscript in a manner by no means improbable, yet rather too like that which the author of *Waverley*, as well as many others of inferior name, have been so fond of playing off upon us. It was brought to him by his sexton (Küster) out of a niche or closet in the church, where it had long lain hid among a heap of old hymn-books and useless parish accounts. The sexton had been in the habit of tearing a leaf or two out of it whenever the pastor, as on the present occasion, wanted a piece of loose paper. But even in the account of the discovery there is a quiet circumstantiality so like truth as almost to lull the suspicions arising out of our familiarity with these common artifices. 'I thought at first,' says the editor, 'to throw the story of my *Amber Witch* into the form of a novel; but luckily I soon said to myself, Why should I do so? Is not the history itself more interesting than any novel can be?'

The worthy pastor has judged wisely. We have read nothing for a long time in fiction or in history which has so completely riveted and absorbed our interest as this little volume of about 300 pages. Though the language in which it is written, the low German of Pomerania, mingled, as our editor informs us, with some idioms of Swabia (from whence he supposes his predecessor, Pastor Schweidler, to have originally come), embarrassed us considerably—it was impossible to lay the book down. We could scarcely pause to look out the meaning of uncommon or provincial words. Nor was it the mere curiosity to know the end, which in our younger days held us breathless over volume after volume of indifferent romance, but which we have now lost from the fatal certainty of conjecture acquired by our confirmed and insatiate bad habit of novel-reading. This unerring divination enabled us to see the catastrophe of some of the *Waverley* novels, even, it might seem, before the author had settled it himself; and makes us bear with patience the month that elapses between the separate numbers of *Dickens*; howbeit that gentleman so far abuses his privilege as to leave us in the middle of a murder. That prophetic tact, which in ordinary cases discerns at once the parentage of all ambiguous children, assort the couples with as much confidence as if we had heard their banns published, and brings home his crimes to the villain of the romance with a fine dexterity, which might move the envy of *Vidocq* himself, is certainly kept in rare suspense by the catastrophe of the '*Amber Witch*.' But this is far from its greatest attraction; it is rather the apparent genuineness, to which at times we have been tempted to pledge ourselves, the singular truth and reality of the whole detail, the absolute life-like nature of every circumstance, of every action and every word, the succession of minute, quiet, unlaboured touches, with the exquisite homely beauty of the
leading

leading characters, the Pastor and his daughter, their piety, their charity, their affection, their virtue so quaintly blended with their weaknesses and superstitions.—All this is the unrivalled charm throughout this little book, incommunicable, we fear, in any translation—we are quite sure in any brief abstract we may be enabled to give in our journal. Who could translate it? Scarcely even Mrs. Austin. The somewhat antiquated and provincial language, with its odd pedantic scraps of Latin, is a part of its truth and actuality, and could hardly be preserved by a translator, unless by uncommon care and felicity, without harshness and affectation.

The Pastor himself, good old Abraham Schweidler, reminds us of the Vicar of Wakefield, with a touch, it may be, of his namesake the worthy Mr. Adams, and perhaps of Manzoni's Don Abbondio—but his life is cast in much ruder times, and in a much simpler state of society. The daughter strikes us as perfectly original; we must not anticipate the developement of her character, which will appear in our brief outline of the story, but we know scarcely any maiden in history or romance at once so ideally beautiful, yet so completely akin to our common sympathies; at once so admirable in all her trials, yet so mere a village girl, with a girlish love of fine clothes, a sort of pretty pedantry characteristic of the times, and a heart ready to yield itself up unrestrained to a virtuous passion.

But, as we hinted above, the whole cast of the story, be it real or imaginary, is more like De Foe; though what it is which constitutes this likeness, whence the peculiar truthfulness which they possess in common, it is not so easy to define. As in De Foe, every person is an actual individual, every place an actual place. There is not an abstract personage, not a mute, or a man merely designated by his trade, occupation, or office. Everybody is introduced by name, and though we never heard the name before, we seem almost to recognise an old acquaintance, so completely and instantaneously do his words and actions let us know all about him. We have not the slightest doubt, not merely of his existence, but of his being that one individual. The beadle is not merely the real beadle of Coserow, but Jacob Knake and no one else. The Pastor Benzenzis is like old Abraham Schweidler, yet not old Abraham. So likewise there is no description of places, yet we have every locality with all its minute particulars at once before us. If there be a part of the world of which we were utterly ignorant, it is the coast of Pomerania, yet just as we know more about old London from De Foe's 'History of the Plague,' and of low London life from his 'Colonel Jack,' than from pages of antiquarian lore, so from this little book, in which there is not a line of *description*, we think we know the Streckelberg, the way to it,
its

its juniper-bushes, its caverns, and its sea-shore, certainly far better than if we had studied the best geographical treatise or local guide. This book has no 'illustrations'—and it needs none.

It is time, however, to come to our story. The scene lies in the island of Usedom, at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. This was the period in which the belief in witchcraft was most profound and undoubting. Horst indeed in that strange compilation, his '*Zauber Bibliothek*,' says 'that from about 1610 to 1660, in the German Protestant countries, chiefly in the smaller states, the free cities, and the towns and villages under the jurisdiction of the military orders, and the co-hereditary districts (*ganerblichen ortschaften*), the greatest number of witches were burned. This was the case at the same time in the German Catholic provinces. It was as if the two churches, at this period of the highest excitement, in the midst of the unspeakable miseries of the Thirty Years' War, rivalled each other in holy zeal against the Devil and his sworn adherents the poor witches.'—vol. ii. p. 149. We believe that Dr. Meinhold is in the right that in Germany at least the Protestant were worse in this respect than the Catholic districts, as if the people sought to compensate to themselves for the superstitions which they had abandoned, and the indelible love of persecution which clung to their yet unenlightened hearts, by their more undoubting faith in these monstrous inventions, and by burning miserable old women by hundreds. Nothing seems more in favour of the authenticity of this book, or better imagined, if it be a fiction, than the unbounded and unhesitating faith of the whole community as to the actual power of witches, their formal compact, and their intimate intercourse with the Evil One. The only question, as we shall soon see, between the Pastor and his daughter, and some of their enemies, is who was the witch, and who therefore ought to be burned.

The story, it must be understood, is told by Abraham Schweidler, the Lutheran pastor of Coserow; the date, early in the thirty years' war. Some leaves at the beginning of the MS. had been torn out, but luckily the tale commences just at the moment which makes us immediately acquainted with the most important personages. The parish has been suddenly attacked by a troop of imperial soldiers, who, with the wanton barbarity usual in those cruel wars, wasted and destroyed everything. 'Trunks, drawers, cupboard's, were all knocked about and broken to pieces; my surplice (*priesterhemd*) was torn; so that I was in the greatest misery and tribulation.' The pastor had happily concealed his little daughter (*mein armes Töchterlein*) from these lawless ruffians, who, if an elderly cornet had not interfered, were disposed to insult even the maid, though she was above 50 years old:—

'I thanked, therefore, my Maker, when these wild guests were off,
that

that I had saved my child from their clutches, although not the least dust of flour, nor the smallest grain of corn, nor a little morsel of meat of a finger's length was left; and I knew not how I should find food enough to keep myself and my poor child alive. *Item* thanked I God that I had hidden the *vasa sacra*, which, with my two churchwardens [*Fürstehers*]*—*Henry Seden and Claus Balken of Usteritz*—*I had buried in the church in front of the altar, consigning them to God's care. But, as aforesaid, suffering bitter hunger, so wrote I to his worship [*Se Gestrengen*] the justice, properly the lord Governor of the district [*den Herrn Amtsheuptman*],* Wittich von Appelmann of Pudgla, that for the sake of God and his holy gospel, he would in such my heavy need and distress, let me have what his Highness's grace, Philippus Julius, had awarded me out of the *prestanda* of the Convent of Pudgla, to wit, 30 bushels of barley and 25 marks of silver, which his worship had to this time never paid. For he was a hard and inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the Holy Gospel and the preaching of the word, and openly and without shame made a mock at the servants of God,*—*namely, that they were useless bread consumers, and that Luther had but half cleaned out those hogstyes, the churches. God mend him! But he answered me not; and I should have utterly perished, if Henry Seden had not begged through the parish for me. God of his everlasting mercy reward the honest fellow! He was the while very old, and was sorely plagued by his wicked wife, Lise Kolken. Bethought me, when I married them, it would not turn out over well; seeing that she was in common report for having lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmann, who was an arch deceiver and a terrible whole-master, such as the Lord never blesses. The same Seden brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, of which goodwife Paasche of Loddin had made him a present; *item* a side of bacon from Hans Tewert the farmer. He must, however, keep it close from his wife, who would have had half of it for herself, and when he refused it, cursed him, and wished him a good headache [*kopfgicht*, properly gout in the head], whereat in a moment he felt a swelling in his right cheek, which grew thereafter quite hard and very troublesome. At these terrible tidings I waxed wroth, as became a good pastor, and I asked him whether he thought haply that she was in evil intercourse with that wicked Satan, and was a witch. But he held his tongue and shrugged up his shoulders. Bade him then call old Lise, who was a tall, meagre creature, about 60 years old, with glowering eyes that never looked one in the face, and red hair, as her old man also had. But though I admonished her diligently out of God's word, she would not speak, and at length I said, "Will you unbewitch your old man (for I had seen him in the streets through the window maundering along like a madman), or will you that I bring you up before the justice [*Obrigkeit*]?" She gave in at last, and promised that he should soon be better, and so he was; then begged she that I would give her a little bacon and bread, the while she had had for three days no meat or nourishment between her teeth, except her tongue. My daughter gave her half a loaf and a slice of bacon about two hands

* This is of course untranslatable, like other titles and offices of the age and country.

breadth, which she did not think enough, but muttered within her teeth, whereat my little daughter said, "A'nt you content, you old witch? be off and look after your old man" Whereupon she went away, still muttering between her teeth, "I will look after him and you too."

Nothing but this righteous horror of a witch could provoke the gentle sweetness of the pastor's little daughter, on whom is henceforth centered the whole exquisite pathos of our story. The village is again beset by a troop of imperialists: almost the whole population take refuge in the Streckelberg, a moorland hill near the sea. The pastor, his daughter, and the little children, with whom Maria shares all her food, are concealed in a cavern. The bells are heard ringing strangely, flames are seen rising above the trees; old Paasche is sent up on the hill to see what is going on. He brings word that twenty troopers are riding off, and the whole village in flames. This we fear was too true a picture of these terrible religious wars. That war and religion should ever be named together!! Still more disastrous intelligence arrives. Three or four of the peasants have been shot, and the poor churchwarden, Henry Seden, only escaped by means of his wife. Old Lise here appears again under very suspicious circumstances. She had been seen coming out of the church with the soldiers, and those ruffians had got the two communion cups and patens in their hands. As they passed through the churchyard, she had prevented them from shooting her poor husband, as they had wantonly done the other three. Old Lise swears that she had been forced by the soldiers to open the church; that one of the stones (an arch lie, says our pastor) not being properly fitted, they had begun to dig about with their swords, till they found the plate. The guilt could not, however, be brought home to Lise, who stoutly denied it; and got off with a severe lecture from the pastor. The whole party were utterly without food; Maria had divided already among the children all she had: but Providence sent a large flock of fieldfares into the neighbouring bushes, which they contrive to snare. Else, the maid, had volunteered into the village to bring away the mane and the tail of the pastor's old cow, which had died a short time before, to make springes. Pastor Schweidler himself picks up on the road a loaf, which one of the troopers has dropped, and which a raven was pecking. He conceals it carefully, not for his own or his daughter's use, but to 'improve it' for the spiritual welfare of his flock. We must endeavour to translate the scene of this supper:—

'Quoth I, then, when all was ready, and the people were all sate down upon the ground—now see ye how the Lord yet feeds his people in the wilderness with fresh quails; should he do further, and send us a little

little bit of manna bread from heaven, would ye ever be weary of believing, and not willingly the rather bear all want, trouble, thirst, and hunger, that he might hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will? Whereupon they all answered and said, Yea, verily. EGO. Will ye faithfully promise this? Whereupon they said again, Yea, that will we. Then drew I forth, weeping, the loaf from under my waist, lifted it up on high, and cried, Now see, thou poor, believing little flock, what a sweet manna bread our faithful Redeemer hath sent by me. Whereat they all shrieked out, and cried and wept; and the little children all jumped up, and held out their hands, and cried, Me bread! me bread! [miek! brod! miek! brod!] and when I, for trouble of mind, could not pray, I bade Pansche's little girl say the Gracias, the while my Maria cut up the loaf, and gave its portion to each of them. And now we all joyously sate down to the blessed God's meal in the wilderness.'

Our pastor does not forget the prophet Elijah and the ravens—

'As we had at length filled our stomachs with the necessary food, I made a thanksgiving sermon on Luke xii. v. 24, where the Lord says, "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?" But our sins stunk before the Lord. For as that old Lise, as I soon found out, had not eaten her birds, for they were not savoury enough for her, but had thrown the same into the juniper bushes, his wrath waxed sore against us, as of old against the people of Israel; and at night we had only seven birds in our springer, and the morrow only two. And no raven come to us again to bring us bread! Wherefore rebuked I old Lise, and admonished the people, to take upon them willingly the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, and to pray the more earnestly.'

We must hasten over the return to the village, the sore distress of the poor pastor at the loss of all his property, of his books—he recovers only a Virgil and a Greek Bible—above all, the loss of the *vasa sacra*. Nothing can be more simple, natural or pathetic than the whole history of their sufferings from famine: at one time he gets a bit of bread from a wandering beggar; at another they obtain a very scanty supply from a neighbouring village which had escaped the plunder of the Imperialists. But his sorest distress at this time is, that he cannot administer the Sacrament to the people, who are earnestly desiring it. In this juncture he ventures to write to the hardhearted Governor (Amtshauptman), entreating him to give him some money to provide for the Holy Sacrament, and to buy a cup, even if it were of tin. The pastor had before made some ink out of the soot of the chimney, and sealed a letter with a little wax found sticking to an old wooden candlestick, which had belonged to the altar, and which the soldiers had not thought worth destroying. He tears out the
blank

blank leaf at the end of his Virgil, his last piece of paper, but unfortunately makes a dreadful and most disrespectful blot with his ink. He sends this letter by his old maid-servant—

‘But the poor soul came trembling with terror back, and crying bitterly; and said that his worship had kicked her out of the castle gates [the schloss], and threatened to put her in the stocks if she came again. Did the parson think that he (the justice) would throw about his money as he (the parson) did his ink? They had water enough for the sacrament. The Son of God had once changed water into wine—he might do so again,’ &c. &c.

This shocking blasphemy almost overcame the pastor’s patience: he assembled the parish, preached on the text of St. Augustine, *‘Credo, et manducasti,’* ‘Believe, and you have eaten.’ He showed his flock that it was not his fault that they had not the proper elements; repeated his message to Appelmann, who soon heard that the parson was *preaching at him*. The Great Man makes the whole parish sign a ‘protocol’ of the sermon, despatches it to the government, and gives out that he will soon provide the parish with a better parson. Poor Schweidler is reduced to the utmost distress: his field of barley, which had been sown by some kind hand, is raked up by some wicked one; the little food he has is spirited away, no doubt through his pitiless foe, Lise Kolken.

We must try to give his utter agony in his own language. He has found out that his daughter has been cutting up fir-bark, pretending to eat it, as bread, in order that her father might be persuaded to take some small share in what they had left. The gentle Maria has fainted for weakness, and Schweidler himself has not strength to cross the room to her. His maid, and his faithful neighbour, old Paasche, try to lift him up. He begs them to leave him alone, and even to take his daughter out of the room, that he may pray.

‘This did they, but the prayer would not come. I fell into bitter unbelief and despondency; and I murmured against the Lord that he plagued me more hardly than Lazarus or Job. For, wretch that I was, I cried out, Thou didst leave Lazarus the crumbs that fell from the table, and the pitiful dogs; thou hast left me nothing; and thou didst not chastise Job till thou hadst mercifully taken away his children; but thou hast left me my poor little daughter, that her sorrows may increase mine own a thousandfold. Lo this is why I can pray for nothing more than that thou wouldst speedily take me away from this earth, for gladly would I lay down my grey head in the grave. Woe is me, ruthless Father, what have I done? I have eaten bread and left my child un-hungered. O, Lord Jesus, thou that hast said, what man is there of you, that if his children ask him for bread will give him a stone? Lo, I am that man; lo, I am that ruthless father; I have eaten bread and given my daughter wood; punish me, I will bear it, and be still. O my

my righteous Jesus, I have eaten bread and given my poor daughter wood. As I did not speak this, but shrieked it aloud, wringing my hands the while, my little daughter fell sobbing on my neck, and rebuked me for murmuring against the Lord; for even she herself, though a weak and frail woman, would not in like manner despair of his mercy. So that I soon, through shame and repentance, came to myself again, and humbled myself before the Lord for my sins.'

The maid ran in the meantime shrieking through the village, but they all had eaten their dinners, and were most of them gone out to fish—nothing was to be had. The last hope lay in old Henry Seden, the churchwarden, who steals his wife's pot of broth, and places it under the window. But even in her agony Maria will not touch it; and honest Henry only gets a sound rating, or worse, from his terragant Lise. Old Lise, however, had given Paasche a basin of broth, a sup of which he brings to the parsonage, not letting them know how he got it, and Maria's life is saved by this innocent stratagem.

In his complete desolation the old pastor thinks of leaving his parish, where 'in five years he had had but one wedding and two baptisms, and begging his way to Hamburg, to his brother-in-law Martin Belring, a respectable shopkeeper there.' But Maria thinks it strange that he should think of leaving his home, 'mas-much as she had hardly ever been beyond the bounds of the parish, and her blessed mother and little brother lay in the churchyard, and who shall make up their graves and plant them with flowers?' 'Then,' proceeds the innocent girl, 'God has given me a smooth face, and what shall I do upon the roads, which are full in these terrible times of soldiers and other wandering vagabonds, with only you, a poor weak old man, to guard me; *item*, how shall we protect ourselves against the cold, for the enemy has stolen all our clothes, so that we have hardly wherewith to cover our nakedness?'

He is rebuked, too, by the stronger faith of the maid Ilse, whom they in vain endeavour to persuade to return to her relations. Ilse pretends to go, but finds she cannot leave them, and they find her next morning at her usual work in the kitchen. She reminds the good pastor of his first sermon; that he had then solemnly said that he would abide by his people in the utmost need, even to his death. They find, also, that some charitable person had stolen into the house by night and left them two loaves, a good bit of meat, a bag of grits, and a bag of salt, at least a bushel.

'One may guess what a cry of joy we all uttered. And I was not ashamed to confess my sins before our maid, and in our morning prayer upon our knees we vowed obedience and faithfulness to the Lord. Thereupon this morning we had a noble breakfast, and sent something
out

out to old Paasche: *item*, my dear daughter let all the little children come again, and fed them tenderly, before any one could speak a word, with our provisions; and as in my heart of little faith I sighed thereat, though I spake nothing, she smiled and said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

The pastor thought that this quotation of his daughter's could be little less than inspired. That very afternoon Maria came dancing home full of joy; she had been on the Streckelberg to gather berries; she had gone down to the sea-shore, and there the sand had been washed away, and she had discovered a large vein of amber of incalculable value. She had brought away such specimens as she could break off and carry. The pastor found himself immediately rich, if he could conceal his treasure from his enemy the Amtshauptman, who would immediately have seized it in the name of the king. Old Abraham and his daughter keep their own counsel about their treasure-trove.

'But whom now rob I?—why, the state!—in truth
Marvellous little owe I this same state.'

Throughout, indeed, they act with considerable shrewdness; they usually visit their treasure by night; they then pack up some large pieces, go to the neighbouring town of Wolgast, sell the amber for what is to them enormous wealth, to certain Dutch merchants, spread about a rumour that they have had a large legacy; and in short are not very scrupulous about the subterfuges to which they have recourse, and somehow do not remember to repent them of these little departures from truth. But who would not forgive them?—They come back to the village with a large quantity of provisions.

'The next morning my daughter divided the blessed bread, and sent every one in the village a good large piece. . . . *Item*: I had notice given throughout the parish that on Sunday I would administer the Holy Sacrament; and in the mean time I bought up all the large fish which had been caught. When now the blessed Sunday came, I first held a confession of the whole parish, and thereupon a sermon on Matt. xv. 32, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . for they have nothing to eat." The same I first explained of spiritual food, and there rose a great groaning both among men and women; when at the close I went to the altar, where stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words—"I have compassion on the people, for they have nothing to eat." (N.B. I had borrowed a pewter cup in Wolgast, and bought a little earthen plate for a patin, till the time that Master Bloom should have got ready the silver cup and patin I had ordered) When I had thereupon consecrated and administered the Holy Sacrament—*item*, spoken the last blessing, and each in silence was praying his "Our father," and was going out of the church—I went back to the confessional seat,
and

and signed to the people to stay, for the blessed Saviour would not only feed their souls but likewise their bodies, seeing that he would always have the same compassion on his folk, as with his people of old by the sea of Galilee; the which they should see. Went then to the tower, and brought out two baskets, which our maid had bought at Wolgast; and I had had conveyed there in good time, placed them before the altar, and took off the cloth with which they were covered, on which there was a loud outcry, inasmuch as they saw one full of broiled fish and the other of bread. . . .

'After church, when I had put off my surplice, came Henry Seden's glowering-eyed wife, and impudently asked for something more for her husband for his journey to Liepe; moreover she herself had had nothing, seeing she had not been at church. This almost angered me; and I said to her, "Wherefore wert thou not at church? But hadst thou come humbly, thou shouldst have gotten something, but now thou comest so impudently I will give thee nothing. Think what thou hast done to me and my child." But she kept standing at the door, and glowering impudently round the room, till my little daughter took her by the arm and led her out, and said the while, "Hearest thou, thou shalt first come humbly before thou gettest anything, but comest thou so, thou shalt have thy share, for we will no longer reckon with thee an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; that the Lord may do, if such be his good pleasure;—but we will readily forgive you." Whereat at last she went out of doors, in her way muttering within herself, but she spat several times in the street, as we saw out of the window.'

Time passes on—but not without events. A capital ghost-story, which we cannot extract, introduces the pastor to young Rudiger, the handsome heir of Nienkirch, who visits the parsonage now and then. One night he is detained; and as the only bed was Maria's, she was fain to sleep with the maid, and give up her chamber to the youth. This causes a good deal of pretty blushing and confusion, very inexplicable to the worthy parson, and in the morning he is surprised to see his daughter come down to breakfast in the fine red silk gown, and ribands, and apron which she had bought at Wolgast.

Unfortunately soon after, a wolf-hunt throws the innocent Maria in the way of the Governor (Amtshauptman), who takes a great fancy to her, and condescends immediately to offer to take her into his service. She refuses, of course, this perilous promotion; and another day came—

'old Seden's glowering-eyed wife, like a lame dog. . . . She sets before my daughter whether she would not go into the service of his Honour the Governor, praises him as a religious and virtuous man, vows that all that the world said of him was "stinking lies;" that she could bear witness of it, "for she had been in his service ten years." *Item*, she praised the good living they had there, the handsome beer-money (biergeld) which the great people who often visited there gave to

the servants who waited on them; that she herself had once received from his excellent Highness, the Archduke Ernst Ludwig, a rose-noble. Moreover, there were many fine young men there, so that it might be her good luck, seeing that she was a pretty kind of girl, to choose whom she would marry; but she might sit in Coserow, where nobody came, till she was crooked and wrinkled (*krumm und dumm*), before she got a coif on her head.'

Maria is proof against magnificent temptations; the Governor in vain proposes to her the dignified place of his housekeeper (*ausgebersche*), and tries to make up a match between her and his huntsman (*jäger*.) Even old Abraham sees plainly enough his base object, though, as he is the magistrate 'set over him by God,' he thinks it right to treat him with the utmost respect. The last time he left the house, indeed, he says, 'that he went, and Satan went with him, as of old with Judas Iscariot.'

So passed the winter; but with the spring the parish of Coserow was disturbed by new misfortunes. The cows began to die in a sudden and unaccountable manner; the pigs followed their example; a woman with child fell down (the parish midwife was just dead, and no one to take her place), and something black, like a bat, came from under her clothes, and flew out of the window. The parson's daughter, being the only maiden of marriageable years in the parish, was in great request. She had to draw out three hairs from the tail of each cow that was seized, and bury them under the manger: she had also some counter-acting charm to work for the pigs. That it was all witchcraft no one could doubt, and the whole parish thought that no one but Henry Seden's glowering-eyed wife was at the bottom of all this devil's mischief. But Lise Kolken's cow was seized like the rest, and she was obliged to have recourse to Maria. Suddenly all Maria's healing influence seems to cease; all her attempts are in vain: one cow dies almost under Maria's hands. Kate Berow's pig, which she had bought with the savings of her spinnings, expires in like manner; and the kind girl is so moved, that she promises the poor creature a young pig when her father's sow should have her litter. Lise Kolken's pig went next, and when Maria refused to go any more, as she saw it was of no use, the wretched old hag (we are sorry to say the good parson calls her *teufelshure*) ran about the parish, and said it was no wonder that Maria could no longer do any good to the cattle; that she visited the Streckelberg too often—in short, brought the coarsest accusation against the kind and spotless maiden.

It is true, says honest Abraham, that she was wont to go there, to gather flowers and repeat her favourite lines of Virgil—we forgot to say that Maria was a scholar—in fact, old Abraham had the

the ambition of making her a second Anna Maria Schurman, the female wonder, the all-accomplished and all-learned Mrs. Somerville of the day—not in natural philosophy, indeed, but in Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, to say nothing of Greek and Latin. However, he forbade her from going any more, at least to dig for amber:—

‘But this thing did she do, albeit she had promised not, and of this disobedience came all our misery. Ah, thou blessed God! what a serious thing is thy holy fourth [fifth] commandment! Honoured John Lampius of Crummin, when he visited me in spring, told me that the Cantor of Wolgast would sell the Opp. St. Augustini, &c.’

Maria heard Lampius make this communication—and the affectionate girl went out at night to dig for amber, in order to make him a present of this much coveted book on his birth-day, ‘the 28th of the month of August.’

It so happened that just at this time the young *nobilis*, Rudiger of Nienkirch, rode over to hear all about the parish being bewitched:—

‘As I told him the whole, he shook his head in unbelief, and gave it as his opinion that all witchcraft was lies and cheatery; whereat I shuddered violently, seeing that I had thought the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not but see that he was an atheist! He perceived this, and answered me with a smile, whether I had ever read Johannes Wierus, who would admit nothing about witchcraft, and argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who imagined that they had made paction with the devil, and were more deserving of pity than of punishment. Whereupon I answered, in truth I had not read such a book (*for who can read all that fools write!*), but I showed him that by the testimony of eye-witnesses here and elsewhere, it was a monstrous error to deny witchcraft, inasmuch as a man might just as well deny that there was such a thing as murder, adultery, or theft.’

We have now an amusing episode of the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus—as our friend Dugald Dalgetty calls him, and as he was honoured by all Coserow, the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of the Protestant faith. Good parson Schweidler writes, with infinite labour, eight Latin complimentary verses, with but a false quantity or so, and these lines are recited by his daughter to the king, who is graciously pleased to answer in Latin—*Propius accedas, patria virgo, ut te osculer.* This mark of approbation the gallant monarch no doubt bestowed as condescendingly, and the young lady received not less loyally, than the ladies of Tillietudlem the salute of their youthful monarch. Moreover, Gustavus hangs a gold chain round her neck, and says—‘if I return conqueror, *promissum carmen et duo oscula expecto.*’

But this is but a gleam of sunshine before the darkening night. Though the bewitching the cattle seemed to have ceased, other strange circumstances had occurred. Old Henry Seden had

disappeared under very suspicious circumstances ; and now Maria Schweidler's own god-daughter, old Paasche's child, is manifestly possessed. The Rev. Abraham tries, in due form, but with indifferent success, to exorcise her. Unfortunately, Maria had sent her a little cake which her maid Ilse had bought at Wolgast. The good pastor perceives that the parishioners begin to avoid him in a most inexplicable manner—the school is deserted, not a child makes its appearance ; and when the blessed Sunday comes there is scarcely a person in the church ; the few that appear run away in terror and aversion. This is not all—the faithful Ilse herself, who had clung to them in all their trials of poverty and hunger, begs to be allowed to leave them. Maria entreats her to let her know the reason,—

‘ But she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed, and could not speak a word : whereupon my daughter lifted up the apron, and stroked her cheek, to make her speak. But when she saw that, she struck away my poor child's hand, and said “ Fie ! ” and spat out before her, and went out of the door. Such a thing had she never done since my daughter was a little baby ; and we were both so astounded that we did not speak the least word.’

Maria runs out to call her back, but every one of the villagers hurries away from her ; wherever she appears, the school-children cry, cower in the corners, and spit before them, as the maid had done.

The next morning a carriage appeared ; the beadle, Jacob Knake, places a warrant in the hands of poor Schweidler, for the arrest of his daughter as a notorious witch. She is carried off to Pudgla, the town where the Governor (Amtshauptman) resides. Old Abraham can only prevail on the beadle to let him accompany her by a handsome *birgeld*. Along the road she is everywhere insulted—as they pass the mill, the miller's lad throws meal-dust upon her. All Pudgla is collected, with cries, ‘ Is that the witch ? ’ —‘ Look, look !—the parson witch !—the parson witch ! ’ The Amtshauptman receives them with bitter mockery. ‘ What ! you would not come to my house—and yet you are come ! ’—He is, however, in private more civil ; he takes the poor girl aside, and promises to save her life—upon one condition. On her indignant rejection of his offers, he adds, in a strange and mysterious menace, ‘ Well, as you have had Satan for a lover, you need not be so nice.’ He then endeavours to embrace her, she resents, and in her struggle scratches his face. Old Schweidler, who had crept to the door, breaks in ; and the cruel Magistrate threatens to put them into different and foul dungeons. He does not, however, as yet behave with quite so much inhumanity.

The next morning is the first hearing. There arrived from
 Usedom

Usedom his worship Herr Samuel Pieper, *Consul Dirigens*—item the Camerarius Gebhard Wenzel, and a scribe, 'whose name I heard, but I have forgotten it. My daughter forgot it too. Seeing she had an excellent memory, she told me the most of what follows, for my poor old head was almost burst, so that I could retain very little.' The father is allowed, as a special favour, to be present at the hearing. The *Consul* asks the *Justice* whether he had put *Rea* in chains; when he said, 'No,' the *Consul* gave him 'such a reprimand as went through my marrow.' 'The door opened, and the beadle entered with my daughter, but backwards, and without her shoes, which she was obliged to leave outside. The brute had seized her by her long hair.' On the first question, whether she knew why she was brought there, she replies that the Amtshauptman had told her father; she then, with perfect modesty and self-command, details the wicked conduct of the Governor towards her—'she therefore will not have him for her judge; and trusts in God that He will deliver her from the hands of her enemies, as He delivered of old the chaste Susanna.'

But the Amtshauptman, with cool effrontery, denies the whole; he declares that it was his little dog who scratched his face. In vain poor Schweidler confirms his daughter's testimony—the Herr Consul *dirigens* is somehow or other completely in the power of the Amtshauptman—the trial proceeds. We must give some part of it:—

'*Questio*. Whether she could bewitch (zaubern)?

Responsio. No; she knew nothing of witchcraft.

Q. Whether she could unbewitch?

R. Of that she knew as little.

Q. Whether she had ever been on the Blocksberg? *

R. That was much too far off; she knew no hill but the Streckelberg, where she had often been.

Q. What had she done there?

R. Looked over the sea, or gathered flowers, and sometimes got an apron full of dry brushwood.

Q. Whether she had ever called upon the devil?

R. That had never entered her thoughts.

Q. Whether the devil had ever appeared at her call?

R. God defend her from such a thing.

Q. So she could not bewitch?

R. No.

Q. What happened to Stoffer Zuter his dappled cow, that it had suddenly died in her presence?

R. That she did not know: and it was a strange question.

Q. Then it would be as strange a question how Kate Berow's little pig had died?

* The famous place of witch-meetings in the Hartz mountains.—See *Faust*.

R. Assuredly;

'*R.* Assuredly: she wondered why any one should lay it to her.

'*Q.* Then she had not bewitched them?

'*R.* No: God defend her.

'*Q.* Wherefore, if she was guiltless, had she promised old Kate another little pig when her sow should litter?

'*R.* She did that out of kindheartedness.. [Hereupon she raised herself up and began to cry violently, and said she saw clearly that she had to thank Lise Kolken for all this, for she had often threatened her when she would not gratify her covetous wishes, for she asked for everything she took a fancy to. The same Lise had gone all about the village when the cows were bewitched, telling them that if a pure virgin pulled two hairs out of the cow's tail they would be better. She had pitied them, and, as she knew that she was a pure virgin, she had at first helped them, but latterly had not.]

'*Q.* Whom had she helped?

'*R.* Zabel's red cow, and Witthan's sow, and old Lise's own cow.

'*Q.* Why had she helped them no longer?

'*R.* That she did not know: but she thought, though she did not wish to get any one into difficulty, that old Lise Kolken, who for many years had been in ill fame as a witch, had bewitched the cows in her name, and then unbewitched them, as she pleased, only to bring her to disgrace.

'*Q.* Why had old Lise bewitched her own cow, and let her own pig die, if she had raised the report in the parish, and could really unbewitch?

'*R.* That she did not know; but it might be [and here she looked at the amtshauptman] that she was paid double for it.

'*Q.* She tried in vain to shift the guilt from herself; had she not bewitched old Paasche's and even her father's barley, and had it trod down by the devil; *item*, brought the caterpillars into her father's orchard?

'*R.* The question was as monstrous as the act would have been. There sate her father—his worship might ask him if she has ever shown herself an undutiful child to him [Whereupon I wished to rise and speak, but the consul would not let me, but went on in his examination, wherefore I sate down, abashed and silent.]

'*Q.* Whether she could deny that, through her wickedness, the woman Witthan had brought a devil's delusion into the world, which had got up and flown out of the window, and when the midwife came had disappeared?

'*R.* Verily, she had done good, all her life, to the people, and never harm to any one; that in the great famine she had taken the bread out of her own mouth and shared it wit others, especially with the little children. They might call the whole parish to witness this. But wizards and witches always did evil, and never good to men; as our Lord Jesus taught (Matt. xxii), when the Pharisees charged him with casting out devils through Beelzebub: his worship might thence see whether she could indeed be a witch.

'*Q.* He would soon convict her of her blasphemies: he saw that she had a good tongue in her head; she must answer the questions put to her,

her, and no more. It was not *what* good she had done to the poor, but *how* she had done it. She must now show how she and her father had suddenly become so rich that she went pranking about in a silk gown, having been before so very poor.—

‘—Whereat she looked on me, and said, “Father, shall I tell?” Whereupon I answered, “Yea, my daughter; thereupon you must speak out frankly and plainly, though we become beggars again.” She then told how, in our great necessity, we had found the amber, and how much we had sold it for to the Dutch merchants.

‘Q. What were the names of these merchants?

‘R. Dietrich von Pehnen and Jacob Kieckbusch; but, as we have heard from a sailor, they were dead of the plague in Stettin.

‘Q. Why had we concealed this discovery?

‘R. For fear of our enemy the Amtshauptman, who, as it seemed, would have condemned us to die of hunger, inasmuch as he forbade the parish, under heavy penalty, to supply us with anything, and said he would soon find them a better parson.’

‘—Hereupon Dominus Consul looked the Amtshauptman sharp in the face, who answered that he had indeed said so, seeing that the parson had preached at him in the most insolent manner, but he knew that they were far from any danger of dying of hunger.

‘Q. How came so much amber on the Streckelberg? She must own that the devil put it there.

‘R. Of that she knew nothing; but there was there a great vein of amber, which she could show. She had broken pieces off, and covered the hole again with fir twigs, that no one might find it.

‘Q. Had she gone to the Streckelberg by day or night?

‘Hereupon she blushed, and was silent an instant; but she presently replied, “Sometimes by day, sometimes at night.”

‘Q. Wherefore did she stammer? She should freely confess everything, that her punishment might be lighter. Had she not given over old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, so that only some of his brains and his hair were left sticking on the oak-tree?

‘R. She did not know whether it was his brains or hair or not, which was found there. She had heard a woodpecker shriek so mournfully that she had gone towards the tree. Item, old Paasche, who had heard the noise, had followed her with his woodman.

‘Q. Whether the woodpecker was not the devil, who had carried off old Seden?

‘R. That she did not know; but he must have been long dead, as the hair and blood which the young man took from the tree were quite dry.

‘Q. How and when did he come by his death?

‘R. That Almighty God knows; but Zuter’s little girl had said, that one day when she was gathering nettles for her cow under Seden’s hedge, she had heard the old man threaten his glowering-eyed wife that he would tell the parson that she, as he now well knew, *had a spirit*: whereupon the old man had soon disappeared. But these might be child’s stories: she wished to bring no one into difficulty.

‘Whereupon

' Whereupon again Dr. Consul looked the Amtshauptman full in the face, and said, "Old Lise Kolken must be brought before us." Whereat the Amtshauptman gave no answer. He proceeded: "You still affirm, then, that you know nothing of the devil?"

' *R.* That she should affirm it, and affirm it to her blessed end.

' *Q.* And yet had she, as witnesses would show, allowed him to baptise her in the sea.

' Here she changed colour, and for a moment was silent.

' *Q.* Why do you change colour again? For God's sake, think on your salvation, and confess the truth.

' *R.* She had bathed in the sea, because it was a very hot day: that was the whole truth.

' *Q.* What chaste maiden would ever bathe in the sea? You lie; and perhaps you will still lyingly deny that you bewitched old Paasche's little girl with a cake?

' *R.* Ah me! ah me! She loved the child as her own dear little sister. . . . In the great famine she had often taken a bit out of her own mouth to put it in hers. How could she have done her such mischief?

' *Q.* Wilt thou still lie? Honoured Abraham, what an obdurate child is this of yours! Look here: Is this no witch's salve, which the beadle found to-night in your box?—Is this no witch's salve, eh?

' *R.* It was a salve for the skin, to make it white and smooth, as the apothecary at Wolgast, of whom she bought it, told her.

' Whereupon he shook his head, and went on.

' *Q.* What! wilt thou, then, at last deny that this last Saturday, the 10th July, at twelve o'clock at night, you called upon your paramour, the devil, with awful words; that he appeared as a great hairy giant, and embraced and pressed you to his bosom?

' At these words she was paler than a corpse, and began to tremble so violently that she was obliged to hold by a chair; and I, wretched man, who would have sworn for her to my death, when I saw and heard this my senses went away, so that I fell from the bench, and Dr. Consul must call the beadle to help me up again. When I came to myself, and, by God's mercy, was better, the whole Court arose, and conjured my frail child, by the living God and her soul's welfare, to lie no longer, but to have compassion on herself and on her father, and confess the truth.

' Whereupon she heaved a great sigh, and became as red as she had been pale, so that her hand upon the chair was like scarlet, and she could not lift up her eyes from the ground.

' *R.* She would confess, then, the simple truth, as she saw well that wicked people had stolen after her, and watched her. She was getting some amber from the hill; and as she was at work, in her way, and to dissipate her fears, she had repeated the Latin *carmen* which her father had composed for the most excellent King, Gustavus Adolphus; that young Rudiger of Nienkirch, who had often come to her father's house, and talked love to her, had come out of the bushes, and when she shrieked for fright had spoken Latin to her, and taken her in his arms.

He

He had on a great wolf's-skin, that people might not know him if they met him, and tell her father that she had been by night on the hill.

'At such her confession I waxed quite desperate, and cried out in wrath, "O thou godless and disobedient child, so then thou hast a lover. Did I not forbid thee to go to the hill by night? What hadst thou to do at the hill at night?" And I began to cry out, and to sob, and to wring my hands, that even Dn. Consul had compassion, and he came towards me to comfort me. Meanwhile, she too came towards me, and began to defend herself; that she had, against my orders, gone to the hill only to get as much amber as to buy secretly, for a present on my birthday, the Opp. Sancti Augustini, which the cantor of Wolgast had to sell. She knew nothing whatever of the youth's design in waylaying her by night on the hill; and swore, by the living God, that nothing unbecoming had taken place, and that she was still a pure virgin.'

So ends the first hearing; and strange and absurd as some of the circumstances may seem, we will answer for it (from some reading in trials for witchcraft) that there is nothing so extravagant or monstrous as to make one doubt as yet the authenticity of the report of the proceedings.

All, however, now goes against the poor girl; she cannot find the place where the amber was; the sea and the wind had heaped the sand over it. On searching her box, where she said there was some amber (the headle, we must remember, had already been rummaging there, and found the witch-salve), it was empty—money and amber were all gone: her fine gown, however, and the chain the king had given her, were locked up in the chest in the church. Her father said he had done so to keep it for her wedding-day—she looked with fixed eyes, and said—'for me to be burned in, O Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!' The Consul took this as a sort of acknowledgment that she deserved it—if she were innocent she would not say so. 'Innocentia! (she replies) quid est innocentia? ubi libido dominatur, innocentia leve præsidium est.' Her Latin makes the Consul shudder still more—it could not be fairly learned—he never knew a woman who understood Latin. The inquisitors are only puzzled that they cannot find the paper with her written compact with the devil—it should seem a necessary document! We must not dwell on the other incidents which conspire against her. Here our own suspicions, not of Maria, but of the editor, begin to grow stronger. The last is a letter from old Hans of Nienkirch, declaring that his son denies all knowledge of the matter! And the next day young Rudiger himself being sick in bed, at least so the Consul is led to believe, deposes in vehement language to the falsehood of the whole business.

No wonder that 'the next morning poor Abraham's grey hair was as white as snow.' Yet the Lord wonderfully blest him, for at daybreak a nightingale began to sing in the elder bush by his window,

window, so that he thought it was a good angel. After he had listened some time, he was able to pray, which he had not been able to do since Sunday. We cannot give the very curious chapter '*de confrontatione testium*.' Old Ilse, Maria's maid, is the first witness. She deposes that Maria had sometimes gone out at night—'up the chimney?' is the next question. And 'did you never miss your broom or your tongs?' At one awful moment in this part of the trial 'all were so mouse-like still, that one might hear the flies buzz about the inkstand.' Lise Kolken is the last witness; and Maria cross-examines her with great quickness, and catches her in divers contradictions. The worst point against poor Maria is that Lise swears she has 'a devil's mark on her person.' In vain she vows that she was born with it; she is carried out to be searched by the beadle's wife and old Ilse. There is discovered a mole between her breasts, into which the beadle's wife runs a needle, and is rather surprised and horror-struck that the poor girl shrieks and bleeds: as a devil's mark, it ought to have been quite insensible.

She is, however, allowed a counsel before *she is put to the torture!* Herr Syndicus Michelsen arrives from Usedom; and there is a very amusing chapter describing the defence prepared by the learned doctor, with all the flaws he finds in the indictment, and his quotations from Scripture. The doctor has not the least doubt, all the time, that she is an arrant witch. One of his great arguments is, that *rea* had actual money, whereas the '*Malleus Maleficarum*' lays it down as an irrefragable principle that the devil never gives real riches! For the bathing in the sea, he triumphantly quotes the example of Bathsheba. The great object of the defence is to turn the tables on Lise Kolken. 'Rea cannot be a witch, because she has neither a crooked nose nor red glowering eyes, as a witch ought to have, according to '*Theophrastus Paracelsus*.' In gratitude for this admirable *defensio*, poor Maria wishes to kiss the Advocate's hand; he draws it back in horror, and wipes it three times!

The simple parson, and even his more clear-sighted daughter, are, however, so impressed by the profound learning, and puzzled by the legal subtleties of the Syndicus, that they begin to entertain hopes. These hopes are soon dashed: *On*. Consul arrives with the decision of the court, who find that there are '*indicia legitima, pręgnantia, et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam*;' and she must prepare for this last inquisition. A neighbouring clergyman, the Pastor Benzensis, arrives in his surplice. He delivers on the whole a kind-hearted and religious sermon, urging her to confess, yet insisting on the mercy of the court, who are only anxious to save her soul! Her father, in spite of all re-

monstrances,

monstrances, follows her to the horrible chamber of torture. The scene is too dreadful to dwell upon; but throughout there is the same living reality, circumstance following circumstance with all the impressiveness of actual life. Nothing can persuade the old man to leave the torture-chamber, even at the last moment. The poor girl is tied to the fatal ladder: even yet her quiet resignation to her martyrdom has not deserted her; she utters with no irreverent spirit, in the Hebrew and in the Greek, the words of our Lord upon the cross, *Θεέ μου, θεέ μου, ἵνατί με ἐγκατέλιπες*. At the Greek *Dn. Consul* starts back, and makes a sign of the cross; the Greek, as he thought, could be nothing but an invocation of the devil; and now, with a loud voice, he said to the beadle, 'Screw.' At this the father gave one long wild cry, which made the vault of the dungeon tremble. This and this only the daughter cannot bear: she cries, 'I will confess everything you wish.' Being unbound, she springs from the ladder, and throws herself on her father's breast. The confession we can only give briefly:—

'Q. Whether she could bewitch?

'R. Yes, she could.

'Q. Who taught her?

'R. The hateful Satan himself.

'Q. How many devils had she?

'R. One was quite enough.

'Q. What was the name of that devil?

'R. *Illa* (after thinking a moment), *Dei-dæmonia* [Superstition].'

Whereupon *Dn. Consul* shuddered and said, 'that must be a very terrible devil—seeing he had never heard his name before.' He made her spell it, lest *Sriba* should make a mistake in his orthography. . . . They then came to the question—a question, be it remembered, in all such cases invariably put, and, extravagant as it may seem, sooner or later answered by the poor tortured wretches, or by unhappy maniacs, in the affirmative—a question sanctioned by a papal bull, that of Innocent VIII., incorporated in the '*Malleus Maleficarum*,' the great code of witch law—and doubtless in his belief in the justice and propriety of such a question, the head of our own church, the Solomon of his day, would have scorned to be outdone by either pope or lawyer. The question is on her criminal intercourse with the devil. In her perfect innocence, and from an ambiguous word in the German language, the girl cannot comprehend the question. When they force her to understand it, nothing but the order to tie her up again, wrings from her a reluctant 'Yea.' Even here, and in one or two more revolting questions, we confidently believe that there is no exaggeration! On such confessions as these, wrung from

from them by torture, thousands of human beings have suffered death in almost every country of Europe, aye, and of America too!

The next chapter gives us a strange, and, as we must begin to acknowledge our growing suspicions, a singularly *powerful* scene—the confession of old Lise Kolken, who is brought to Pudgla and thrown into prison; but feeling herself dying, sends to pastor Schweidler to hear her confession, and to administer the sacrament to her before death. He finds her lying with a besom for a pillow, as if ‘thereon to ride to hell.’ Her confession is one of those wild rhapsodies that crazy old women poured forth with such unaccountable fertility of invention. In the midst of it a small worm, yellow at the tail, crawls under the door of the dungeon. ‘When she saw it, she gave a scream—such as I never heard, and hope never to hear again. For in my youth I saw one of the enemies’ soldiers pike a child in the presence of the mother—that *was* a scream which the mother gave; but that scream was child’s play to the scream of old Lise.’ The worm creeps up her back, and she dies howling ‘the sacrament!’ ‘the sacrament!’ She had, however, confessed to being a witch for thirty years; and told all her villainy with the Amtshauptman, whom she likewise accused of having a spirit. Unfortunately, in his distress old Schweidler had brought no witnesses to the confession; no one heard but the villainous beadle, who is sold body and soul to the Amtshauptman.

The next chapter is headed ‘How Satan sifted me as wheat, and how my daughter bravely withstood him.’ The poor old man is submitted to the trial which Claudio is subjected to in ‘Measure for Measure;’ and, like Claudio, he yields. The villainous Amtshauptman shows him in the distance the funeral pyre on the Streckelberg, on which, at ten next morning, his daughter is to be burned; and quotes divers Scriptures ‘to his devilish purposes.’ Maria writes a Latin answer to her father’s Latin letter—for he is ashamed to write in German—in which she gently rebukes his weakness, and calmly expresses her own determination to die!

The fatal day, the fatal hour approaches, but Maria’s calm and gentle protestations of innocence so far convince her godfather, the Pastor Benzensis, that he is even reconciled to her dressing herself for the sacrifice in her silken attire, with the King of Sweden’s gold chain round her neck, and flowers in her hair. He consents to administer the Sacrament to old Abraham, his daughter, and the faithful maidservant. One little incident with regard to the latter, adds to the appalling reality of the scene. Old Ilse has spent all her savings in some pounds of flax, which she begs

Maria

Maria to bind round her person, 'because when the last witch was burned she suffered dreadfully from the wet wood of the pile, which would not kindle.'

'But, ere my daughter could thank her, began the awful cry for blood in the Justice Chamber; for a voice cried as loud as it could, "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for she has fallen from the living God." And all the people cried after it, "Death to the accursed witch." When I heard this, I fell against the wall; but my sweet child stroked my cheek with her sweet little hands and spake, "Father, father, bethink thee, did not the people cry, "Crucify him, crucify him," around the sinless Jesus?—Shall we not drink the cup which our heavenly Father hath given us?"'

She is made to repeat her confession—the sentence is read—she mounts the fatal cart with her father and the Pastor Benzensis; she passes on among the grossest insults of all the people, who crowd from every part of the country to the spectacle: and still incidents of strangely mingled beauty, horror, and absurdity, follow each other with the casual and natural sequence of actual life. Maria begins to chaunt her favourite hymn, on the joys of Heaven, attributed to St. Augustine, but really written by Peter Damiani.

'Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsanium;
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum;
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.
Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen inocciduum.'

The Latin fairly frightens away the rabble, who retire cursing to a respectful distance, and the victim is thus spared their inhuman mockeries and even their attempts to hurt her person. One fellow is so frightened that he falls head over ears into the ditch. 'Whereupon my poor daughter herself could not help smiling, and asked me if I knew any more Latin hymns, to keep the foolish and filthy-spoken rabble from us. "But dear," said I, "if I did know any Latin hymns, how could I repeat them now?"' 'My *Confrater*, the Rev. Martinus, knew one: it was in truth an heretical one; yet as it delighted my daughter above measure, and he repeated several verses three or four times, till she could say them after him, I said nothing. For I have always been very rigid against all heresy: yet I consoled myself that our Lord would pardon her simplicity. And the first line was "Dies iræ, dies illa." The *heretical* verses were in fact that noble Catholic hymn. And so poor Maria goes on chaunting—

'Judex

'Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Item :

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.'

From this point, however, Romance openly asserts her own. Poetical justice, that *Dea ex machinâ*, so unlike the ordinary justice, we fear, of this world, descends, and gradually dispels every lingering remnant of belief, which we had cherished, in the authenticity of our 'Amber Witch.' It is a very beautiful little novel, but it is manifestly a novel.

During the procession a terrific storm comes on, ascribed of course to the hellish influences of the witch; the rabble and the officers of justice, the judges themselves, have no doubt about it. But when at length they arrive at the bridge over the mill-stream, which passes above the mill-race (it is astonishing how we see at once the whole form of the country and the course of the road), the horses and the men begin to stumble on the slippery ground. The driver of the cart, in which the culprit and her father are seated, is thrown, and breaks his leg; every one who endeavours to pass, gets at least one or two falls. The Amtshauptman spurs his horse on, and at the moment there comes a flash of lightning of extraordinary brightness, followed by a clap of thunder as extraordinary; the startled horse backs—the Amtshauptman is seen whirling round on the spokes of the mill-wheel!! All this is afterwards discovered to be a mischievous revenge of the miller's lad, whom the Amtshauptman had ordered a severe flogging, for insulting Maria when they had passed that way before; he had smeared the whole road with tallow and other slippery substances, and thus brought on this part of the catastrophe.

The witch but deserves her burning the more richly. The execution is, therefore, only delayed, not arrested; the procession to the Streckelberg forms again; the storm has but exasperated the rabble, being, as we said, evidently the last convincing proof of poor Maria's diabolic powers: even Pastor Benzensis wavers in his belief in her innocence. As they reach, however, the foot of the Streckelberg, the sun breaks out, and a glorious rainbow, an omen to Maria, if not of hope, of divine mercy, spans the heavens. At that moment a horseman is seen furiously riding up: it is at first thought to be the ghost of the Amtshauptman, and the spectators fly on all sides; it is young Rudiger of Nienkirch, with twenty armed followers. He had been shut up by his father, who was alarmed at his attachment to the parson's daughter;

daughter; a cousin had been made to personate him, and to sign the fatal protocol, which denied all knowledge of her, and had so much weight at her trial. In short the whole plot is unravelled—skilfully and gracefully enough we will allow—the latter chapters are as pleasingly written as the rest—but the charm is broken; it has ceased to be a true, contemporary, and harrowing record of times past, it has become like other tales of absorbing interest, simply and unaffectedly told (Lady Georgiana Fullerton's 'Ellen Middleton,' for instance), though one, if we may judge by its impression on ourselves, of surpassing excellence.

Yet we must not omit one crowning touch of character.—The young Rudiger harangues the mob from the cart—not merely denounces the grievous injustice of the sentence against poor Maria, but tries to persuade them not to believe any longer in such absurd nonsense as witchcraft. 'When I heard this,' says old Abraham, 'I was astonished, as a conscientious clergyman must be, and got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered to him for God's sake to say no more on this matter, the while the people, if they no longer feared the Devil, would no longer fear the Lord God.'

We refrain, not without regret, from trespassing upon the short remaining *novel* part of the story; we would willingly have extracted the striking picture of the love-lorn Maria sitting on her own funeral pile (the Scheiterhaufen), on the Streckelberg, and reciting Dido's last magnificent words from Virgil—but we must break off.

Since the Amber Witch laid her spell upon us (we cannot say that we are disposed to condemn her therefore to the flames)—we have made further inquiry into the reality of our history. We are glad to find that Germany was at least as much perplexed as ourselves. Some of the journals pronounced boldly for its authenticity: a long controversy was threatened, which was put an end to by a letter from the editor, Dr. Meinhold, which we have read in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, plainly and distinctly claiming the authorship. Half the learned and critical world who had been fairly taken in, revenged themselves for their credulity by assuming a kind of lofty scepticism, and refusing to believe the author on his own word. Dr. Meinhold, it seems, is the author of some poems, and we believe other works, which had not made a very strong impression on the public mind, but which we shall look to with much curiosity. Others put on a pious indignation, and were greatly shocked at a respectable clergyman, a doctor in divinity, practising such a deception, more especially as regards themselves, and with so much success. Among these we understand is a poet, who dramatized the Amber Witch, with considerable effect, for the Hamburg theatre. For ourselves, we trust that we

are not latitudinarian in the delicate point of clerical veracity; but as we can have no quarrel on this score with Dr. Meinhold, we cannot look with rigour on his asserting this kind of conventional privilege, which use at least has vindicated to the author of clever works.

But we have heard another amusing anecdote. Among Dr. Meinhold's victims were the Tübingen reviewers—either the redoubted Strauss himself, or his faithful and acknowledged followers. These gentlemen, whose training in the infallible Hegelian philosophy has endowed them with an unerring judgment as to the authenticity of every kind of writing; whose well-tryed acuteness can detect the *myth* in every form; who throughout the Gospels can discriminate, from internal evidence, the precise degree of credibility of each chapter, each narrative, each word, with a certainty which disdains all doubt—the school of Strauss pronounced the ‘Amber Witch’ to be a *genuine chronicle*! But worse than this, if Dr. Meinhold (as we understand a very pious and good man) is to be credited, they fell into a trap designedly laid for them. Dr. Meinhold, during his theological studies, was so unphilosophically dissatisfied with the peremptory tone with which this school dealt with the authenticity of the sacred writings, that he determined to put their infallibility to the test. He had written the ‘Amber Witch’ some time before, and thrown it aside; he now determined to publish it as a sort of trial of these critical spirits. We wish him joy of his success, and condole with Strauss and Co.!

ART. IX.—1. *Railway Reform; its expedience and practicability considered, with a copious Appendix, &c.* 2nd and 3rd editions, revised and considerably enlarged. London, 1843.

2. *Railways, their Uses and Managements.* London, 1842.

3. *A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, on Railway Legislation.* London, 1844.

4. *Report to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, on the Statistics of British and Foreign Railways.* By M. Laing. London, 1844.

AS the first wonder and delight universally created by the celerity, cheapness, and comfort of railway travelling gradually subsided, the impatience and, we fear we must add, the ingratitude natural to all mankind, and especially to *John Bull*, have begun to exhibit themselves in complaints of its not being more rapid, more cheap, and more comfortable; and the much-

much-abused word *reform* and the misapplied term *monopoly* are already extensively employed to prejudice the public mind, and to create a desire for a course of alterations, of which, though some may be fair and sensible, many are in our opinion premature, some unreasonable, some impracticable, and others would be, we are satisfied, extensively injurious to the very interests for which they are inconsiderately proposed.

We can have no sort of doubt that if the rapid, complete, and unlimited success of Railways could have been originally anticipated and some general system of operations legally established in the outset, many errors of all kinds would have been avoided, a great deal of time and trouble saved, and enormous expences considerably reduced; but, on the other hand, it should be recollected that if in our *then* state of information and of public feeling it had been attempted to postpone the *Liverpool and Manchester* project, for instance, until we had agreed on a general reticulation of railroads over the whole kingdom, and to have embarrassed it with theoretic conditions and prospective and extraneous difficulties, it is probable that we should not now have had any railroads to reform. The infancy of so complicated a system is not to be criticized by rules derived from its maturity;—if, indeed, its present state, wonderful as its growth has been, can even yet be called maturity—may it not, on the contrary, be suspected that a time may come when the most plausible plans and the wisest precautions of the present day may seem to our successors as rash and as erroneous as the proceedings of 1826 appear to some of the railroad reformers of 1844? It behoves us, therefore, to bring to the consideration of this important and complicated subject a full measure of candour and patience, much indulgence for past errors, a scrupulous respect for existing interests, and great caution in the introduction of new principles, either of construction or administration, in a system which has been, in spite of all the errors of inexperience, so miraculously successful.

Railways, or, as they were first called, *tramways*—that is, artificial tracks for facilitating the draught of carriages—have been employed for 200 years, and probably much longer, in the north of England collieries. Roger North, describing a visit which his brother, Lord Guilford, made at the end of one of his circuits to Newcastle, says that amongst the curiosities of the region were what were called ‘*way-leaves* :’—

‘ When men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell *leave* to lead coals over their ground, and so dear, that the owner of a rood of ground will expect 20*l.* per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made

with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants.'—*Life of Lord Keeper Guilford*, vol. i. p. 265.

This seems to have been about 1676, but the practice was, no doubt, much older. Our readers will observe that the disposition, now so much complained of, of the landowners to make the railways pay inordinately dear for a passage, is no modern abuse, but as old as the invention itself.

About the middle of the last century, as the iron-works in Shropshire and Staffordshire developed themselves, railways began to come southward, and to be more regularly and systematically applied, not merely in connexion with collieries, but also with lime-kilns, quarries, and all mining operations. At Colebrook Dale, in Shropshire (celebrated for the subsequent erection of the first considerable iron bridge), iron plates were, about 1760, nailed on the wooden rails, as well to diminish friction as to prevent abrasion; this soon led to the substitution of rails of solid iron, which was attended with rapid success, and adopted in various parts of the country, to a greater extent than the public in general are aware of. There was, for instance, a railway five miles long from the collieries in the vicinity of Derby into that town; there was another, called the Park-forest Railway, about six miles long; and another near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, which had four miles of double and eight miles of single rails. Towards the beginning of the present century railways had made their way into all coal and mining districts, and their progress was so rapid, that in 1811 there were in South Wales not less than 150 miles of railways, of which the Merthyr Tydvil company possessed 30.

In all these cases the object was to send heavy weights down moderate inclinations, and to bring back the empty vehicles, so that the work of the horse moving loads downwards and bringing back the empty waggons did all that was desired. At length the principle of what we now distinctively call a *railroad* dawned on the ingenious mind of Doctor James Anderson, who had for many years dedicated his attention to mechanical, statistical, and agricultural subjects. In the periodical number of his 'Recreations in Agriculture,' published in 1800, he not only recommended a larger introduction of railways for all agricultural communications, but proposed a general adoption throughout the country of *lines of railways* to be carried along the sides of the existing turnpike roads; and though he only contemplated their employment for the draught of heavy loads at a slow rate, so that the saving would have been of little more than horse labour, his principles

principles and even his details would have equally served for accelerated motion, and if his extensive plan had succeeded for *waggons*, its early application to *post-chaises* was inevitable. As a matter of curiosity, and because little or no notice has been taken of him in any recent publication on railroads, we shall give a few details of Dr. Anderson's project.

His proposal extended itself, as we have said, to the whole country, but he specified, by way of experiment, the road from London to Bath, and he suggested two preliminary trials on a smaller scale; the one, that such a road should be laid down, either in iron or stone, between the great docks then (1799) projected at the Isle of Dogs and the city of London; the second was for a more general experiment along the great western road to Hounslow.

After several details showing that the railroad would be both cheaper to make and repair than the ordinary turnpikes, he proceeds to calculate its superior advantages, even if the cost were to be equal. He calculates that heavy-laden waggons could be drawn at one-tenth of the force, and of course of the cost, of the former modes of traffic. He then expatiates—just as a railroad projector of the present day might do—on the various advantages which such a saving of labour and facility of circulation would produce, ‘without,’ as he fancied, ‘one shilling expense to any individual or to the state;’ for he assumed that he had proved that the new *railway* would cost certainly not more, and probably less, than the old *turnpike*. But what the good Doctor had the sagacity to foresee, and, as we think, a misjudging anxiety to deprecate, was the intervention of a company of monied men into this scheme, who would make it, he anticipated, a gambling speculation, and convert the railroad into private property; whereas these railways should, as he thought, be managed by a board of public commissioners, and

‘be kept open and patent to all alike, who shall choose to employ them, as the *king's highway*, under such regulations as it shall be found necessary to subject them to by law.’—*Recreations in Agriculture*, vol. iv. p. 1.

In a subsequent paper Dr. Anderson gives full details as to the laying out and forming such lines of railways: their width, their height—their gradients, their curves—the position, form, and weight of sleepers, rails, and chairs—their bridges, viaducts—and, in rugged countries, he adds, ‘short *tunnels* may be necessary.’ All these points are successively considered; and, with the exception of the motive power, Dr. Anderson's description might pass for that of a modern railroad.

We do not know that Dr. Anderson's proposal attracted much notice at the time; but about two years after, Mr.

Edgeworth published, without any allusion to Anderson, a similar proposal in Nicholson's '*Journal of the Arts*,' for March, 1802 (vol. i. p. 222). In this paper Mr. Edgeworth states that he had *long before* conceived, and in a degree executed, this idea; but his Autobiography is silent on the subject. His Essay of 1802; however, includes Dr. Anderson's outline, and improves upon it. Mr. Edgeworth suggests that, besides heavy waggons at a slow pace, means might be found of enabling 'stage-coaches to go *six* miles an hour, and post-chaises and gentlemen's travelling carriages to travel at *eight*, both with one horse;' and, finally, that 'small [stationary] steam-engines, placed from distance to distance, might be made, by means of circulating chains,' to draw the carriages along such roads, with a great diminution of horse labour and expense.

But there was one important difficulty overlooked, or at least not obviated, by either Anderson or Edgeworth, which, though it did not interfere with the construction and success of private railways for short distances, created insuperable obstacles, both constructive and financial, to the execution of the more extensive project. A railroad, if not perfect throughout the space to be traversed, is, for the transport of the same carriage, worth nothing; for though Anderson proposed to affix the *flange* to the rail, so that the flat-tired wheels of his waggons would work on both the rail and the road indifferently, the motive power that would have carried them easily along the rail would not have dragged them an inch on the road. No advantage, therefore, would be gained, unless the whole system were continuous and complete—and all the carts, waggons, and carriages of the country constructed to one given gauge. The scheme, however, of adding to all the high roads of the country, and particularly when passing through towns, a double line of marginal railway, was obviously impracticable; and, in short, a real and effective line of such rails could have been accomplished by no other means than the gigantic alternations of cutting and embankment, which have given our modern railroads the double advantage of running clear of the impediments of existing roads and streets, and of reducing to practicable levels the superficial irregularities of the country—difficulties which Anderson foresaw, and, as we have seen, alludes to; but which, in their view of following the margin of the turnpike-road, neither he nor Edgeworth made any provision to meet. The whole project, thus failing in its very foundation, fell at once into neglect and oblivion, from which it has been recently rescued, and directed to more important and active purposes than Anderson or even Edgeworth dreamed of, by the very agency which Anderson was so anxious to interdict—an enormous outlay of speculative

speculative capital supplied by a combination of 'monied men,' who have thus substituted their own 'private road' for 'the king's highway.'

Some traces of one of Anderson's ideas appear in the stone causeway that was made about thirty years ago along the Commercial Road, communicating with the East India Docks, but of which we do not remember another instance in England, though some are to be found on the Continent. The first Act of Parliament, as far as we know, for the making a railroad, was one passed in 1801, for making an iron railway running from Mersham in Surrey to the Thames at Wandsworth, called the *Surrey Railway*; this was on Anderson's plan; and we find another Act in 1809, for a similar one between Cheltenham and Gloucester. Both of these little railways have been lately bought up by two gigantic rivals: the first by the Brighton, and the latter by the Birmingham and Gloucester. We are sorry for the absorption of the latter; for as it was chiefly employed in conveying coal from the Severn to Cheltenham: its competition with the great rival, by whose side it runs, would have afforded a *datum*—small indeed, but not unimportant—on a serious and hitherto undecided question of railroad statistics: whether it is worth while to subject heavy durable goods to any, even the slightest, increase of expense for accelerated transit.*

But while all these local attempts at facilitating the animal draught of heavy loads were thus extending themselves, there was growing up another power, destined, in its maturity, to be wedded to the humble and unambitious contrivance we have been describing, and to produce by their conjunction,—as the ancients fabled of that of *Cælus* and *Terra*,—a *Titanium* progeny. The union, however obvious it now seems, was tardily effected; and still more tardy was the discovery of the extraordinary results obtainable from it. We know not that in all this wonderful history there is anything more wonderful than that two such congenial powers—managed, for the most part, by the same hands, directed by the same minds—should have been for so many years running along, side by side as it were, sometimes almost in contact—and that it should never, till about 1825, have occurred to any one to combine them to that common purpose, for which we now see that they are so miraculously adapted.

When Captain Savery, in 1699, obtained a patent for the first steam-engine, applicable, as all the earlier projects for the employment of steam were, to the mere raising of water, he indicated, vaguely indeed, and humbly, that it might also be applied

* We are told that the great railroad company still employ the little one for its original purpose, which is likely, from its greater facility of loading and unloading. If it be true, it is a curious fact; and pregnant, small as it is, with important considerations.

to maritime* purposes. Jonathan Hulls, as we proved in a former Number (vol. xix. p. 355), was in 1738 the inventor of an actual *steam-boat*, which, however, fell into early disuse and oblivion. Mr. Watt, in some of the specifications of his improvements to the steam-engine, suggested their applicability to *carriages*; but he never, we believe, attempted to construct one. About 1787, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, published a project for a steam-boat, which was a few years after executed by one Symington, a workman of Miller's—successfully as to locomotion;—but being too large for the canal on which it was built, it was broken up. Symington also exhibited, about the same time, a steam-carriage. It is obvious that the success of either boat or carriage, whichever should first happen, would inevitably produce the other; for the paddles of the boat and the wheels of the carriage are the same thing in principle, and the application is almost identical.

In the meanwhile it was found on the English tramroads that the horse-power which was sufficient to direct a heavy load downwards, and to bring back the empty waggons, was quite inadequate to situations where the weight was to be carried upwards; and the *stationary steam-engine* having been, by this time, brought to a great degree of perfection by the genius of Watt, several were erected at the heads of ascending railways, and employed in drawing up loaded waggons, which were returned to be reloaded by their own gravity. But at last some special locality suggested to somebody that, instead of a stationary engine, it would be more effective to have a movable, or what is technically called a *locomotive engine*; and such began now to be constructed. We know very little about the first employment of these locomotives, beyond one curious negative fact, that although we read, about this period, of projects for employing them to run at high speeds—fifteen miles an hour—along common turnpike roads, no one seems to have thought of trying their powers of velocity along a railroad. It may seem to have struck Dr. Darwin, but it is not distinctly expressed in the following very remarkable suggestion, which, in the true vaticinal spirit of poetry and prophecy, he published as early as 1793:—

‘ Soon shall thy arm, unconquer’d Steam! afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot thro’ the fields of air!’—

Botanic Garden, Cant. i. 253-289.

* Savery is generally stated to have been a seafaring man, but the hesitation with which he speaks of ‘maritime,’ or, as the word is printed, ‘maritan affairs,’ satisfies us that he was *not*. We presume that former writers have been led astray by his being called *Captain Savery*—not being aware that *Captain* is the title given in Cornwall to a *superintendent of mines*, which Savery seems to have been

The vision of 'the flying chariot' does not appear to-day much more extravagant than did, when these lines were published, the prediction of 'rapid' travelling by means of a steam-engine.

In 1802 Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian took out a patent for a steam-carriage to travel on the turnpike road. We do not find that it was ever so employed, but in 1805 it was tried on the Merthyr Tydval colliery railroad in South Wales, and then it drew waggons loaded with ten tons of iron at the rate of five miles an hour; but having but one cylinder, and therefore two centres to pass at each revolution of the wheels, the action of a fly-wheel was not sufficient to keep the power going, and this otherwise successful experiment was considered as a failure: and the more general adoption of any such machine was prevented by a supposition that the smooth-tired wheels would not adhere sufficiently to the smooth surface of the rail. How this apprehension was created, in the face of Trevethick's experiment, we are not told; but it was so strong as to arrest for many years the progress of locomotion; and engineers—forgetful of Charles II.'s lesson to the Royal Society, as to the weight of fish, alive and dead—threw away a vast deal of pains, money, and time, in trying to surmount a difficulty which, though sensible in steep ascents, was, for the levels or slight acclivities to which a locomotive ought to be applied, quite imaginary. Messrs. Blenkinsop, in 1811, took out a patent for cogged wheels to fit cogged rails, but this system of *cogs* was wholly inconsistent with anything like travelling-speed—which, in fact, never seems to have entered into any one's contemplation—except where it was least possible to attain it—on the common roads. Nobody thought of what must now appear to the readers of these pages so obvious and so easy in principle at least—the combining Anderson's project of a turnpike railroad with Trevethick's travelling engine.*

In 1813 Mr. George Stephenson, by whom the locomotive engine has been so vastly improved, and whose name will be immortalized by his subsequent discovery of combining it with a railway for travelling purposes, made a locomotive engine, and, in 1815, took out a patent for it. He had the good sense to *recall the fish*—he found the smooth wheels *would* adhere to the rails, and adopted that fulcrum. His engine was immediately em-

* We have not room for the history of the attempts to adapt steam-carriages to common roads, which attracted a good deal of notice between 1820 and 1832, and which might perhaps have had important consequences if the overwhelming success of railway travelling had not absorbed or effaced all minor schemes; but the reader who may be curious on the subject will find a summary of all these attempts in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' (art. *Steam-carriage*), a work which is not merely the cheapest of its class, but seems to us in many respects the best. As to all modern discoveries, its superiority is obvious.

ployed in the Killingworth collieries, and soon obtained vogue in the North of England—but still only for *heavy loads at slow rates*.

In 1821 an act was passed for making a railway—the *FIRST* of the modern or travelling class—between Darlington and Stockton; for an account of which (opened for passengers, 27th September, 1825) we beg leave to refer to our vol. xii. p. 384. It will be there seen, that although this work was under the direction of Mr. Stephenson, and although his own locomotive engines were then, and had previously been for years, employed in the neighbouring colliery-railroads, the *passenger traffic* of this railway was at first moved by *horses*—one horse drawing with great ease, at the rate of ten miles an hour, twenty-six passengers, and sometimes more. It was not till the following year that Mr. Stephenson was allowed to employ his locomotive engines in this service; nor even then was their operation, though very remarkable, so complete as to satisfy the public of their general applicability. It was but the dawn that harbingered the blaze of day.

In 1825, a year fertile in projects, the success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway attracted the notice of some monied men at Liverpool and Manchester, and it seemed that the connecting these great towns by a railroad of the same kind would be a useful work and a profitable speculation. For this purpose a company was formed, and soon after incorporated and invested with large powers by an Act of Parliament, which received the Royal Assent on the 5th of May, 1826*. The company had the good sense and good fortune to employ Mr. Stephenson as the engineer of this work, which was planned and executed with consummate skill, and advanced with great activity. Still, however, the grand result—the greatest mechanical triumph that the world has ever witnessed—was not anticipated, except in the mind of Mr. Stephenson himself: that *he* anticipated it, is proved by his having constructed the bridges of a height sufficient for the chimney of the locomotive.

Still, however, the chief object professed was the transit of heavy merchandise at a moderate rate of speed; and it was not even determined that the power should be locomotive: on the contrary, two very able engineers, who were professionally consulted, Messrs. Walker and Rastrick, reported in favour of *stationary engines*; while Mr. Robert Stephenson—the son the pupil, and, we presume, the partner of *George*, now exclusively employed in the fabrication and improvement of *steam-engines*—and Mr. Locke—then also a pupil of Stephenson's, and now an eminent engineer—produced calculations and arguments in favour of *locomotion*. In April, 1829, the road itself was so considerably

siderably advanced as to require the decision of this question; and the directors, wisely preferring experience to any theory, offered a reward of 500*l.* for the best locomotive engine that should satisfy certain conditions: of which the chief were—it was to draw on a plane, at *ten miles* an hour, three times its own weight, which weight was not to exceed six tons; the height of chimney was restricted to fifteen feet; and the pressure on the boiler of 50 lbs. to the square inch. It was to consume its own smoke, and the price was to be 550*l.* Let us remark, as an additional proof of the limited views even of that recent period, that six tons weight, and 550*l.* price, were assigned for what now weighs fourteen or fifteen tons, and costs often as much as 1500*l.*, and never less than 1000*l.* Then, too, the directors would have been satisfied with a *ten-mile* speed; and one of the umpires selected to adjudge the premium was Mr. Nicholas Wood, who, even after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington, had published, *in favour of locomotive engines*, the following opinion:—

‘It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realized, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!’

We suspect that the *enthusiast* here alluded to was Mr. George Stephenson. We have been informed, that when he was about to appear as a witness before the committee on the first bill, he was earnestly entreated by the promoters of the measure not to shock the common sense of the members by stating his expectations of speed higher than *ten miles an hour*; and when, under the excitement of a cross-examination, he talked of fifteen or even twenty miles an hour, he was saluted with some by no means complimentary exclamations, and a strong intimation that he was a fit candidate for Bedlam.

At length, on the 8th October, 1829, the trial took place on a portion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, prepared for the purpose: four engines were produced, but two only answered all the conditions—the Rocket, by Robert Stephenson, and the Novelty, by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson. What must have been the astonishment of the spectators, but, above all, of the umpire, Mr. Nicholas Wood, when the Novelty was seen to start off with racehorse speed, and to accomplish twenty miles within the hour! But the Novelty was not adequate to heavier weights, and on succeeding trials her machinery failed, and left the Rocket undisputed winner of the prize—as indeed,
even

even if the Novelty had not been disarranged, it must still have been—for, without a load, it ran thirty miles an hour; and, with three times its own weight (13 tons), twenty-four. The double success of the railroad and the locomotive was now, under the united genius of the Stephensons, complete; and the 8th of October, 1829, is the *era*—a new *Hegira*, or *Flight*—from which may be fairly dated the accomplishment of the most important discovery of modern times. The railroad was opened under the melancholy cloud of the death of Mr. Huskisson (who, as member for Liverpool, had been one of its patrons and promoters), on the 15th September, 1830. But even yet the idea which had from the outset prompted all the railroad projects—namely, the conveyance of goods—was still uppermost in men's minds; and it was not till after the railroad had got into habitual operation that the most important fact in railroad statistics was completely established—namely, that, eventually, its greatest value and surest profits would be derived from the acceleration of passenger travelling. 'It is a singular fact,' says Mr. Porter in his *Progress of the Nation*, 1838, 'that of all the railways constructed or contemplated up to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, not one was undertaken with a view to the conveyance of passengers.'—(vol. ii. p. 64.) But even before this great truth had been fully developed, and while the *Liverpool and Manchester* was still in progress, twenty-four Acts for new lines had been obtained: then followed, between 1830 and 1836, twenty-six—in 1836, twenty-nine—and, in 1837, fifteen. There was then a lull for two or three years; but the spirit has again blazed up: twenty-four railway Acts were passed last year; and in the present session there have been no fewer than *sixty-six* petitions for railroad bills before Parliament, of which it is probable that above *forty* will pass.

We have gone through this detail of facts, many of which must be familiar to our readers, for the purpose of showing how impossible it was to have foreseen the necessity, or even the expediency, of any systematic interference on the part of the Government, or determined at what particular moment, or in what immediate direction it would have been either prudent or possible to have interfered with individual enterprise and property. There was no more apparent reason for jealousy of Mr. Stephenson's projected railroad than there had been of Mr. Brindley's projected canal; or than there is now of Dr. Darwin's 'flying chariot.' Indeed, long before the idea of establishing any *system* of railroads could have occurred to any mind, the system, such as it is, had already created itself, and got by a sudden start beyond the reach of organic legislation: and if it had been attempted at that time
to

to subject this nascent spirit to any extensive and *Procrustean* system of conditions, restrictions, and subordination to some general theory, we are convinced either that what would have been called the absurd apprehensions and despotic meddling of the Government would have been derided and defeated, or that the springtide of enterprise would have been checked and turned at the outset, and that the magnificent conceptions of Stephenson might have been doomed for another half century to slumber with the embryos of earlier days—the railroads of Anderson and the locomotives of Symington.

We are satisfied, therefore, that our Government and our legislature acted—we can hardly say *wisely*—for we think they had no choice, but—*fortunately* for the great result, in not attempting either to stimulate by public aid, or to limit by restrictive enactments, the spontaneous developments of the wants and wishes of all the various interests which were successively brought into action. The result has been that the free energies and unfettered wealth of the country have done what we are confident no other means could have accomplished, and have produced and gone far towards perfecting the most magnificent, and, in spite of minor errors and defects, the most useful and successful series of public works that the mind of man had ever conceived, or the hands of man ever performed. From the latest returns it appears that

within the year 1843—

70 railroads,
constructed at an outlay of 60,000,000*l.*
have conveyed 25,000,000 passengers,
330,000,000 of miles,
at the average cost of about 1½*d.* a mile,
and with but one fatal passenger-accident.

We now hear a great deal about the superior economy of construction and management of the continental railroads—where the Governments exercise a great present control, and have a reversionary right of absolute possession—and particularly of those of Belgium, which are altogether the work and property of the Government. Under such a system, it is contended, a much more convenient and profitable arrangement might have been made here at a considerably less expense. It seems, however, to us that the practice of the foreign railroads is, in this point, of no authority whatsoever. They had not, as we had, to grope their way in the dark. They were not thought of till our English experiment had proved all the theorems, and solved all the problems, and left them nothing to do but to apply confidently, economically, and profitably the cheap lessons of our dear-bought experience. A preconcerted system was as natural and neces-
sary

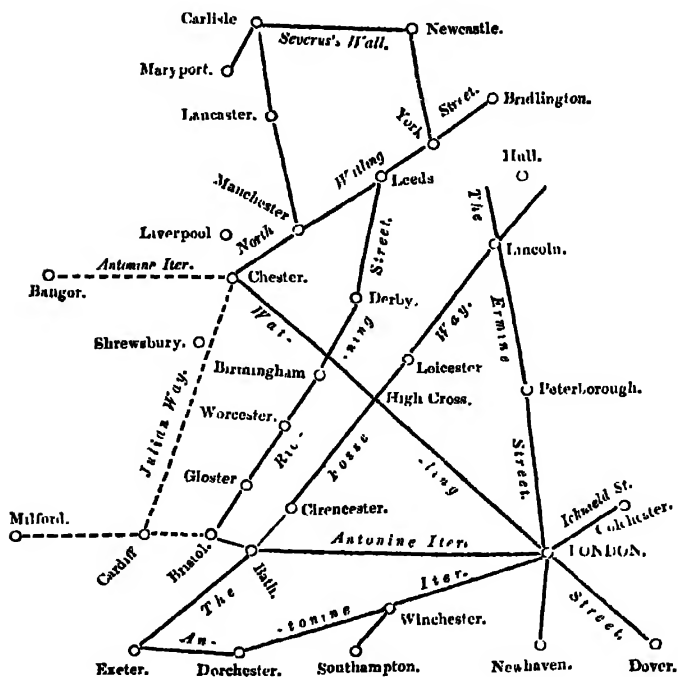
sary for them as it was impossible to us. But there were other reasons, if any were needed, which practically required the direct interference of the continental Governments. They already monopolised the means of travelling: the care of the highways, and the supply of post-horses, were a department of State, and so must naturally be their substitute—the railroad. And, lastly, which perhaps we might as well have put first, they had no capitalists who would, or could undertake such enterprises. France, benefiting, as Belgium did, by our experience, endeavours to subject individual lines to a general system, and though she has hitherto found it expedient to permit private enterprise to originate these works, the Government subscribes largely to the capital—guarantees the interest—reserves a great immediate control, and stipulates for the reversion of the absolute property after a certain number of years; and this, upon the whole, we think the plan best suited to the present state of France, though it never would have been thought of as a rule for our first experiments. But notwithstanding the benefit derived from our experience, and in spite of the controlling authority of the Governments, mistakes have been made both in Belgium and in France as considerable *pro ratâ* as those that are objected to us. We do not believe that so great a blunder has been any where made in England as in some local lines in France, and particularly the double railway on the right and left banks of the Seine, from Paris to Versailles. But even with government aid the Rouen and Orleans lines could not have been executed, but for the assistance of English capital and English hands. And, even while we write, we learn that the whole French system has been deranged; so that the company which had undertaken the great northern line to Calais and Lisle on the government conditions, have thrown up the enterprise, and the government will be obliged to undertake the work altogether on its own resources.

Thus, then, though we admit that if it had been possible to foresee all that has occurred, a general plan of engineering operations might have saved a good deal of money, and might perhaps have been in some instances more convenient, yet we think it has so happened that the general result is nearly as good as any *a priori* system could have produced.

When the Romans extended their civilizing conquests into Britain, they began, and in the course of their occupation perfected, those great lines of road still distinguished by their name*

* It might be inferred that the aboriginal Britons must have had roads, and good roads too, as they had *chariots*; but when we also read that these chariots were driven to and fro at full speed on any accidental field of battle, where of course art could not have removed the natural inequalities of the ground, we know not what to think of it, and are disposed to doubt whether such chariots as could career over the wilds and the woodlands of Caledonia or Anderida, needed good roads.

—which have been ever since the main arteries of internal intercourse and the bases of all later *vias*; and so ably were they laid out that it is in a high degree interesting to observe to how great an extent they anticipated the lines which modern science has adopted for its railways. It is true that the *levels* of the Roman and the Rail roads were chosen on different principles of engineering: the Roman roads looked out for fords, and were not deterred by elevated ridges; whereas the railroad seeks for levels, and therefore prefers running up valleys; but they both contemplated such a general intersection of the country as would produce the most convenient and frequented communication. The following diagram exhibits a general view of the *direction* of the principal Roman roads in England.



The reader will at once perceive that most of these ancient roads pass through the same regions and in the same general directions as the principal lines of railway.

The

The *South Eastern*, the *London and Birmingham*, the *Grand Junction*, and the *Chester and Crewe*, replace the great *Watling Street* from Dover to Chester.

The *Gloucester and Birmingham*, the *Derby Junction*, and the *North Midland* deviate little from a Roman road which Dr. Stukeley calls the *Ricning Street*.*

The *Bristol and Gloucester*, when it shall be finished, and the *Bath and Exeter*, which replaces the southern branch of the *Foss Way*, will complete the old Roman communication between York and Exeter.

The *Great Western* (with a deviation to the northward between Reading and Chippenham) supplies the place of the Roman iter from London to Bath and Bristol.

The *South Western* is exactly described by Horsley's account of the road by which Vespasian marched to the conquest of the Isle of Wight. 'We have here,' he says, 'a military way passing from London to Winchester, and one branch of it to the [shore opposite the] Isle of Wight.'—*Brit. Rom.*, p. 32.

The *Brighton* and the *Northern and Eastern* would, as originally designed, run through the whole country traversed by the *Ermine Street*; and the *Eastern Counties* follows a Roman way which Horsley designates as the *Icknield Street*.

The *Liverpool and Manchester*, *Manchester and Leeds*, and *Leeds and York*, replace the *Northern Watling Street*.

The railways from York to Newcastle on the east, and from Manchester to Lancaster on the west, are nearly coincident with the eastern and western Roman ways into Scotland.

The *Carlisle and Newcastle* railroad connects the Solway Firth and the mouth of the Tyne just as the wall and military way of Severus did; even the little branch to Maryport is found in the *Itinera*; and still further north the *Edinburgh and Glasgow* line runs through the district of the *Antonine* wall and road.

There were also Roman roads through North Wales to Bangor and Caernarvon, and through South Wales to Milford Haven; but they are not so distinctly traceable as the others. The *Taff*

* There is great doubt and difficulty in reconciling some of those old British names with the Roman *Itinera*. The *Watling Street*, from Dover to Chester—the *Foss Way* from Exeter to Lincoln and the North sea—and the *Ermine Street*, from Newhaven near Brighton to the Humber—there is no doubt about; there was also a Roman road, called the *Juban Way*, which appears to have run from the Bristol Channel somewhere near Usk or Cardiff, towards Shrewsbury, and Chester; but the *Ricning Street*, the *Icknield Street*, the *Akeman Street*, &c., are very confused, and the best writers contradict not only each other but even themselves in attempting to distinguish them. We suspect that the difficulty arises from these names having been *generic*, and not *local*; for we find (Higden's *Polychronicon*, and elsewhere) of a *North Watling Street*, far beyond the great Chester road; and in the south of several *Icknield Streets*, which cannot, by any possibility, be brought into one; and the *Akeman* appears in unconnected places. But, however uncertain the nomenclature may be, there is no doubt at all of the existence and direction of the Roman roads as stated in the text.

Vale line runs for thirty miles in one of the supposed directions of the *Julian Way* from the neighbourhood of Cardiff northward, So that it appears that about three-fourths of the *Julian Way*, and some of the middle and north-eastern parts of the *Foss Way*, are the only portions of the great system of Roman viatication which are not *represented* in the combination of existing or projected railroads,

We do not suppose that the projectors of the various railways thought or, at least, cared about the old Roman roads; but those lines of communication having been originally selected by a wise and provident people, and the population having continued to condense itself along the sides of those channels of intercourse, the modern engineers naturally fell into the same general line of operation; and when we thus find the policy and prudence of the Romans, the experience of succeeding ages, and the shrewd vigilance of local and private interests, all coinciding in the choice of these principal lines, we venture to doubt whether any Commission of Government or any Committee of the House of Commons would have devised anything more *practically* useful; and we therefore arrive at the satisfactory conclusion that—as regards the general convenience—there is not much to regret in what, under a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, has been adopted.

The great burst, however, of railroad speculation in 1836 awakened some degree of legislative attention; and the committees on bills, both in the lords and the commons, began to feel the necessity of enacting clauses protective of the public safety and interests. Early in that session, on the motion of Mr. Poulett Thomson, then President of the Board of Trade, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed 'to inquire into the standing orders of the House as to railroad bills, and the conditions which it may be advisable to recommend for introduction into such bills with a *view to a future session of parliament*.' The report was not made till August, and, considering how many railroad bills passed that session, it is to be regretted that a general saving clause, similar to one recommended in a Report of 1839, for the future intervention of the legislature, was not then adopted. That Committee indeed does not seem to have thought of entering into such general considerations, but confined itself to the preliminary and very insufficient checks to be afforded by the future improvement of the standing orders. So that the twenty-nine bills of 1836, and those of 1837, 1838, and 1839, were laboriously battled by promoters and opposers through the committees of both Houses of Parliament, without any superintendence of the Government, and in a spirit of litigation,

tion, extortion, jobbing, bribery, and general extravagance, disgraceful in its details and deplorable in its results.

From the very outset, one of the most prominent effects of the public ignorance of what railroads really were, and were intended to accomplish, was the sincere horror with which almost everybody—except the capitalist and the engineer—regarded the invention; there was a general hostility, wholly unmixed with personal or local interests, against the very idea of a railroad. A rumour that it was proposed to bring such a thing within five miles of a particular neighbourhood was sufficient to elicit an adverse petition to Parliament, and even a subscription to oppose such a fearful nuisance. Oxford and Eton would not permit the *Great Western* bill to pass without special clauses to prohibit a branch to Oxford and a station at Slough—nay, when the directors attempted to infringe the latter prohibition, by only stopping to take up and set down at Slough, they were attacked by proceedings in Chancery, and interdicted from making even a *pause*, where there *now* is the finest and best frequented station in England—honoured by the habitual use of the Sovereign, and not more enjoyed, we believe, by any class of her Majesty's subjects than some of those who had a few years before instigated those hostile proceedings. Oxford, too, has now gladly accepted the branch it formerly repudiated.

Besides these foolish but honest prejudices, which were bad enough, there were soon superadded the more formidable obstructions of cupidity and jobbing. The railroad Companies appear, in almost every instance that we are acquainted with, to have been disposed to treat *individuals*, whose property was required for their works, with a candour and liberality which were too often met in a spirit of unreasonable opposition and unjustifiable extortion; and so strong was the general feeling against anything that looked like a violation of private property, that the Companies submitted to the most unjust demands rather than venture to come into collision with individual interests either before committees or juries. The principle of *buying off opposition*—legitimate to a certain extent—soon assumed a great variety of monstrous shapes. Sums of 5,000*l.*; 6,000*l.*; 10,000*l.*; 30,000*l.*; 35,000*l.*; 120,000*l.* have been given—ostensibly for strips of land, but really to avert opposition. Many of these cases have found publicity in the courts of law; but the mischief done will be best exemplified by the broad fact, that in one narrow neighbourhood it was found expedient to buy off opposition at a price which, under the ordinary calculation of railway profits, would oblige the Company to raise 15,000*l.* per annum of additional tolls—a

sum equivalent to the fares of above 60,000 third class passengers from London to the neighbourhood in question.*

In extreme cases, when all attempts at amicable compromise had failed, and when the Companies were reluctantly forced to bring the question to judicial decision, the juries were at first found to be full of the same antipathies; and although we believe that they seldom if ever ratified the whole demands of the opposing party, they still awarded very large and sometimes fanciful compensations. If the present Attorney-General had no other claim to public approbation than his success in checking the anti-railroad prejudice, and bringing such cases within the ordinary influences of reason and justice, he would deserve to be considered as a public benefactor. Happening to be engaged on the part of one of the companies, he handled the case in a style not of mere advocacy but of equity and common sense, combining a liberal regard to private rights with an assertion of what was due to public interests, that produced an immediate effect, and led to a fairer and sounder method of dealing with all such cases in future. We remember reading of one trial in which an eminent land-valuer was put into the witness-box to swell the amount of damages, and he expatiated, in the style usual to those gentlemen, on the injury which railroads in general, and particularly the railroad in question, must do by *cutting up* (as it was phrased) the properties they invaded. When this weighty evidence had been given, the counsel for the Company put into the witness's hand a newspaper, and asked whether a certain advertisement had not been written and published by him. The fact could not be denied; and the advertisement being read, was found to contain a strong assertion of the benefit which the approach of a railroad would do to a certain other property then for sale. The jury took the very unusual course of giving faith to the auctioneer's advertisement; and we do not remember to have seen any subsequent attempt made to prove, as a general proposition, that railroads were injurious to the estates they approached. Since those earlier cases, the verdicts of juries have generally been—with a justifiable leaning to private property—not unreasonable; but, on the whole, the result is, that the actual expense of obtaining the land has been in every case at least double the estimate. We have evidence on the *South-Western* that this head of expense, estimated at 90,000*l.*, actually amounted to 250,000*l.*; and we have no reason to believe that this case was singular.

* Amidst so much to censure it is agreeable to have something to applaud. The late Mr. Labouchere had made an agreement with the *Eastern Counties* for a passage through his estate near Chelmsford, at the price of 35,000*l.*; his son and successor, the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, finding the property not deteriorated to the degree that had been expected, voluntarily returned to the Company 16,000*l.*

Still more vexatious and relatively more enormous will appear the parliamentary and other law expenses to which the railroads were, and are still, with no great mitigation, subjected. Their amount may be stated at an average throughout the empire of not less than 1800*l.* a mile!—of which not more than 100*l.* per mile was required for surveying and engineering. In some cases it is estimated that four-fifths of this expense was a dead loss. And this monstrous sum represents but half the evil; for the account, as we see it, is *unilateral*—whatever it cost the Companies, a sum altogether or nearly equal must have been extracted from the private pocket of their opponents. In a celebrated case in 1839, called the *Stone and Rugby* line, the inquiry lasted sixty-six sitting days, from February to August, and was again renewed the following year, when the bill was finally defeated, at a cost to its promoters of, as we have learned, 146,000*l.*!!! When we toil through the folic of evidence given on these contested cases—when we see the contentious spirit in which they were fought, and when we come at length to a bill of costs at 1800*l.* a mile, it really seems wonderful that, under such a system of litigation and extortion, any men could have had the patience and courage to have prosecuted these great designs to their completion.

The first share of the blame of these abuses was attributable to the committees of the House of Commons, which, as then constituted, were very inadequate, not to say unfit, tribunals for the duties with which they were charged. It is curious and characteristic of the mode in which this business has been done, that the author of '*Railways, their Uses and Management*,' giving a kind of summary review of the merits of the principal engineers of the country, hardly alludes to their professional abilities, but rates them by their skill and temper in the *witness-box*; the question is not which is the best engineer, but which makes the best witness: one is too frank—another too modest; another this—another that; but the chief applause is for those who are 'firm and self-possessed,' and '*determined not to be put down by cross-examination*.'—(p. 61.) Volumes could not better describe the false and injurious principles on which these inquiries were and still are conducted.

The committees have been latterly much improved by a better mode of selection, and by the increased vigilance and influence of the public eye; but we regret to say that the spirit of delay and litigation, though somewhat checked, is still more than a match for the best intentioned committee, particularly in the cases which are now the most frequent and important, of *competing* lines. The first great lines had no opposition from competitors, but now everything is competition. As the prejudices of the public and the

the extortion of individuals have diminished; a still more formidable system of litigation has arisen amongst the companies themselves, and is daily increasing.

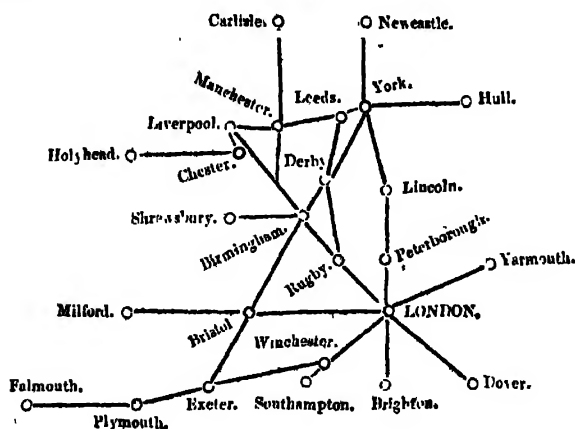
There have been this session some forty or fifty committees employed in endeavouring to arbitrate between existing and embryo railways, or between two embryos struggling for a separate existence, at an enormous expense of time and money; and, from some cases which have attracted public notice, it seems as if the committees are very much in want of some governing principle on which to ground their decisions. It is, indeed, one of the main faults of that jurisdiction, that it is difficult—indeed, under its present constitution, almost impossible—to give it any uniformity of either principle or practice. We shall mention hereafter a proposition that would tend to correct this evil—but at present we must confine our observations to the existing state of things; and we hope we shall not be thought presuming, if we offer some general observations on the important subject of competition—first, competition between a new and an old line—and, secondly, competition between two new lines.

As to the first class, we profess ourselves to be great friends to the old companies, who, *while the results were yet doubtful*, made great sacrifices and incurred still greater risks in executing these wonderful works. It never was imagined that those great trunk lines could be in any danger from competition—if it had been, it is probable that, in the earlier days, the great Companies might have made some provision against it; no such thing, however, was done, and the surprising success which has attended their venture, *and the 3 per cents. being at par*, have—not shaken, we hope, but—certainly altered the foundation on which they stand. This very fact is a main reason with us for pressing, as far as our humble voice can go, on the government and the legislature the duty—we say the *duty*—of protecting existing enterprises, not merely as a matter of private justice, but of public policy also. These giants are not invulnerable. Wise by their experience, and rich at their expense, new adventurers are anxious to meet them on their own ground, and to turn against them their own successes. We fully admit that no reasonable objection can be made to distant and *consequential* competition, such as the direct *Ermine Street* line from London to York by Peterborough and Lincoln—or that from Winchester to Exeter by Dorsetshire—would create respectively against the lines from London to York by Manchester and the *Great Western*. They pass through wholly different districts—they have no connexion or rivalry but at their very extremities: and the old ones were not formed under any expectation that the new ones were not as likely as themselves to be

ultimately created; but it is a very different thing when the new speculation proposes to run through a district already occupied. Some cases have occurred where the embryo proposes to avail itself of ready-made works to reach both its termini, and runs for its whole length within a few miles of established lines: such an undertaking can have no motive whatsoever but a pecuniary speculation—and ought not therefore to be encouraged in opposition to a work already executed under the sanction of the legislature, and whose success and excellent performance of its duty is the only cause of the rivalry with which it is threatened. In short, no parallel lines should be admitted for the mere purpose of drawing off traffic. In common matters of trade and shopkeeping such conduct would not be tolerated, and in some cases not stronger than certain railway competitions that we could mention, Chancery would grant an injunction to prevent it. The legislature—like Chancery—is the guardian of all rights not legally defined, and should be equally zealous to protect, not merely vested, but equitable interests; and this not altogether for the advantage of private parties, but for public benefit; for we take the liberty of repeating that these giants are not invulnerable, and that if they do not receive that degree of protection—we go no further—upon the faith of which they were created—their ruin and a frightful extent of general calamity may be the result, and all because the 3 per cents. are at par, and that certain capitalists do not know what to do with their money.

There is, we admit, a strong impression in the public mind, and it, of course, makes its way into the committees, that competition would counteract what popular language calls the Companies' monopolies. We shall say a word presently on the subject of *monopoly*—a term never more abused than in its invidious application to the railroad Companies;—here we will only observe that the worst form of monopoly that a railroad can take is that which must be produced by the kind of competition which we deprecate. The Companies will do exactly what the old stage-coach proprietors used to do—they ran at each other with low prices till one was beaten and gave in—the victor then ran both coaches and raised the fares to reimburse him for the expense of the struggle. So, as we have seen in the *Manchester and Crewe*, and the *Birmingham and Derby*, where two lines—like a great hole for the great cat, and a little hole for the little cat—were employed to do the work of one, the natural result ensued, and the public now pays a higher price for worse accommodation. In all such struggles there will be for six months violent competition and low prices—but combination, high prices; and inferior accommodation are sure to follow—for if the Legislature will not take due care of the Companies,

papies, the Companies will be forced to take undue care of themselves, and in either case the public at large will be the greatest sufferers. We really do not think that in England any considerable lines are needed beyond those which we already have, with those four new ones to Holyhead, to Milford, to Plymouth and Cornwall, and to Shrewsbury, which would create no competition; and the completion of those already existing—the South-Western to Dorchester and Exeter, the North-Eastern to Lincoln, and the Eastern Counties to Norwich—the continuation to Yarmouth being already finished. The general scheme of the greater lines would then be this:—



carrying out, as we have already shown in almost every point, the old Roman system, and capable of being extended, as it was, by branches and stations: they intersect the country so conveniently, that there is hardly a populous district in England which has hitherto had its Macadamized road and its posting-house, that might not connect itself with one of these trunk lines—by branches seldom exceeding twenty miles in length, which, for short distances and where the traffic was small, might, in the first instance, be worked by horses. Every possible encouragement should be given to the great Companies to supply the lateral branches of their respective neighbourhoods, either on their own account, or, what would be still safer and better, by some kind of partnership or connexion with the local interests. We believe we may say with confidence that wherever a local interest chooses to make a branch, any of the great companies would be ready to rent it at four per cent. on the cost, though such a line as a establishment might probably not pay three. For the sake

sake of the public, then, and to steer those great works between the Scylla and Charybdis of bankruptcy, or monopoly. Committees should not—in any case that we can contemplate—sanction a parallel line, of which the true motive is only a *dividend*—the Legislature having already assigned that district and that dividend to another party, which has not by any breach of the original contract forfeited its claims.

Between two new lines the case is somewhat different, but the principle of Legislative guardianship is there also applicable. It may seem very hard that, with the 3 per cents. at par, capitalists should not be allowed, with their eyes open and after due warning, to embark their money in concerns which they believe may be profitable, and which at least must be useful. The same argument, however, might be used in favour of all *bubble schemes*, which the Legislature has always shown a strong disposition to discountenance as far as it could, even when it had no direct power of interference; and, now, when its power is not only direct, but indispensable to the execution of the project, it is surely bound to see that it does not sanction a wanton waste of public as well as private resources—for we need not stop to prove that every failure, or even imperfect execution of such a work is a public loss. And this leads us to observe, that when we see so extravagant a number as 66 petitions for railway bills brought in this session, we cannot but doubt the policy that has been adopted of facilitating thoughtless and adventurous schemes, by the reduction of the deposit from 10*l.* to 5*l.* per cent. on the estimates. If indeed railroad speculation had been on the wane—if there had been an indisposition, either from want of will or of means, to undertake works of acknowledged utility—it might have been right to revive and encourage the spirit of adventure; but just at the moment of so great and extraordinary a burst of speculation as cannot but alarm one for its prudence, the throwing in an additional incentive, which is at the same time a diminution of the public security, is at variance with all our ideas of sound policy.

But this mistake, as we presume to think it, having been made, it only becomes the duty of committees to exercise the greatest possible vigilance in checking visionary and ruinous projects by a careful examination of the estimates of cost and profits, and, above all, in sanctioning nothing for the completion of which they shall not have all reasonable guarantees—of which the best of all is a capital that leaves ample margin for unestimated expenses. They should recollect that on the lines planned by the wisest heads and conducted by the ablest hands, the excess of the actual cost over the original estimates—swelled so enormously, as we have stated, by the unexpected amount of

of law charges and land purchases—was still more formidably increased by the inadequacy of the calculated prices of work and materials; by the discovering of necessary alterations, and by unforeseen difficulties and accidents. In some cases, no doubt, the estimates were kept intentionally low—to attract subscribers and to conciliate committees; but for much of the excess the engineers of the earlier lines were liable to little blame; with them all was matter of experiment—nay of guess, before they were allowed to make experiments. The data—even when anything entitled to the designation of *datum* occurred—were all uncertain, and some of them turned out to be fallacious, and so of course were the calculations formed upon them. Estimates, for example, were made for moving many millions of cubic yards of earth at 6*d.* the cubic yard, and contracts were actually offered and taken at that rate,—while, in fact, it turned out that 1*s.* was the lowest average at which the work could really be done, and it, on some lines, amounted to 1*s.* 6*d.* Here was something of original miscalculation on the part not merely of the engineers, but—which justifies the engineers—of the contractors; yet, it must be recollected, on behalf of both, that the sudden and extensive demand for this kind of labour tended to increase prices beyond what might have been at first a fair calculation. The same observation applies to materials: the enormous demand raised prices enormously.

The progress of the works too was accompanied, or indeed rather *outrun*, by the exigencies of public expectation. Station-houses were required of a more commodious, and even ornamental character than had been at first thought of. For instance, the London terminus of the Birmingham line was brought at a vast expenditure from Primrose Hill to Euston Square, and there completed with those noble edifices which, though not exceeding what their position and uses justify, were certainly not contemplated in the original estimate.

So, also, difficulties of mere engineering occurred—of which some, no doubt, were the result of inexperience or miscalculation—but the most important were such as no foresight could have *a priori* guarded against—as when in the heart of one of the great tunnels a subterranean river was *tapped*, which had to be led away at a great expense—as when a great embankment was observed gradually to sink without any visible cause or effect, till the adjoining fields were at length seen to rise, the superincumbent mound having penetrated into some less solid stratum below, and by there expanding its base, elevated, without otherwise disturbing, the adjoining surface—as when, after cutting through high perpendicular rocks, a soft stratum was arrived

at, no longer capable of supporting the weight, and an artificial foundation was to be built under these walls of natural rock—as when a viaduct having been planned across a wide and deep valley on a series of lofty arches, in the course of execution it was found that the place of one of the centre pillars happened to come exactly over an ancient coal pit, whose mouth had been filled up and obliterated—here a sufficient foundation was to be created in the honey-combed strata, at a great and *unforeseeable* expense.

These are but specimens of an infinite variety of circumstances which might be produced* to excuse in some degree the extraordinary excess of expenditure over estimate which all the railroads exhibit. It must, we fear, be admitted that every railway exhibits more or less improvidence and mismanagement; but we must add that much of the evil was inevitable, and much more of it excusable, under the novelty and peculiarity of the circumstances.

Let us take, for instance, the Blackwall or Greenwich lines—the most disastrous we believe of all. For each of these there might have been alleged the two active principles of all railway success—business and pleasure. We have seen that in the very dawn of railway projects Dr. Anderson was for trying the first experiment in the direction of Blackwall, even before the docks in that district had acquired anything like their present extension. It might have been also supposed that the Greenwich line would have had a vast passenger traffic—and so it seems that it has; but there was this counterbalance on both these lines, which we know not how any commission could have redressed—that every foot of ground was to be bought at prices that would have purchased some yards of an ordinary way, and the lines had to be raised throughout upon piers and arches—thus the charges of *construction* were enormous, while there was no reason whatsoever that the charges of *conveyance* should be any higher than in other places;—on the contrary, from the classes of persons expected to use those railroads, the projectors ought to have calculated on lower fares. To pay 300,000*l.* a mile for roads that lead only to the muddy purlieus of Blackwall or the narrow neighbourhood of Greenwich, and in both cases liable to the competition of water-carriage, was, we admit, a very hazardous speculation; but we know not that Government, or even the Legislature, could or should have prevented men who had capital to spare making an experiment which *could injure*

* We think an entertaining and useful work might be composed of the curious and interesting circumstances, both natural and mechanical, which the execution of railroads has developed.

no other party, and was not more hopeless than the Duke of Bridgewater's first idea of his canal, nor so much so as the *novus* of expecting that locomotives were to move at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and, after all, who can say, in the vicissitudes of all such transactions, that these depressed concerns may not experience a turn of fortune? Suppose, for instance, that the Dover railroad had, as it might have done, communicated with Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, Sheerness, Rochester, Chatham, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, and Dover—to say nothing of the towns in the Isle of Thanet—the Greenwich line would no doubt have paid; or suppose the Blackwall to become part of a successful project for diminishing the delays and risks of the river navigation, who will say that it may not at last obtain a profitable traffic? Every line pays enormously for its London terminus—but these two lines may be considered as *all terminus*.

But for any pecuniary improvidence or extravagance in the undertaking or execution of these works, which we think we have shown no disposition to treat too lightly, we must beg leave, on the other hand, to suggest some weighty motives of consolation or even of congratulation. If we have paid dearly, we have at least not squandered our money on trivial or temporary objects. We have, in return for our expenditure, the greatest—the most important—the most enduring, and, *if not wantonly disturbed by imprudent legislation*, the most profitable works, taken altogether, that the world possesses. We might, perhaps, have had them a little cheaper; but we have them: and the whole expenditure—if somewhat increased by inexperience or rivalry—has, at least, been amongst ourselves.

There never was, we believe, any public undertaking so entirely domestic in all its advantages. The work came, too, when and where it was most wanted—in the crisis of the Poor Law transition—and it has fructified over the whole face of the country, visiting every district through the expanse of the empire, and embracing every rank and interest, from the mansion to the manufactory—the palace to the cottage. It came, too, in a crisis of another nature—that of a superabundance of unemployed capital, and when people were running into the wildest, the silliest, and the most ruinous speculations. The British capital invested in railroads—expensive, if you will, but solid, enduring, vivifying works—is about 60,000,000*l*. The capital risked—we fear we might say *lost*—in Foreign Loans is computed at not less than 121,000,000*l*.; to which may be added 6,464,000*l*. of British capital paid up on Foreign Mining speculations, described, in Spickman's statistical tables (p. 151), as 'being, with one or two exceptions, utterly worthless, and an entire loss of the capital embarked

barked in them ;' and also a 4,500,000*l.* paid up capital on British Mining companies, designated, by the same authority, as 'not only complete failures, but memorable proofs of the folly and cupidity of British capitalists, on the one hand, and of the knavery of their projectors, on the other' (*ib.* p. 153)—making a total of capital—nearly unproductive, where not entirely lost—of upwards of 130,000,000*l.* Whereas, the 60,000,000*l.* invested in our railroads are not only represented by solid works and substantial property, but pay, on the average, 5 per cent., that is, 2 per cent. more than the public securities of the state; for, though it is true that some of these undertakings pay at present but little interest, and others less than 3 per cent., yet we believe the *average* is quite as great as we have stated it, and in such a case as this, the average is peculiarly important, because the great capitalists are understood to be mixed up in many of these concerns, and it is satisfactory to believe that a great body of those who might suffer from the depressed shares are, fortunately, holders also in the more beneficial lines. In short, all that can be alleged of extravagance and extortion in the creating these great works is really inconsiderable compared with the follies and frauds of those wild speculations which it has helped to check; and we turn with pleasure and with pride from the mortifying recollection of *Spanish Bonds*, *Mexican Mines*, and *American Banks*, to those splendid and substantial trophies and treasures of domestic industry and native science, which combine individual profit with public convenience and national prosperity.

But it is not because the result has been on the whole so triumphant that we should be indifferent to past or careless of future errors. We should not forget that, gigantic as has been its progress, mechanical locomotion is in but the infancy of its existence, and probably very far from the maturity of its power. We are therefore very glad to see public attention, both in and out of Parliament, so actively directed to this important subject. The profession of civil engineer has received a large development, and such an accession of numbers and talents as constitute an important class of educated society.* There are already, we believe,

no

* This is not an occasion to enter fully into, and yet we cannot help noticing the visible, and in general beneficial, influence of railroad travelling upon public manners. The daily exercise of habits of economy and punctuality—the civility and comfort produced by the practice of not seeing the Companies' servants—the bringing various ranks and classes of mankind into more familiar intercourse and better humour with each other—the emancipation of the fair sex, and particularly of the middle and higher classes, from the prohibition from travelling in public carriages, which with the majority was a prohibition from travelling at all—the opportunities, so frequently improved, of making agreeable acquaintances—the circulation, as it were,

no less than four newspapers especially dedicated to railway and engineering concerns—all conducted, as far as we have seen, with considerable ability—and with as much candour and impartiality as can be expected on subjects of great novelty and doubt, and so pregnant with pecuniary interests and professional rivalries.

The pamphlets, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, are some of the many which every day produces, and which are at least evidence of the interest taken by the public on the subject of railroads. That which calls itself *Railway Reform* has attracted some attention, not from either the ability or the candour of the writer, nor even from any considerable knowledge of the subject, but on the old ground that 'he who goeth about to persuade mankind that they are ill governed'—whether by kings, ministers, or boards of directors—'shall seldom fail of willing auditors.' His first practical scheme was a general reduction of railway fares to *one-third* of the present amount:—a rate which he seems to have fixed on from the fact of the expense of working the *London and Birmingham* being about one-third of the gross receipts—which would be, in any case, a very unsatisfactory datum for a general system, but is here a downright misrepresentation, as the expenditure on the *London and Birmingham*, 33 per cent., is much lower, compared with its receipts, than any other in the kingdom—the average of thirty principal railroads being 45 per cent. But even the reduction of two-thirds would not satisfy the growing appetite of this reformer—for to a *third* edition he has prefixed an advertisement, in which he proposes a reduction of fares à la *Rowland Hill*:—

'*Sixpenny* fares to Brighton, and *half-crown* fares to Liverpool—which, though they may seem low, would yield a profit of 200 per cent. on the cost of transmission, including every expense connected with the management—a sum amply sufficient to pay the dividends on the invested capital, provided that the reduction of fares would have the effect in this country that it has done in others, viz. in increasing the number of passengers in nearly the same ratio as the fares are decreased.'

We can place but small reliance on a writer who publishes a bulky pamphlet filled with arithmetical and statistical details, and laboured with the utmost apparent accuracy of calculation to prove the possibility of a general reduction of fares to *one-third*; and then, in two or three lines of a *third* edition, jumps to double the reduction he first thought possible, viz. to *one-sixth*, and in the case of Brighton (for which the lowest present fare is five shillings) and

of the current coin of the intellect—and the general tone of mutual frankness and civility so observable in railroad travellers, and so new in the English character, are producing rapid and important effects—and it seems as if we might say of this new art—as of the old—'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.'

'some

'some other companies' to *one-tenth*! And in order to soften down some of the gross inconsistency of these propositions, he has had recourse to such silent alterations in the text of his work as the following:—

First and Second Editions.

'In the railway reform which I propose, the reduction is *only one-third*, and the decrease in the receipts from the railways I have estimated at *a million*.'—p. 60.

Third Edition.

'In the railway reform which I propose, the reduction is *in the same proportion* [i. e. *one-sixth*], and the decrease in the receipts from the railways I have estimated at *a million and a half*.'—p. 60.

This is a glorious specimen of statistics: from precisely the same data, expressed in the same words and figures, and enforced by the self-same arguments, the author arrives at conclusions so enormously different,

Again, he asks in all the editions,

'The number of passengers during the last year was about nineteen million, which would average, as near as possible, one journey to each individual in the community. Should we be justified in assuming that that number would, after the proposed change, be *quintupled*?'—and he answers—

First and Second Editions.

'*I think NOT.*

'On *some* lines we could NOT EVEN

'calculate on that increase. . . . On a few lines the number

'*I believe*, would be *quintupled*.

'Taking the whole,

'I do NOT think

'we could calculate on a much greater increase than in the ratio of

'five to two;

'say, in round numbers,

'from *nineteen to fifty millions*!!'

'one hundred millions!!'

Round numbers with a vengeance! 'From nineteen to fifty millions;' and from these, as a *maximum*, to *one hundred millions* as a *minimum*. We need say nothing of the logic that draws such extravagant inconsistencies from the self-same premises; nor of the candour that, by such slight typographical changes, and without anything to call the reader's attention to the variance, makes alterations so important and so contradictory. But it is not only over his own figures that he exercises this legerdemain. He treats in the same style what he seems to quote as the official returns:—

'The amount received from passengers for the year ending the 30th June, 1842, was—

First and Second Editions.

'*£1,687l.*, or *2s. 10d.* from each individual.'

Third Edition.

'*3,359,774l. 15s. 5d.* in Great Britain alone—each passenger, on an

an average, being conveyed 18 miles, and paying 3s. 6d.'

It is no business of ours to reconcile these variances: we only produce them to justify our total rejection of the author's statistical authority—and to excuse ourselves from entering into any further discussion of the project of raising 200 per cent. profit on all the railroads of the kingdom by a general rate of *less than a half farthing* per mile.

The other works mentioned at the head of our article, and many more which we have not room to mention, though they all, or almost all, advocate, like the author of 'Railway Reform,' a general reduction of fares, and the administration of railroads as a department of the Government, do so in a much better temper and with clearer and soberer views; but still with a great leaning towards exaggerating the advantages to be derived from a change in the system of management, and a tendency to censure, we think unjustly, successive administrations for not having sooner and more decidedly interfered with the management of all railroads. Indeed there are some points in which more was both said and done than was either discreet on public principle, or just to the railroad companies—as we shall have occasion to show.

In 1839 another select committee was appointed on the proposition of the Government, of which the late Lord Sydenham was again chairman, 'to inquire into the state of railroad communications and to report their observations.' They made two reports; one in April, that a clause be inserted in all future railway bills to the following effect:—

'Be it further enacted, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed or construed to exempt the railway by this or the said recited Acts authorized to be made, from the provisions of any general Act relating to railways which may pass during the present or any future session'—

—a clause which, though not, we think, very effectively worded, announced an important principle. Later in the session the Committee presented a second and more general report, which, though it contains a few observations which we believe to be erroneous, and such as a committee with our subsequent experience would not now make, is on the whole very valuable, and particularly as being the foundation of the existing system of railroad legislation. It was on it that was founded the Act of 1840, known as 'Lord Seymour's Act,' and an extension of it, introduced in 1842—which gave to the Committee of the Privy Council (usually called the Board of Trade) certain powers of inspection and superintendence over railways. These are, indeed, very limited, and touch but a few of the most prominent public interests;

interests ; but the Act was an important step, not only because its provisions were practically useful, but because it was an assertion of the right of Parliament to exercise on adequate occasions its supreme authority over the special legislation by which a railroad company had been originally constituted—a right which, indubitable as we think it in the abstract, there were parties who affected to doubt.

The main points are that no new road shall be opened for traffic without the previous examination and sanction of a government inspector ; that the Board of Trade shall have a right to call for returns of traffic, &c. ; that every case of accident shall be reported within forty-eight hours ; that the Board of Trade shall have power to sanction alterations of dangerous crossings—the acquisition of additional land for the purposes of safety—the mode of joining new roads to existing lines—and, finally, to arbitrate and adjudicate on several matters which, under the previously existing acts, belonged to other jurisdictions. In consequence of this Act, the Board of Trade has created within itself a Railway department, consisting of an Inspector General, who has hitherto been an officer of her Majesty's corps of Engineers, and two civil superintendents, Messrs. Porter and Laing, all acting under and reporting to the Board of Trade. Though this department has by law little direct authority, and works chiefly by inquiry and suggestion, we have no doubt that it has produced most beneficial and important results. It not only collects from all the railways a vast quantity of statistical information, but it informs itself, in the minutest detail, of every accident that occurs all over the face of the empire, and brings them into one synoptical view, where their causes and consequences may be exhibited and compared, and afford the surest data for prevention and correction. The railroad Companies have, of course, felt the liveliest interest in guarding against accidents ; but they also had a natural desire that those which did occur should make as little noise as possible. This—besides the obvious objections to a system of *hushing-up* in a concern, in all the practical results of which the public have so direct an interest—had this further bad effect, that no one eye could reach and no one ear could hear the variety of accidents, on the collective examination of which only an adequate system of prevention could be framed. Now every accident, of whatever character, is registered in distinct classes, and every serious case is personally inquired into on the spot in all its details by the Inspector-General, and once a year a general report is published of all the railroad information that has been acquired by the department. This publicity stimulates the vigilance of the Companies to prevent accidents, and helps the collective body of engineers to a better understanding

understanding of the prevailing mischiefs and the most efficient remedies. The report for the past year furnishes the following comparison of railroad accidents, attended with danger to the passenger public, since the department has been in operation:—

YEARS.	Accidents.	Persons killed.	Persons hurt.
1840 { (estimated by doubling) the last five months }	56	44	262
1841	29	24	72
1842	10	5	14
1843	5	3	3

Of the three persons killed in 1843, *one only*, as we before said, was a passenger not being himself to blame.

This satisfactory result has, no doubt, been partly produced by the greater vigilance and the increasing experience and skill of the persons practically employed; but when we see so marked a diminution of accidents in the face of an enormous increase of traffic, we cannot but attribute a large share of the merit to the superintendence of the Board of Trade. The personal inspections, especially, of Sir Frederick Smith, and of his successor Major-General Pasley, have been of obvious and important practical advantage, and will be found of great prospective utility; and the reports themselves contain a mass of information, which—though with some deficiencies, and other minor errors*—will, in time, form a most valuable storehouse of railroad statistics.

One of the powers given by the Bill to the Board of Trade, that of altering dangerous crossings, is worth a little special notice—as an exemplification of the serious difficulties which railroads had, and still have, to contend with in matters of apparently minor importance. In the earlier Railway Acts the superior consideration given to the existing *highways* was strangely shown by directing that wherever the two roads crossed on a level there should be gates erected *across the railroad*, to be opened only when a railroad carriage was about to pass—the public rights of the highway being too inviolable to be interrupted except for the shortest possible moment of time. We need not expatiate on

* For instance, the department justly congratulates itself on the diminution of the number of accidents (as above stated)—a diminution which would, of course, be the more or less remarkable from the increased number of passengers in each year. But the report only says generally, ‘the number of passengers travelling by railway, during each year, has not been less than 24,000,000,’ as if there had been no increase in the *four* years; whereas we find in the ‘Report for 1842,’ p. vii., the numbers stated at one-fourth less, viz. 18,000,000. This is an important discrepancy in a statistical detail so mainly influencing the matter under consideration.

the gross absurdity and frightful peril of this regulation, repealed by the Act of 1842, which provided, in accordance with the general Highway Act, that the gates should be placed *across the turnpike-road*; but the enormous danger of the old arrangements had created so strong an impression on the public mind against *crossings on the level*, that Committees have generally prohibited such crossings, and forced the Companies to erect bridges; and so sacred have the old roads been still considered, that everybody sees that, rather than give a bend to the highway where a bend is of no importance at all, the railways have been put to all the additional cost and inconvenience of *skew-bridges*, as they are called: we ourselves know several instances, and we believe there may be many hundreds, in which the Companies have been put to serious expense where a sufficient deviation of the old road might have been made with little outlay and no public inconvenience. The consequence of this system, and of the exigencies of proprietors as to rights of way, has been that, on the average of railways throughout England, it is computed that there are at the very least *nine bridges every four miles*! There can be no doubt that crossings on the level should be avoided wherever it can reasonably be done, and in frequented thoroughfares it *must* be done, at whatever cost; but in the majority of country roads, gates, duly locked and *only to be opened by the railroad officer* for the occasional use of the highway traffic, would be as safe as any other portion of the road: and we are glad to have on this point the concurrent opinion of so important and unbiassed a judge as Major-General Pasley, in his report to the Board of Trade, 17th March, 1843. No one but an engineer can perfectly understand to what great, and we may now venture to add unnecessary, expenses, not merely in excavating roads and building bridges, but in altering their general levels, the Companies have been subjected by stipulations of this sort—just, no doubt, in *some cases*—but extended to *all* by prejudice and misconception. One of the most serious instances of the abuse both ways—that is, building and not building bridges—that we recollect, is the entrance of the *South-Western* into Southampton, where the proprietors of a road leading to a bridge which is private property and little used, forced the company, by a chancery suit, to raise a long embankment and carry a very expensive bridge over the railroad; while, half a mile further on, it crosses *on the level* three or four much-frequented streets and roads in the suburbs of the town. The bridge could have been well spared where it has been erected, and would be most beneficially placed over one of the other communications.

These details may seem at first sight too minute for the kind
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of general view that we profess to take, but it is only by the sional exposition of such details that we can make the general difficulties of the case intelligible.

In the Report of the committee of 1839 was first advanced a kind of imputation, which has been since exaggerated and swollen into a topic of popular declamation—namely, that the railway companies were negligent of the wants and feelings of the poor:—

‘The injurious effect of the railway system upon the poor classes of passengers will be more severely felt, as other means of cheap travelling by stage-coaches, carrier’s carts, and waggons are gradually superseded.’
—Report, 1839, p. 8.

We feel it to be our duty to protest against this paragraph itself, and against the practical inferences which have been drawn from it, as false in fact and erroneous in principle. We are, in the first place, satisfied, that railroads have enlarged the number of poor travellers *five-fold*, and with a considerable increase of *comfort*; and, secondly, we rather fear that ‘the injurious effect of the railway system’ is likely to be the very reverse of what the committee apprehended—by rendering travelling too cheap and easy—unsettling the habits of the poor, and tempting them to improvident migration. Short trains round great towns can scarcely be too cheap, and we wish them, including pleasure trips, to be as frequent as the necessary *business* of life either requires or will allow. But we are by no means for stimulating by disproportionate facilities the propensity of the poor to leave their families and usual employments to seek their fortune in other districts, where the fortune they find is commonly nothing but misfortune. It is stated by the sensible author of ‘*Railways, their Uses and Management*,’ that the prudent Scotch are bad railroad customers, and that ‘as passengers for a railway, any small English town would give more than Glasgow,’ the most populous city in Scotland (p. 33). Travelling for rich or poor is an ingredient in the economical statistics of human life. If used for *pleasure* it must be paid for—if for *business* it *pays itself*—and its price should range about the medium that should not, on the one hand, encourage idle gadding, nor, on the other, impede the circulation of labour, and its tendency to make its way to a natural level. The poor themselves have a proverbial saying that ‘three removes are as bad as a fire,’ and we, for our own parts, believe that for the poor in general cheap travelling will be found to be the dearest thing in the world. But the truth is, that in this case, as in Mr. Rowland Hill’s scheme, the interests of the poor are brought forward to obtain a popularity for changes in which, of all classes, the poor have really the least concern.

As the practical question here is obviously of great importance—

and that is in truth much greater even than it at first sight appears—we shall be excused for giving some instances of the misrepresentations, *ad captandum vulgus*, which have been made on this subject. The first allegation is that the railroad companies did not originally condescend to make provision for poor travellers, and only did so ‘*when they found their monopoly would be incomplete without it.*’ (*Railway Reform*, p. 8.) Now this is a gross perversion of the facts. When the railroad companies began to think of passenger traffic, they looked to what was already in existence—they found nothing but *posting* and *stage coaching*—and thought only of supplying the place of the vehicles they meant to banish, and hence they had only first and second class carriages—the first answering to post-chaises and stage-coach insides, the other to the outsides: and the highest fares were generally less, and never, that we know of, more than those of the *stage-coaches*. As to the allegation that Companies in general—and by name the *London and Birmingham*—added third-class carriages to secure their monopoly by driving all the coaches off the road—we need only say, that the lowering *first* and *second* class fares might drive rival coaches off the road, but does the writer expect us to believe that any coach could have remained on the road with no patronage but that of *third-class* passengers, who are in fact the waggon or canal-boat class who never went by coach? This charge is reproduced in a still more offensive shape against the *Liverpool and Manchester*, and in a way which proves either that some strange animosity has blinded the writer, or that he really knows nothing of what he is writing about:—

‘Such is the system [of high fares] carried out on the *Liverpool and Manchester* and other *aristocrutical companies* that are *unaware* officially that *there exist any poorer classes at all*, or at least *refuse to recognise them as belonging to the community*. There is in reality a law on these railways which forbids *any poor man* travelling, more, binding than an act of parliament: there are many ways of evading an act of parliament, but none that I am aware of in evading the grip of a policeman *in attempting to pass the barrier without the requisite ticket*, and thus the “*Liverpool and Manchester*” works and wins its way.’—*Railway Reform*, p. 37.

This concluding sentence seems to imply that one of the hardships inflicted on the poor by this ‘*aristocrutical company*’ is that a person who endeavours to pass without a ticket—that is, to rob them—is liable to be stopped. This by way of a grievance is as new and as wonderful as locomotion itself; but we pass that to arrive at the fact that this ‘*aristocrutical company* *refuses to recognise the poor as a part of the community.*’ Why or how? We cannot guess, unless it be that—and for the reasons
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we have before stated—they have no *third-class* carriages; but charge for their *second-class* about 1*d.* per mile, while other railways charge for their second and third about 2*d.* and 1*d.* respectively.*

But there is a further and greater misrepresentation on this point—the writer says:—

‘The fares by railway travelling throughout the kingdom are on an average as high, and in many cases higher than *formerly* by the *coaches*. From London to Birmingham the *usual fares were* 25*s.* inside, and 15*s.* out—and now to the same place the night-mail fare is 32*s.* 6*d.* by the first class, and 25*s.* by the second—in the day-time it is 5*s.* less.’—*Railway Reform*, p. 12.

On which we have only to say that the facts are utterly false—the mail fares to Birmingham ‘*formerly*’—that is, before railroads—were 50*s.* inside and 35*s.* outside, and by the ordinary coaches 45*s.* inside and 30*s.* outside, exactly double what for his purposes this writer chooses to represent them—exclusive of fees to coachmen and guards averaging from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* So that in the old mail-coach you paid, with coachmen and guards, at least 57*s.* for travelling through the whole night, and reaching Birmingham to a late breakfast next morning—you now pay 32*s.* 6*d.* for being able to go to bed at Birmingham at five minutes past twelve—leaving London in both cases at the same time. And this is a subject of complaint!

But under this pretended anxiety about the poor is veiled one of the most serious questions that the railroad directors have to contend with. It is admitted on all hands that the third-class fares must inevitably be the measure of all the rest. The railroad companies have always, as far as we know, shown a sincere desire to convey the *poor* cheaply and commodiously, but when the *third class* is made as commodious as the *second*, and as rapid as the *first*—these classes immediately feel the influence of the competition—the upper rates of fares dwindle, and the third class is thronged by persons for whom it was not intended. We cannot participate the indignation which the Railway Reformer lavishes on the secretary of one of the companies for complaining that ‘well-dressed persons’ frequented the third-class carriages, and on another secretary for complaining that certain magistrates of Glasgow contented themselves with the same humble stations to save some farthings on the upper class fares, which were already exceedingly moderate. We have our-

* Everybody knows that there is excellent and very cheap canal travelling in that quarter. We have no doubt, however, that the Liverpool and Manchester will soon follow the example of the other railways, and have third-class carriages *ex nomine*, and they may reduce them to 1*d.* a mile; but they must make some proportionable deduction either from speed or comfort, or their second-class will find no custom.

selves seen a member of parliament habitually use the third class in going backwards and forwards between the town he represented and the House of Commons; and some of the companies having lately improved their third-class carriages, they were occupied the very first day of their appearance by gentlemen who had hitherto been in the habit of travelling in the first and second. *Inter scribendum* we have looked at the practical working of this part of the system, and will relate one case which we witnessed:—One day last week the morning train for Brighton left town with two *first class* carriages in which there was *not one* passenger; two *second class* carriages, in which were only seven persons; and four third class carriages entirely full, containing at least 120 persons, of whom we could distinguish but *one* who had the appearance of even a working man: all the women had veils and parasols, and as many of the men as we could observe were of the class who wear watches. The day was very fine, and, having made trial of all, we thought the third class much the most agreeable. It is clear, however, that this is a practice which if carried out to its full extent must seriously deteriorate railway property:—we might almost venture to call it an *abuse*, for such it surely is, as much as if any other article being charitably provided at a cheaper rate for the *poor*, those in better circumstances should avail themselves of it. But where is the remedy? How can a freeborn Briton, though he be a member of parliament or Glasgow baillie, or even a Quarterly reviewer, be prevented from riding, as it is called, in a third class carriage?

We are not advocates for high fares, and still less for the imputed practice of making many uncomfortable for the purpose of counteracting the sordid practices of a few. But the proof of the falsehood of these imputations is that gentlefolks are found crowding the carriages intended for the poor; and we believe that the practice will be best checked by adopting generally the least offensive, and indeed most rational, disjunction that can be made between superior and inferior classes, namely, a difference in fares proportionable to the difference of the rapidity of the several trains. This has been adopted on some lines: in the *South-Western*, for instance, one may travel from London to Southampton, 77 miles—

By a fast class train	in 3 hours for	21s.	
By mixed trains	{ 1st class } in 3½ hours for	20s.	
		{ 2nd class }	14s.
		{ 3rd class }	10s.
By a slow 3rd class train	in 5½ hours for	7s.	

The same principle is carried out in more detail, and we think, much better effect, on the *London and Birmingham*. One train, entirely consisting of third-class carriages, covered in, with side

side doors, and seats (like the second class on the *South-Western*), starts from London every morning at 7 A.M., and arrives at Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds *the same evening*, travelling at an *average* speed of about fifteen miles an hour, *including stoppages*. but when in motion at twenty-five, to avoid the danger of being overrun by other trains. On its arrival at Roade, sixty miles from London, it is detained an *hour and a half* to allow the mail and three other quick trains to pass it, and for the purpose of warming and refreshing the passengers—a large and commodious room having been built for the purpose, where a good plentiful dinner can be had, with *ale*, for 1s.—but the sale of *spirits* is prohibited; another half-hour is allowed at Birmingham and Derby: at all which places the travellers appear to enjoy themselves very much, and make no complaint of the stoppages. There is no doubt that the main (though not declared) object of these stoppages is to prevent the use of the train by parties for whom it was not intended; in which it has not only been completely successful, but the pause is also a source of great comfort and enjoyment to the poor passengers themselves—more especially in winter, when excellent fires are kept up; and the person to whom this large refreshment-room is let is restricted by the Company in all his charges, his rent being fixed at a mere five per cent. on the cost of the building. It need hardly be added that a similar return-train leaves Birmingham at 2 o'clock P.M., and arrives in London about 9.

But this, as it seems to us, reasonable principle is objected to not only by the violent railroad reformers, but even by more considerable authorities.

In the very recent report of Mr. Laing to the Board of Trade on the statistics of British and foreign railways, which contains a great and well-digested mass of useful information, there are, amidst many valuable observations, a few that we think questionable, and which seem to us to savour, first, of a little too much appetite for popularity at the expense of other people; and, secondly, of not a little of that very natural propensity of official men to believe that the enlargement of the sphere and the extension of the power of their own departments would be of advantage to the public service—a proposition which in this case, and considering the discreet and able management of the Board of Trade, as far as it has gone, we have no desire to controvert, but which occasionally leads to conclusions in which we cannot concur. In this Report the following principle is laid down, that—

‘The *third class* system can only be considered as fully adopted where accommodation for a *poorer class* of passengers at a rate not exceeding 1d. per mile, is provided by a *majority of trains* travelling at the *ordinary rate* [stated as about twenty-four miles an hour].’—*Report*, p. 9.

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Such an arrangement of things would, we willingly admit, be very desirable—if it were the result of the natural balance of cost and return; but thus stated as a kind of fundamental principle it seems to us somewhat arbitrary and not a little unsound. In the first place we take leave to inquire on what statistical principle any price can be assumed *a priori*?—why abstractedly should any one human being have a right to be conveyed twenty-four miles an hour for 1*d.* a mile, while other human beings are to pay for the same benefit 3*d.*? But, granting that these propositions—so new in political economy—were to be excused on account of some peculiarity in the special case of railways; we must further ask why 1*d.* per mile should be thus taken as the fundamental unit—why not 1½*d.*, which is about the general average of present prices, and about *one-half* of any former mode of travelling—or why not a *halfpenny*, as some—or a *farthing*, or even a *half farthing*, as others—suggest? The ‘Railway Reformer,’ we see from the same, or nearly the same data that Mr. Laing builds on, has arrived at the *half farthing*. Does Mr. Laing hope that his *ipse dixit* will reconcile a poor passenger to pay 4*s.* 2*d.* instead of the *sixpenny trip to Brighton*, promised by a bolder Reformer? The author of the ‘Letter to Mr. Gladstone,’ though a reformer himself, is a moderate one, and states this part of the case very justly:—

‘Railway companies promised to carry passengers for 3½*d.* a-mile, and they carry them, on an average, for much less; the public think only that they might be carried for 1*d.* a-mile, and ask the legislature to compel this. If this were granted to-morrow, the demand for a charge of half a farthing a mile would be made; it has already been spoken of, and would be as just and as useful a topic for popular oratory as the present one. Travellers are carried quicker than ever, and the cry is, make the railway companies run their trains faster. Passengers are conveyed more comfortably than ever, and people say, make the cheap carriage as comfortable as the dear one. The poor man was formerly exposed for sixteen hours without a covering between London and Birmingham; and now that he is exposed for eight hours and a-half [seven] the country rings with the cry of cruelty.’—*Letter to Mr. Gladstone*, p. 32.

But though we are not satisfied with Mr. Laing’s premises, nor with all his conclusions, we do not complain of the measure which—after all the preceding part of this article had been written—we learn from the third Report of the Railway Committee of this session, that Government have adopted, of obliging all *new companies* to carry third-class passengers once a day, in inclosed carriages with glazed windows, at a maximum of 1*d.* a mile. We have little doubt that the old companies will voluntarily adopt these regulations; and probably, if they be not grossly abused, without loss—perhaps with a gain: but not, most assuredly, if bound to the additional condition which Mr. Laing lays down—

down—that these comfortable third-class carriages are to accompany a *majority of the trains* dispatched every day, and at the *ordinary rates of twenty-four miles an hour*. If ever such a system as that shall come into work, we must be prepared to see—not one stingy individual, but—the vast majority of travellers using, as we witnessed the other day in the Brighton case, the cheapest class: and then what will be the dividends on the most prosperous lines, and how will the weaker lines be maintained? And how, above all, with such diminished means, can the Companies' continue to provide sufficiently for the public safety? It is notorious that, on one line, economy suggested by inadequate dividends, produced immediately serious disasters. We confess that we see no other means of overcoming these difficulties but that, as we think, just and equitable one which Mr. Laing so decidedly rejects, the *slow trains*—that is, a relation between fares and velocity—between the *value* received and the *price* paid. This is not only just and equitable in the abstract, but it is in accordance with all our experience and our habits. A small fare was paid on canals or by waggons; it was increased for a slow coach; for a fast one, more than doubled; the mail was still higher. If one wanted to travel eight or nine miles an hour, you put a pair of post-horses to your carriage, at 2s. a mile; if you wanted a twelve-mile speed, you had to take four horses, at 4s.; for a guinea or two to the post-boys, a candidate for wedlock or a borough could attain fourteen. Time was everywhere the main ingredient in measuring the price of locomotion; why should it not be so still? We cannot, therefore, conceive on what principle Mr. Laing so absolutely requires that the *cheapest* travelling shall be, contrary to all the habit, practice, and reason of mankind, as frequent, as rapid and convenient as the most expensive. We are glad, however, to find that he has not been able to persuade his department into this opinion; for Mr. Gladstone, while proposing what he means to be comfortable third-class carriages at 1d. a mile, requires but one train a day each way, and no more than half speed. This, we think, is going as far as possible—farther perhaps than can be justified on general principles or may be by practical results; but it is a fair experiment, for which, in comparison to the *half-farthing* scheme, or even to Mr. Laing's *equal speed*, the railroad interest may feel thankful. Nay, we are not quite sure that the Board of Trade has not *inadvertently* given the Companies a greater check against the abuse of the third class carriages than any they themselves durst have ventured upon. A Mr. Crawshaw is said to have proposed to the *Great Western* proprietors to hire *scoops* to travel in their third class carriages to scare intruders. This was, no doubt, a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, but we confess that we had much rather *ride*—winter or summer

—in an open carriage with a sweep than be shut up in an inclosed box with glazed windows, with sixteen of a class whose clothes and persons will be redolent of every kind of bad odours, reeking alike with the damps of winter and the heats of summer, and to whose own feelings and habits such a confinement will be as contrary and intolerable as the association would be to ours. Even in the first-class carriages there is a frequent difference amongst the passengers about the windows up or down; nay, we read in *Madame D'Arblay* that such difficulties occur even in royal coaches. We therefore very much doubt whether the legislation of the Board of Trade on this point may not have an effect very different from what it intended.

In another respect, also, we think the proposed scheme is positively defective. Mr. Gladstone's resolution relieves the railroads which shall adopt this system from *half the duty* on their third-class passengers. Surely, on any conceivable principle, when the Government thus arbitrarily interferes to lower fares for *the sake of the poor*, their first step should be to remove the *whole* of the tax: by resigning half they acknowledge a principle which equally disentitles them to the other half. When they come to take other people's earnings on the plea of charity—they ought at least not to put half the contribution into their own pockets.

Akin to this question, yet very distinct from it, is that of the general scale of fares, against which it is the fashion to declaim as much too high: but this is a matter in the fair consideration of which there are many more ingredients than seem to have occurred to some of those who have given the most decided opinions on the subject. The *prima facie* case made out against the *English scale* (we may so call it, for though there are small variations on different lines, there is a pretty general similarity), and which has carried so much of public opinion in that direction, is the greater cheapness of the foreign, and particularly the Belgian, fares. The following table will afford a comparison of the average of British and foreign fares:—

Average Fare of each *Railway Passenger*, and of a *Ton of Merchandise* per Mile in the following Countries:—

Class.	Belgium.	France— Rouen.	Germany.	England.
	<i>d.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>d.</i>
First	1.2	2	1.6	2.7
Second	0.9	1.5	1.2	1.7
Third	0.56	1.2	0.8	1.1
Merchandise—Average } per Ton	2½	3	(no return)	3

Now here is certainly a great *apparent* excess of passenger-fares in England. But, before we give way to the impression it has excited, let us consider whether the following statement of the comparative fares of travelling before railways came into operation does not totally destroy its authority.

Average Fare per English Mile of each Passenger in the following Carriages and Countries :—

Classes.	Belgium.	France.	Germany.	England.
	<i>d.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Mails & Malles-Postes	none.	2½	2 to 2½	{ Inside 5 Outside 3
Stage-Coach and Diligence—				
First Seats . . .	2½ or 2½	about 2½	Only mails belonging to Government.	Inside 4½ Outside 2½
Second Seats . .	2	1½		
Third Seats . . .	1½	1½		
Posting—				
Two horses . . .	10½	nearly 9	{ 7½ Austria 9½ Prussia }	22 to 24 Including the usual fees to drivers.

Here we see that travelling by any of the ordinary modes was in England twice dearer than on the continent; and the price by the inside of the French mail—the most comfortable public conveyance in Europe—was less than the outside place of an English mail—one of the least so.

This difference of fares was the result of a variety of social and financial circumstances in the respective countries, and there was no reason to suppose that railroads could much disturb those proportions—and they do not; the variation, such as it is, makes railway travelling in England somewhat cheaper than the former proportion of highway travelling. This seems to us a conclusive answer to the complaints of the alleged disproportion between English and continental railroad fares; but, if it be not enough, let us look at the expense of making the respective lines, as stated in Mr. Laing's Report:—

Railways.	Total Cost of construction, per Mile.
Average of the 71 Railroads of England . . .	34,360
Average of Belgium	17,120

Will any one pretend that a thing which costs 40,000*l.* ought to be furnished in detail to the public as cheap as if it had cost only 17,000*l.*? But is it not curious to find that the average expense of

of the Belgian lines turns out to be so exactly the one-half of the average of the British lines, as were, we have seen, the fares for highway travelling, and as are the fares of the railways? Is it possible, in the face of these facts, to contend that the British fares are unreasonable as compared with the Belgian? Is it not plain that there are deeper causes for the disparity than the mere caprice of railroad management? But the case is still stronger in favour of the British Companies. In Belgium much of the police and other duties is performed by soldiers paid by the Government; the carriages of all but the first class are inferior to ours; the speed, the chief ingredient, is only two-thirds, which alone would justify a like proportion of higher fares in England; the crossings over highways are not guarded, as required in England, nor is there any duty on passengers. The Belgian lines were made by an advance of public money, on which the government affects to content itself with only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. while 5 per cent. is the common interest; and the Belgian people are thus made to pay in general taxation for their cheap individual travelling; while the British lines were made by private capital at private risk, and the first object, therefore, is to obtain a remunerating return for the capital so risked. Those who have made more minute inquiries, doubt whether the Belgian line does pay the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—it is even questioned whether the receipt covers the expense: but however low the Belgian fares are brought, nobody loses; the public gains in one way what it loses in the other; but if an English line fails, it is ruin, and when it falls off it is distress to numberless individuals and their families whose properties were invested in the work. If, then, Belgian fares are not sufficient to pay more than half the interest on the capital (their 5 per cents. being about par), and if British fares pay only on the average 5 per cent., we think any general complaint against the British fares is, as a matter of business, clearly unreasonable.

But it may be said that the *Liverpool and Manchester*, and *London and Birmingham*, and one or two other companies who are making 10 per cent. profit, ought to lower their fares. We, with the rest of the public, shall be glad of any lowering of fares, that the Companies can afford; but we have no desire to see them dictated to on that subject as long as their dividend does not exceed 10 per cent.; for we must observe, in the first place, that when the proprietors risked their money in those ventures, the risk was not more than compensated by the chance of a future 10 per cent.; and 10 per cent. was the limit which the legislature itself, in the first instance (that of the *Liverpool and Manchester*), assigned

to the dividend. But how has it turned out? *Four** out of seventy pay 10 per cent.—*one* pays 7—*two* pay 6½, *four* 5—and all the other fifty-nine pay from 4 down to *nothing*. There was a moment, we are told by the intelligent author of the *Letter to Mr. Gladstone* (p. 8), when ‘even the great *London and Birmingham* reeled under the pressure,’ and saved itself from bankruptcy and thousands from ruin, only by the bold and hazardous energy of the able men who then directed that important concern. Are we now to grudge them the fair return for their labour and their risks? And are we to paralyse the sixty railways that are now paying all less than 4 per cent., and some nothing, with an interdict against the future profit, the prospect of which alone keeps the majority of them alive?

There is another and still more serious consideration. Railway reformers talk of this *ten per cent.* as if it were a *fee farm rent* guaranteed *for ever* to the proprietors by their present rates, without further care or trouble. We heartily wish it were so; but who that observes with common sagacity what is passing round us, can feel any such confidence in railroad property? There are at this moment three projects afloat—two which we have already alluded to—that would make a vital change in the prospects of the greatest and most prosperous of these companies. What if the direct line from Manchester, by Stone and Tanworth, be enacted?—What if the great *Ermine Street* line to York, by Peterborough and Lincoln, be finished? What if Lord Francis Egerton were to dry the Bridgewater canal, and establish a rival railway between Liverpool and Manchester? Here, then, are three events, all talked of, all possible, wanting only the fiat of a committee of the House of Commons (and the two former really, we believe, in agitation), which would have—we hope not a ruinous, but assuredly—a most serious influence on the dividends of *every one* of the four great railroads that are now paying 10 per cent.—the *North Midland*, the *Liverpool and Manchester*, the *Grand Junction*, and the *London and Birmingham*. What colour of justice is there, what pretence of public policy can there be, for questioning and endeavouring to lower the not inordinate profits of a property so lately created, and so precarious, as it appears, in its existence?

We think we have thus shown that any direct intervention, on the *part of the public*, for the compulsory reduction of fares on the established lines, is uncalled for, unjust, and indeed, we confidently believe, as unthought of, as impossible. But there are some

* There is, in fact, a *fifth* (the *Storkton and Darlington*), which pays 15 per cent., the largest interest yet heard of; but as it is not in the same circumstances as the greater lines we are dealing with, we omit it from our general consideration.

considerations on this subject which may be worthy the attention of the *Companies themselves*. First, there is the great question so strenuously affirmed by all railway reformers, whether low fares may not make up by numbers what they want in money; and there is much conflicting evidence on that head. Some, as we have seen, are sanguine enough to suppose that a *half farthing* per mile would afford 200 per cent. profit throughout the empire. That appears to us absurd in a great many ways; and in general we have little faith in calculations that proceed on the hypothesis that low prices will *triple, quadruple, quintuple* consumption. In cases of mere indulgence, they have no doubt a great effect, but we cannot believe that any lowness of fares that would pay cost and interest, would *quintuple travelling*; and if it did, we think, as we have said, it would do a great mischief. Many instances are quoted in which low fares have succeeded, and, to a certain degree, they will always succeed; but, on the whole, the more general experience and the sounder opinions seem to concur the other way—namely, that higher, but not immoderate, fares are the most profitable. We believe that the different results of the low-fare experiment, in different places, is easily explained. On long lines, where the general motive is *business*, the higher fares will be paid, because they must be paid; and they will be paid with some degree of cheerfulness—first, because business always repays itself; and, next, because all business-travellers are sensible of the vast saving of time, trouble, and money, which the railroads, even at the highest fares, confer. But on short lines, or wherever recreation or small business is the main motive, lowness of fare is a great incentive. *Greenwich—Blackwall—Kingston and Dublin—Newcastle and North Shields—Sheffield and Rotherham—Glasgow and Greenock*, and such like, will therefore have the best chance of thriving under very low fares, and are justified by their particular interest and by general policy in encouraging a third class; but on the great lines, such as from Exeter and Liverpool to London, of which business (by business we mean any real necessity for travelling) is the staple, a higher rate of fares—in every case much lower than the old stage-coach prices—may, we think, as far as the mere question of profit goes, be safely adhered to.

Mr. Laing employs two or three pages in endeavouring to prove statistically the propriety of 'carrying out the third-class system,' and gives three tabular views—first, of the lines that 'carry out fully the third-class system'—secondly, of those 'who carry it out imperfectly'—and thirdly, of the others, 'who totally reject it:' but he does not seem to have hit on the real cause of the difference of practice—indeed he proves he has not; for in these tables he omits the most important ingredient in the case—the *length of the lines*.

lines. We have taken the trouble of collecting from another part of his book that information, by which it appears that of the twelve lines reported as '*fully adopting the third-class system*' the average length is *twenty-five miles*—of the thirteen '*that have partially adopted the third-class system*' the average length is *forty-six miles*; and of the seven who *reject it altogether* the average length is *seventy-four miles*;—results which prove that the difference of policy in the three classes is not accidental or arbitrary, but founded, as we before stated, on substantial causes. And we will add another remarkable fact well worthy Mr. Laing's notice—that the lines which '*wholly or partially carry out the third-class system*' are paying an average interest of from 3 to 3½ per cent., while those who reject it altogether are paying an average of at least 8 per cent.

But though the distinction we thus make be generally true, there can be no doubt that, even on the lines of business-travelling, low fares will produce a sensible increase of numbers; and to the exact point where that increase of numbers will compensate, or nearly compensate, the diminution of amount, it will be always wise to come down.

There is another matter which has lately attracted some notice, and which should awaken the attention of all concerned to the precariousness of railroad property. We mean the competition not merely between existing and projected lines, but that which new and unforeseen circumstances may create between old lines where, when first formed, it seemed impossible to imagine that there could arise any conflict of interest. We have already alluded to some small cases of this kind, but we have now greater ones to produce. The *Grand Junction* and *London and Birmingham*—for instance—which had enjoyed the great and very profitable traffic between Liverpool (including Dublin) and London in the respective proportions of 88 and 112 miles, have recently been thrown into conflict by the projected road to Ireland, and the dispute, with the details of which we must not detain our readers, has blazed up into downright hostility: the point important to our present purpose is this—that, the parties having abandoned the negotiation in a good deal of heat and bad temper, the chairman of the *London and Birmingham*—Mr. G. Carr Glyn—has addressed a letter (published in all the papers) to the other Company to remonstrate on the danger to both of a continuance of the dispute, and to offer terms of amicable compromise—a letter which, besides being very conciliatory, is also very candid, and is indeed little more than an amplification of Mr. Peachum's amicable overture to his angry partner—'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong—we shall both be losers by the dispute;
for

for you know we have it in our power to hang each other.' Mr. Glyn fairly admits that the two companies have it in their power to ruin each other—'seriously damage' is Mr. Glyn's measured expression—'totally ruin' says the *Liverpool Times*—and he urges for the common safety of both the adoption of a kind of partnership—to maintain their separate boards, lines, and liabilities, but to make a common stock-purse of the profits. We know not how this overture may be received, but Mr. Glyn's letter opens some very important considerations:—First, here are *two* of the only four lines that pay 10 per cent. confessing that they can ruin each other, and that they will be so ruined if this accidental breach be not speedily closed. On what a narrow basis, then, does so great a prosperity seem to rest! Must it not open the eyes of Companies in general to the growing probabilities of sudden and unexpected collisions and competitions?—and if, as we expect, this difference shall be settled by combination, or amalgamation, as the phrase now is, what will the public have gained by this attempt at competition?

We shall not, we confess, regret to see the principle of amalgamation extending itself along the principal lines, so as to absorb all the minor branches, and give to the connected system something of that unity of interest and of administration which the foreign railroads present, and which would certainly produce many beneficial effects in ours. The great danger to be apprehended from the system of amalgamation is that it looks very like combination between the companies against the public, and may lead to realize what is at present but a bugbear—a vast monopoly; but we own that, under all the bearings of this peculiar case, we are not much afraid of a monopoly. In the first place, we agree with the Report of the Select Committee that it is a monopoly created only by superior comfort and cheapness; and in the next place, we can hardly class under the title of 'monopoly' interests so wide and general, of which there will always be so many shares in the market, and in which therefore every man with 50*l.* or 100*l.* may become a participant. We think also, that under the circumstances, public opinion will bear with perhaps more than sufficient authority on the Companies; and, on the whole, we confess a strong suspicion that the railroads have more to fear from the invasion of the public than the public from the monopoly of the railroads. And, finally, no one even now contests the general right of the Legislature to interfere in such matters—not only in virtue of the sovereign authority of Parliament to take care *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*, but—because railroads are the creatures of Parliament, and established—as the preamble of every one of these acts records—
—for

—for the benefit of the public. So that Parliament has a direct, and, we may almost say, stipulated right of interference if ever the power thus created for the public benefit should fail in its public duty and be abused to the public detriment. We have therefore no very serious apprehensions of an undue monopoly, and we think the absorption by every great stream of its natural tributaries is likely to conduce to convenience and economy, and to be profitable both to the Companies and the public.

But this topic of partial amalgamation leads us to the last and most important question of this whole discussion—one indeed that would supersede all the rest—the total amalgamation of all the railways of the empire in the hands of the government. If that were immediately feasible, all the greater difficulties and most embarrassing questions—such as rates of fares, competitions, rivalries—would vanish, and everything would be regulated on the simple and uniform principle of public advantage. Let us then examine this question first in its principle, then in its details—then as to its opportunity.

In the first place, we confess that we feel a strong disinclination, in this party-governed country, to mix up, wherever it can be avoided, the general Government in the details of life. If the railways were to become a public department, every accident or squabble would be liable to be made a party question; even as the case now stands, we see in the evidence produced before the committees of the House of Commons what captious and frivolous complaints are made and how trifles are swollen into grievances which the supreme power of Parliament is invoked to redress—the House of Commons being now a kind of national *proboensis*, as ready to pick up a pin as to root out an oak. What would it be if all the accidents and squabbles of railroad traffic were to be charged on the responsibility of the Secretary of State for the Home Department? This difficulty would be found in practice serious to the Government, and detrimental to the railway system itself, and never could, we fear, be wholly remedied:—being, in some degree, inherent in the constitution of our political society:—but it might be much alleviated. For instance, we need not make the Railways a political department. They might be managed like the Customs, Excise, or Stamps, by a Board of persons not removable on ministerial changes. If the occasion for constituting such a Board were to occur to-morrow—we think the most judicious selection for it would be some gentleman of official and political experience as chairman, one military and one or two civil engineers, and some three or four of the gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in the direction of the great railway Companies, and who might be inclined to accept a 'Commissionship

sionship of Railways.' A Board, judiciously composed on some such principle, would be, we are satisfied, the best form of administration, and would probably be able to conduct its business with as little disturbance from party and political causes as the revenue boards now do.

The next step offers a more formidable, and, in the present state of affairs, an insuperable obstacle. By what right and by what means could the government possess itself of all these enterprises? Parliament has deliberately, after the most minute inquiry, and the most prolonged discussions in every individual case, given to these companies—not merely a property—but, what is still more sacred, authority to create a property at their own cost and risk, and for their own private and indefeasible profit. To that profit the Parliament thought fit in one—and that the earliest—instance (the *Liverpool and Manchester*), to fix a limit of 10l. per cent.: but it repented of that step, and deliberately refused to impose it in all following enterprises; substituting instead a limit to the rate of fares of 3½d. per mile, without distinction of classes. Parliament, in its prospective wisdom, might have made three classes, with a prohibitive maximum of 3d., 2d., and 1d.—It did not think proper to do so. Parliament, in its prospective wisdom, might have limited the duration of the companies' interest.—It did not think proper to do so:—and therefore no right of resumption, or even interference with the profits of the Companies can accrue to Parliament as long as the Companies shall punctually fulfil their part of the stipulations. We think, then, we may venture to conclude, as a general rule, that if the public should ever wish to possess itself of the property of the Companies, it must be *à l'amiable*—by compromise and compensation.

But what is the prospect of such an arrangement being necessary or even expedient? That is a more difficult question. We have already expressed, and we hope gone far to substantiate, an opinion that the Companies have, as far as depends on themselves, done their duty admirably, in defiance of all the prejudices, extortion, and opposition with which they have had to contend. Nothing can be better than their general arrangements:—the watchful decency and propriety of their internal police*—the civility of their servants, and their liberal attention to public convenience—exceed anything that we would hope from Government management. There is but one point in which we think the public could gain by a change in the management—the lowness of fares;—of course, in the hands of the Government, fares might be brought as low as just to turn the scale of the expendi-

* There are many silent precautions taken, on points of delicacy, that do not meet the public eye.

ture and interest on the capital. We hope, however, never to see fares brought quite so low as that; though, when you have purchased out the Companies and capitalised the purchase-money, that will not be very low; and we trust that in any arrangement a moderate sinking fund may be created for the redemption of the capital.

But satisfied as we think any reasonable map must be with the general working of the present system, it is impossible not to see that it is developing itself to such an extent—penetrating all districts—superseding all other communications—affecting every species of public and private interests, and acting as the life-blood arteries of the empire—as to render it probable almost to certainty that the time must come when this great public trust can no longer be left to the management of private companies scattered over the face of the country.

The Companies have themselves borne testimony to this necessity by the partial adoption of the system of amalgamation. In truth, it seems only a question of time: the railways must be made subject to some unity of management, and, through whatever intermediate process it may pass, that management must finally be vested in the Government of the country.

But while we admit that the whole system must *eventually* be brought under the proprietary control of the Government, we have no desire to accelerate that event, for it will be attended with many foreseen and many unforeseen disadvantages. Above all, we shall not wish to see it universally adopted till we have had a longer and more extensive experience in the management of railways. A Government administration is never adventurous nor inventive; it is always content to *hold its own*. While the *Liverpool and Manchester* stood alone, it was thought perfection; and, if we mistake not, its able and intelligent secretary, Mr. Booth, published a pamphlet, asserting that their expenses (then 61 per cent. on their receipts) could not be further reduced, nor their machinery much improved. We believe that since that publication their machinery, as well as all their other details, are considerably improved; and it appears that their expenditure has been reduced to about 40 per cent. If the Government had at that time taken to itself the proprietorship of that and all subsequent railroads, we very much doubt whether it would not have been perfectly satisfied to have maintained itself at the point assumed by Mr. Booth as so satisfactory.

The present Government, very wisely as we think, shows no anxiety to acquire this new power and responsibility, but it thinks it advisable to prepare, as far as it now can, for a transition which every day brings nearer, and which, the more it is thought of,

must be thought of with increasing anxiety. It was, no doubt, with these views that the Government reappointed, at the beginning of this session, a Committee of the House of Commons on Railways, presided by Mr. Gladstone, which has produced five Reports, the third and most important of which gives a lucid exposition of the present condition and future prospects of railways, and of the reasons which seem to render the intervention of the Government as trustees for the public indispensable, as far as it can be carried without infringing on existing rights; and this Report is followed by a series of resolutions explaining the degree to which, and the mode by which, the Committee and the Government recommend to the House to exercise their interposition. The Report itself is full of important reasoning; but the chief practical result of the resolutions is, that the Government reserves, in all new railways, a right to purchase them at the end of fifteen years, at twenty-seven years' purchase on a dividend of 10*l.* per cent., or to oblige the company to apply the excess over 10*l.* per cent. in reducing fares, &c. The 11th resolution regulates the third-class trains on the conditions already mentioned, and the 14th and 15th provide for the transport of troops on similar terms, and give facilities at moderate prices for the conveyance of the mails.

This very able Report did not reach us till after the greater part of the foregoing pages had been written, but we are glad to find that it adopts and explains most of the views and principles that had presented themselves to us, though with infinitely more ability, as well as authority, than we could pretend to. We venture particularly to express our concurrence in the just and conciliatory tone in which the existing Companies are spoken of, and the respect shown both to their characters and their interests; and they will, we are satisfied, acknowledge the combined prudence and liberality of the proposed resolutions, which, though only *authoritative* on new lines, will indubitably operate immediately and influentially upon all.

So far, then, we have not ourselves to make, nor have we heard made in other quarters, any objection either to the reasoning of the Report, or its practical application in the Resolutions; and we think they afford an additional proof of that to which we have already borne willing testimony—the enlightened views and conciliatory spirit with which the successive Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Board of Trade have all along exercised their superintendence of railroad interests.

The Fifth Report, of which the Appendix is not yet delivered—proposes to place a preliminary check on parliamentary litigation; a very difficult matter, for it must seem in some degree

degree to limit the authority of Parliament. The Report proposes that all railway bills should be submitted to and sanctioned by the Board of Trade, before they are produced to Parliament; but it seems to apprehend some difficulty in obtaining this initiative authority. We do not think there should be any such difficulty, for it is, as it seems to us, in full accordance with an acknowledged parliamentary principle—which is, we think, strictly applicable to the case—we mean, that all petitions for railroad bills should be technically considered as what eventually they really must be—*grants of public money*; and that no such bill should be introduced without the previous consent of the Crown, signified by the minister, which consent would only be given after due examination before the Board of Trade, or some other competent authority constituted *ad hoc*. This regulation would have, we think, a great and most beneficial effect. Wild, idle, or mischievous schemes would be set aside at once on the responsibility of the minister: while those to which he should feel himself authorized to grant the royal sanction would come with a less risk of vexatious litigation. It would be virtually transferring the question on the ‘*preamble*’ from the litigious, expensive, and very unsatisfactory wrangling of the ‘committees above stairs,’ to the sober and comparatively unexpensive tribunal of the Board of Trade. The House of Commons and its committees would still preserve their power of judgment over both the principle and details of every proposition wholly unimpaired; but—as in all other cases of money grants—that power would not be called into action without the previous consent of the Crown: and when to these general considerations we add, that every railroad bill involves direct and immediate taxation, and infers (under the new resolutions) an ultimate payment of money from the public Exchequer, it cannot, we think, be denied that the requiring the previous consent of the Crown to all railroad bills would be highly useful and strictly constitutional.

We think it also important that the question of the *gauge* should be authoritatively settled. This becomes of peculiar, and, indeed, paramount necessity, from the moment that the bringing all railroads under one system is contemplated. The gauge of 4.8½ was, we believe, accidentally borrowed from the gauge of the ordinary coal-waggons in the north, but having been found to answer, was adopted by Mr. Stephenson, after, we must presume, full deliberation, on the *Stockton and Darlington*, and on the *Liverpool and Manchester*, and has been followed by most other railways in England, by all America, and by most of those on the continent of Europe. This width was even prescribed by the earlier standing orders; but that restriction was revoked on

the representation, we believe, of Mr. Brunel, who preferred for his *Great Western* a wider gauge of seven feet; while Mr. Braithwaite, on the *Eastern Counties*, chose to adopt five feet: some small Scottish lines have taken six feet; and the Irish Railway Commissioners recommended 6.2, which the Ulster company, that has completed some 25 miles of the way from Belfast to Dublin, have adopted; while the Drogheda company, which has set out from the Dublin to meet them, and has also advanced about 25 miles on the road to Belfast, has, with true Irish felicity, adopted a gauge of 5.2; and when this discrepancy was complained of by the Belfast line, they were answered by an Irish Board of Works that to be sure this looked a little awkward, but that, in fact, the two ends being completed, there is little chance that the intervening part ever will be finished, and that therefore there is no harm done; and that should they ever come together there will probably be, by that time, new principles* introduced which will supersede both.—(*Rep. of R. Dep.* 1843.) This dispute having been referred to Major-General Pasley, he consulted all the leading engineers and engine-makers, and has finally adopted, as the national gauge of Ireland, the mean of all their opinions—5.3, which differs from all the three gauges now in actual operation in Ireland! Would this be credible of any other country on the face of the globe? But is it not an important corroboration of all our doubts about Government Commissions, to find the gauge recommended by the Irish Railway Commission so universally scouted as '*injudicious*,' '*unfortunate*,' and '*inaccurate*,'—such are the terms used,—that 25 miles of rail laid under its sanction are to be taken up and relaid, without the Commission or any one else saying a word in its defence? If it had not been for the fortunate obstinacy of the Drogheda company and their engineer, all Ireland would have been condemned to the enormous and unnecessary expense which a gauge of 6.2 would have created. Except as to the increased expense of the wider gauge, it is of little consequence which should be adopted for the Irish lines, provided they can be persuaded to adhere to one; but it cannot, we think, be doubted that for all new works in England the 4.8½ should be invariably adopted.

It appears *primâ facie*, and the time-table of the *Great Western* seems to prove practically, that the wider gauge admits of more rapid motion. It performs 77 miles to Swindon in 2 h. 35 m., while the *South Western* takes 3 h. to reach Southampton—the

* Alluding, we presume, to the *atmospheric*, of which we can only say, that eminently successful as it is for a short line and in particular local circumstances, the very able reports of Mr. Robert Stephenson and Sir John Macneil have convinced us that it will be found too expensive, and, above all, too *unmanageable* for general use.

same distance. Keynsham and Birmingham are each 113 miles from town—the *Great Western* reaches the former in 4.15, and the *London and Birmingham* the latter in 5 h.; and when we travel on the *Great Western*, it seems as if the motion were more even, as well as more rapid. Yet all the great authorities deny that the wider gauge is necessary for the increased velocity, and the mass of testimony collected by General Pasley on the Irish case is unanimously against anything wider than 5.6; and it seems that the greater weight of authority was satisfied with 4.8½, though 5 or 5.3 seemed to have most voices; and it must be recollected that the wider gauge entails a great increase of every kind of expense. Of course nothing should be done to impede the free extension of the *Great Western* gauge on its own branches, properly so called; but new and independent works, like lines to Plymouth or through South Wales, should be—unless the evidence collected by General Pasley can be sufficiently answered—made on the general gauge. The *Great Western* may, perhaps, be unwilling to see its gauge thus limited to its own branches; but those who affect singularity must take its consequences; and if any disadvantage is to be inflicted anywhere, it is fair that it should fall on those who have voluntarily deviated from the general practice. But we do not expect any real inconvenience to occur anywhere: whenever the *Great Western* shall come into communication with other lines, there can be no serious difficulty or delay in shifting their passengers into carriages constructed for the general gauge.

There is but one point on which we seriously differ from any of these Reports, and that is as to the authority of the Companies over their own station-yards, which the Committee recommend should be abridged, and that stage-coaches and hackney-carriages, with their attendants, should be admitted against the will of the directors. This proposition is, no doubt, meant to meet some local complaints made by rival stage-coaches of favouritism on the part of some of the Companies; but the *few and trivial* cases that seem to have occurred do not, we think, warrant any such general measure, and we earnestly hope, for the public comfort and security, that this most objectionable regulation may not be enacted. One of the greatest comforts to all railway passengers is the protection which the Companies provide against the frauds, the annoyances, and losses occasioned by the squabbles and knavery of porters, touters, cads, cab-drivers, and *hoc genus omne*; and if the Companies are to be obliged to open their gates to crowds of those persons, in whom they have no confidence and over whom they have no control, it will be a most serious injury to them and to the public. The Companies now keep a careful account of all public carriages that ply in their yards, and every fare taken up
can

can be traced ; all lost luggage is easily found, and all complaints speedily redressed. Be it remembered, also, that in this matter the Companies can have no interest separate from the public at large ; and that if they are not to be masters in their own yards they must cease to be responsible for either the persons or properties of passengers. The proposition of the Committee seems to us, in every way, objectionable.

One of these Reports discusses the important subject of *parish rating*, but does not arrive at any practical conclusion, and refers the subject to the future consideration of the question of rating in general. We cannot but think the matter requires special and earlier attention. The principle now, as it seems, settled, is this, that not merely the value of the land and buildings, but the whole *profits* of the companies, often estimated immoderately high, are taken as the grounds of the rate ; and, in the impossibility of distinguishing how much of the profits can be assigned to any one portion of the line, the practice is, we understand, to divide the whole profits by the total number of miles, and award a proportion to each parish, according to the number of miles of railroad that pass through it.

We are well aware of the difficulties of arriving at equitable ratings, even in ordinary cases, but we believe the principle thus applied to railroads has not been generally applied to other species of property, and it seems to us peculiarly inapplicable to railroads. Let us ask where else mere *profits* are rated ? Are the houses of great bankers, or great brewers, or the great insurance offices rated on any calculation of the *profits* made on their premises ? Certainly not : such an inquisition has never been thought of. Premises are valued for what they would let for, irrespectively of the industry or ability exercised by the person who may happen to occupy them. Railroad land should, we think, be rated in some proportion to the adjoining land—as was the case in all the old canals,—or to the liabilities it may impose on the parish, and not surely on so variable and incorporeal an element as its share towards producing a certain annual profit. But even if that were a just mode of rating, the mode of distribution seems almost absurd. Many of our great railways pass for miles through the heaths and wastes of thinly peopled parishes, sometimes not within sight of a house ; sometimes the line passes through a parish, or the greater part of one, in a *tunnel*, without at all disturbing the surface ; but its stations, its warehouses, and its termini generally occupy a very small space of populous parishes, to the charges of which it adds by collecting new colonies of labourers. Yet upon the existing system, the parish, where there really is valuable property, and where a burden is really created, is benefited at a
much

much inferior rate to the parish through whose wilds or *under whose surface* the railroad happens to take a longer way. The law by which the ruling cases were decided was never made nor meant for such new and extraordinary circumstances as the railroads offer, but the courts felt themselves obliged to act on the inapplicable law because they had no other rule: we therefore think—*for new cases new measures*—that an act should be passed to regulate the rating of railroads on some equitable principle of value, and to distribute the amount amongst the claimant parishes with some reference to the amount of the property within, and to the liability imposed upon the parish.

We have but one further suggestion to offer. The principle of a future acquisition of railways by the Government being now formally recognised, we should like to see the important experiment—so necessary to any satisfactory judgment of the results of the proposed change—of the actual *administration* of a railroad by the Government. In a matter of such vast, such incalculable importance, the public ought not to be satisfied with expectations and analogies when the easy test of experience is within our reach.

We humbly submit to her Majesty's Government, that the time stated by the Third Report to be so opportune for laying down the principles embodied in the Resolutions is not less so for bringing these principles to a practical experiment. Why should not the Government *immediately* take into its own hands the *administration* of one railway and the *formation* of another? In neither case would it be necessary or proper for them to enter into competition with any existing Company, or to interfere in any rival way with any interests or property whatsoever. There are several railways, we are sorry to say, whose dividends are so low that the Government might lease or purchase them at a very moderate rate. Why should not the Government, adopting the principles and anticipating the period suggested by the Report, acquire—*now* on probably better terms than fifteen years hence—one of these, and there try to the full extent the practical result of *Government management*: and why not, to test the merit of *Government construction*, proceed to complete, by Government officers, some unexecuted lines—of which there are several that might be undertaken by the Government, without infringing on the profits or prospects of any existing company—indeed, to the great and certain advantage of those that they approached?

Former Governments created the Plymouth Breakwater—Howth Harbour—the Holyhead Road—the Menai Bridge—the Caledonian Canal—of all of which the value was merely intrinsic, extending no further than the utility of the individual objects,
and

and four out of the five objects have turned out to be, under present circumstances, almost useless. The worst of the railroads we have alluded to would not only possess an intrinsic and probably permanent value, but have the, perhaps, more important merit of creating a *practical school* of railway administration and construction, where not only such questions as the relative advantages of public and private management might be elucidated, but all experiments, material, financial, and administrative might be fairly tried—a corps of officers educated or at least trained to this new world of duties—and the Government itself furnished with additional information and means for the effective exercise of the superintendence with which it is already charged, and which every day will seriously increase, till in fifteen years they may become invested with the entire responsibility of all works made after this time, and probably of many of the others. We hear of the great benefit that the *Experimental Ship, the Excellent*, in Portsmouth harbour, has conferred on the navy; why should we not have an *Experimental Railway*, which would have this advantage over the *Excellent*, that besides being a *school*, it would be a work as practically useful as any other railroad—at certainly no greater cost, and probably at less?

We have no desire to see the general management of the railways transferred to the hands of the Government, but we are anxious that, whenever that event may be forced upon them, the Government shall not be wholly unprepared with means and men of its own for executing the duty. And in the meanwhile, the Government-experiments could not fail to operate beneficially on the private Companies, by the influence of its example, and the indirect, but irresistible, control of a moral competition.

